How I Obtained a Liberal Education Without Ever Going to College

Thomas Lawton tells an Interesting Experience

"Who is that scholarly gentleman?"

I was standing with a friend at a reception before a dinner tendered to a famous visiting professor from an English University. I noted that our distinguished guest was engaged in a learned discussion with an apparently old and esteemed friend. I was so much impressed with the way that the second gentleman was holding his own in the discussion and the marked respect the visiting professor paid to his opinion that I turned to my friend and asked who he was.

"That is Benjamin Brown. I thought you knew him."

"He certainly talks well," I commented.

"If you think so now, wait and hear him speak at dinner. He is to deliver the welcoming address."

I did hear him and I was even more impressed by the extent of his knowledge. I was amazed by the breadth of his learning. *He seemed to be perfectly at home in any field of literature, philosophy, religion, politics and history.* Indeed he seemed to be *the ideal type of cultivated man.* Needless to say I sought him out after the dinner and congratulated him on his speech.

"You must have spent years in study at leading universities."

"Nothing of the sort," said he in his quiet, modest manner. "I have never had the privilege of matriculating at any university."

"It is unbelievable," I said.

"On the contrary," he went on, "there is nothing extraordinary in my training. You can acquire this same knowledge easily and pleasantly. Any average person even with little formal education can obtain the same results as I have.

"My own education," continued Mr. Brown, "was very meager. Circumstances forced me to leave school at an early age. Having had but the equivalent of one year in high school I always felt embarrassed in the company of my fellow men who had attended universities and who possessed the basic education which gave them *poise and social assurance.* I envied them. I felt that I was destined to be educationally handicapped and a low-wage man all my life. But fortunately one day I happened to hear from a friend of mine about the Course offered by the Eliot Foundation of Adult Education. I immediately sent for it. After it came I was not long in realizing that I had in this Course the means to overcome the educational deficiencies under which I had keenly suffered.

"For this course has not only given me a wide grasp of cultural subjects, but it has enabled me to take a fresh hold on myself and my potentialities for success in life. I feel that I have put myself on an altogether different and equal plane with my fellow men. The inferiority complex which I so poignantly felt has gone forever."

"But, Mr. Brown," I interrupted, "what you say is all very well. But you have devoted years to study. How about me? I haven't time."

"Mr. Lawton," he replied, "this Course can be mastered in your spare time—*a few minutes each day will give you within an unbelievably short period an excellent grasp of the cultural subjects.* The Harvard Classics on which the Course is based are the selected masterpieces of the centuries chosen by Dr. Eliot, the greatest educator America has developed. You will find the Course so interesting that it will be a means of relaxation and recreation at the end of the day. I can prove my statements."

No proof, however, was necessary, for I wasted no time in obtaining the Course. When I sat down after supper with the first Session, all my skepticism, if I ever had any, disappeared, for the reading was so inspiring it was a revelation to me.

That was several months ago. I have found the Eliot Foundation Course to be priceless. To spend a few minutes each day in the presence of the greatest thinkers of all time is a rare privilege. *I am amazed at my progress.* I have acquired a broad knowledge of the [illegible] subjects which places me on an equal footing educationally with my more fortunate brethren.

Every man, no matter how limited has been his formal education, can obtain from this Course a liberal background and acquire the self-confidence which only such a training can give. It is the basis of all education. Possessing it, men are able to advance in their work, obtain a better social position and more enjoyment from life. *A liberal training often spells all the difference between failure and the highest pinnacle of achievement.*

I sincerely urge my readers to send for the Course at once. The cost is immaterial in comparison with the dividends of increased power, pleasure and satisfaction to be derived from it. The knowledge obtained from this Course will be directly reflected in increased earnings. It will give men and women the added equipment needed to reach their goals.

*THOMAS LAWTON

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Next Week

THE one lifeboat that got away safely from the sinking ship contained seven persons. Of these one was a man and one a woman; the other five were swabs. It was Able Seaman Brown who called them that and he was in a position to know—he had to handle them.

The woman's name was Miss Hazel Collup and she was exactly the sort of girl Able Seaman Brown would have chosen to be stranded on a desert island with. But the lifeboat didn't reach a desert island. It arrived on a jungle-grown coast well provided with cannibals. The further adventures of its crew are recorded by Gouverneur Morris in a story called "Mansion in the Sky."

"YOU Fly the Atlantic" is the title of an article by W. B. Courtney which deals with the airplane ferries to London, Paris and Berlin which will soon be in operation. The political and international obstacles that have been delaying the service have now been overcome. Mr. Courtney explains the immense significance of these transoceanic lines, and shows you the great new birds that will presently be soaring across the Atlantic.

THE little man who got off the train in the north woods was named Smokey Pascuma. He had won the log-rolling championship in the big tank in Chicago and he was in the woods for the first time for the specific purpose of showing up Chip Ash, a riverman. There was a girl in it, of course. In "Riverman's Daughter," Edmund Ware tells about her strategy and the narrow margin by which it succeeded.

MISS JEANNE MADDEN is headed for the Metropolitan Opera Company. Don't let the fact that she's on the West Coast deceive you. That's just a detour. Or, to be more specific, it's a "Hollywood Scoop." Kyle Crichton writes about this young woman's astonishing career.

WHAT we have always liked about Detective O'Malley is that he never wastes words. In the case of the "New Shoes," for instance, he goes to work with a watch and a forked stick and you can't get more than a grunt out of him until the murderer is safely in irons. Don't be discouraged, though. In the end he explains just how he did it. Try it yourself sometime.

YOU will find, in addition, fiction and articles by Sidney Herschel Small, Janet Lane, David Partridge, George Creel, Ernest Haycox, Quentin Reynolds, Faith Baldwin, Freling Foster and others. The pick of the crop.

This Week

January 2, 1937

Cover by Arthur Crouch

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EDITORIAL
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Any Week

WE'VE offended Mr. Michael Zajac of Lawrence, Massachusetts. He is so mad that he has written us a letter with six postscripts. Every time Mr. Zajac finished his letter he thought of something more. We wouldn't mind so much if we could locate the cause of his wrath. But search as we will we cannot find that we've ever said that Mr. John Llewellyn Lewis would not be elected President of the United States in 1940. It compels us to admit something we had hoped to hide—that we haven't the smallest idea who will be elected President

in 1940. Mr. Zajac says—in part, of course: "John Lewis, who is too big to ever hear of you, will be President in 1940 and you can't stop him." This goes on for five pages in which Mr. Zajac works up to his first postscript: "And he don't want nobody like you liars to vote for him neither, Mike Zajac." The second afterthought: "Look out for your job too, Mike Z." Thoroughly aroused, Mr. Zajac flew to the attack again: "He ain't no Polack, Z." And just to remind us: "Wages talks, Mike Zajac." We think we'd better not tell you what Mr. Zajac says in his fifth postscript, although we feel bound to deny that we're any such thing. But the last one is seething with finality: "Phooey from us to you, Zajac."

AND we, as innocent as an unborn counterfeiter, stagger on to the next onslaught, the author of which is Mrs. Virginia LaDew of Buffalo, New York. She accuses us of "shielding and protecting General Hugh S. Johnson." Of course, we haven't, having been of the opinion that the general was getting along pretty well without our assistance. "We, the people," says Mrs. LaDew, however, "want the truth about him. In particular and for reasons best known to me, I want to know. If he is the man I think he is I have several interesting things to say. What is he to you?"

THE general is nothing to us except, of course, that he's in the same business and that personally we think he's pretty good. The last time we saw him we were thinking of writing something about him. And he said: "If you do I'll write what I think of you." And that definitely ended any talk about that project.

AND still we're not without our admirers. Miss Florence Mary Stout of Pasadena, California, for example. "You are probably too, too good to be true," says Miss Stout. "You are probably beautiful, healthy, sensible, honest, amusing and amiable. In fact, you must be, because I am sure you must follow all the rules of diet, dress, deportment and social intercourse which you recommend to us readers in your various articles. But I wonder whether, after all, I'd want to know you. I don't think I'd dare speak to such a paragon of all the virtues."

WHICH is the wrong attitude. Neither do we know Miss Stout, but, daredevil that we are, we'd take a chance. We've been taking them for years and while we've been dented a lot we've had a swell time. Of such material is Miss Martha Hein of Cambridge, Massachusetts. We gather that Miss Hein is very young. Nevertheless, she has plans. She told her mother that she intended to "devote her life to writing books and stories for the magazines." Her mother, relaying the news to Mr. Hein, said: "And that comes of seeing too many movies."

WE WENT to the Corcoran Galleries in Washington, D. C., to see the exhibit of paintings done under the patronage of the federal art project of WPA. We are still sorry for you who didn't get there. One of the attendants assured an impressed lady that all the pictures were painted by artists working for the government. "Isn't that wonderful?" she said. "They look as if they had been painted by regular artists."

WHILE we were in the capital we met a colonel who seemed to be spoiling for a nice decimating war. As we were passing the Veterans Bureau he said: "After the next war the government won't have to worry so much about the military survivors. All small arms will be machine guns of one sort and another, but all efficient. There won't be so many survivors for the taxpayers to scold and the politicians to coddle. The armistice will be celebrated by the few who hadn't time to get to the front. Battles will be broadcast by radio and the SOS will be manned by men over the active military age."

WE CAN hardly wait.

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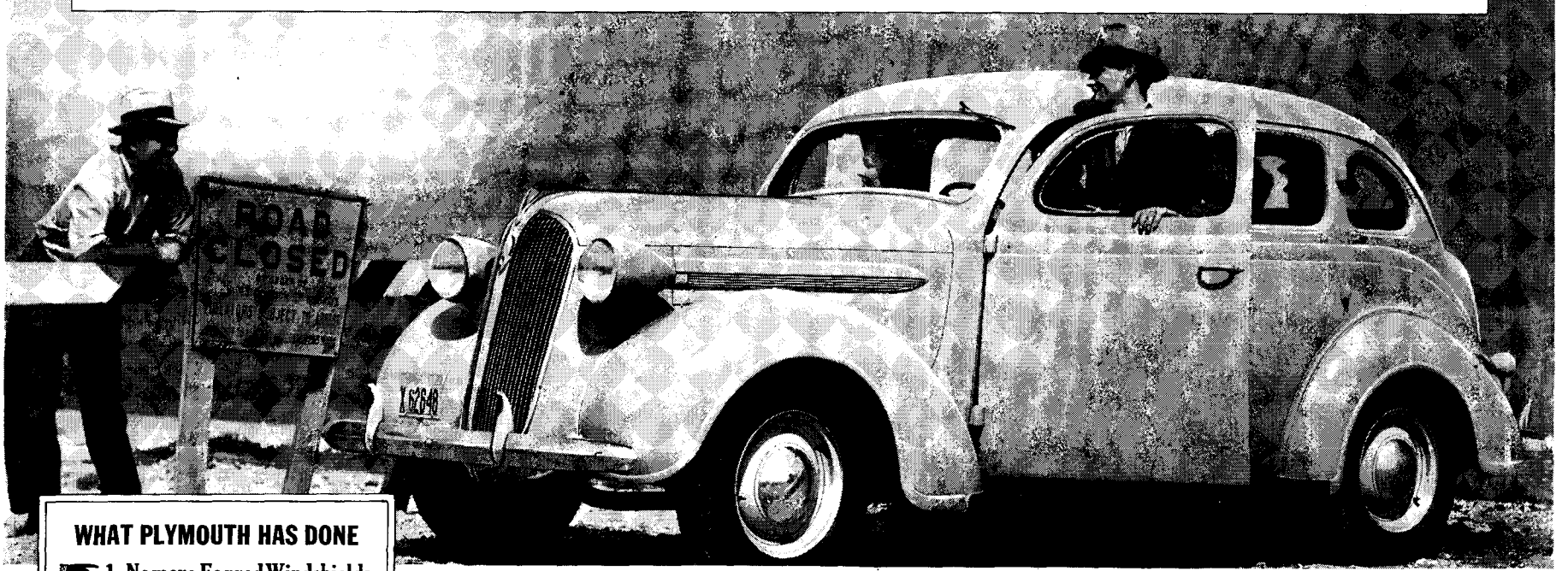

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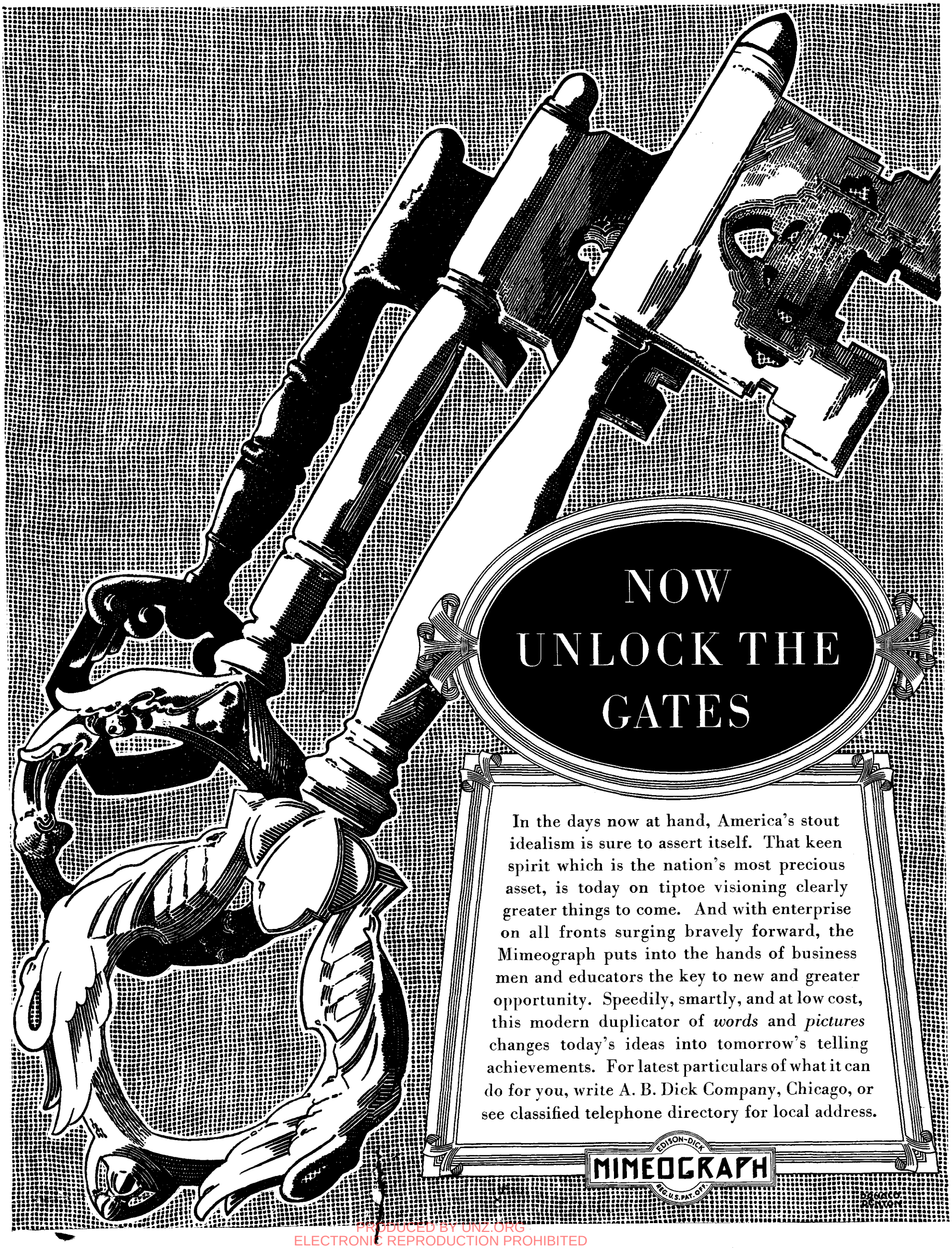
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Collier's

The National Weekly for January 2, 1937

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BENBOW

Beginning a glamorous story of love and adventure against the grim background of a cattle war

JIM BENBOW dropped off the train at Two Dance and stood on the platform a little while, watching the red and green coach lamps of the westbound slide away and vanish at last in the layered darkness lying over the vast dry sweep of this land.

A telegraph key clattered inside the station. The smell of coal smoke and steam lingered behind. Arapahoe Street ran gently upward between Two Dance's frame buildings, crossbarred with shop lights shining across the loose dust. Horses stood three-footed in front of Faro Charley's and farther along, by the gallery of the Cattle King Hotel, the high-wheeled stage was making up for its night's run southward to the reservation. Beyond town the low outline of Two Dance range made a ragged silhouette. A freight engine's bell began to ring down the siding and Izee Custer strolled out from the thick shadows of the station house.

The two of them swung together and walked by silent agreement toward Faro Charley's, the matter-of-fact Izee Custer stretching out his legs a little to match Jim Benbow's broad stride. There was a six-inch difference of length between these two. "Get your chore done?" asked Izee Custer.

"Yes."

"Pete Cruze," murmured Izee, "is eatin' supper up at the hotel."

"Drop him word to stay there until I give the signal. I want this thing staged right."

Riders were wheeling out of the prairie darkness into Two Dance, swinging at the hitch racks, and lights flashed more brightly from all those buildings as the town woke to its evening's liveliness. Ed Swain came from the hotel, made one long jump to the stage's seat and sent his four horses away from Two Dance at a fast trot. Benbow and Izee Custer were at the open doorway of Faro Charley's and here Benbow came to a sudden halt, his flat and high shape swinging in the saloon's full glow. Izee Custer laid his hand against Benbow to prevent collision. He lifted a round and stolid face and said, "Huh?" Afterward he turned to see what drew Benbow's attention. There was a big clay-colored horse standing by the Cattle King porch.

"Yeah," murmured Izee. "Cash Gore came in about an hour ago."

Change stirred Benbow's long lips; a faint impatience cracked the habitual serenity he imposed upon his cheeks. His jaws definitely established the long borders of a big-featured face, shelving squarely at the chin. His eyes were a sharp gray with a light in them that could turn, as now, restless and exacting. Like a hidden heat unwittingly exposed. He had high cheekbones, minute weather lines slanting out toward them from his eye corners across a smooth and bronze-turned skin. When he let the pressure go from his lips they grew fuller.

"CONNIE'S around somewhere, too," said Izee. "Came in this afternoon with Clay Rand. Clay's been at the poker table with Faro Charley ever since."

Jim Benbow stepped into the smoky warmth of Faro Charley's and stopped with a characteristic roll of his shoulders, catching the identity of the crowd at one quick survey. Mirrors flashed up a sulky brilliance in here and Price Peters pivoted from the bar and grinned at him. A few punchers from the Mauvaise Valley—a clannish district—made their own group at one end of this bar; and a man in a loud yellow shirt, looking like a rider on the loose, stood at the other end and whirled a glass between his fingers in a solemn isolation. Chad Povy, roustabout in Menefee's stable, lay full length at the foot of a wall, drowned in whisky.

There was a game going on at a corner table, with Faro Charley dealing and Clay Rand and two other men sitting in. Jim Benbow went over there to lay his hand quietly on Rand's shoulders. Rand looked up, a flushed and half-irritated expression across his half-handsome cheeks. When he saw Benbow a swift smile took the irritation away. He said: "How was Cheyenne, kid?"

Faro Charley called, "Open?" It was a thoroughly colorless voice. He let his glance lift to Benbow for a moment and then nodded, his stiff shoulders remotely stirring.

Benbow went back to join Izee and Price Peters; they lined up at the bar and in silence took their whisky. Price Peters had a horse ranch over on the edge of the badlands. Around thirty-five and a graduate of Princeton, '72, he already was beginning to turn gray. There was a kind of ironic reserve about him that repelled most people in the Two Dance country, a let-me-alone manner hard to penetrate. Only Jim Benbow had ever gotten behind that reserve to know the man really. They made a strange and

Benbow saw the sudden and desperate set of her cheeks. Somehow Clay had hurt her again. She said: "Ready to go, Jim?"

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steadfast group, those four—Benbow and Price Peters and the silently solid Izee Custer, and Clay Rand, whose voice suddenly cut through the soft-drawled confusion of men's talk: "Throw this damned deck away, Charley."

The three partners at the bar looked quietly and comprehendingly at that scene. Clay Rand's cheeks, always highly colored, were florid with drink and the sting of bad luck. He tossed his hand to the floor. Faro Charley murmured, "Tough, Clay," and broke open another deck.

Price Peters said softly: "He's been droppin' his money there since two o'clock. Connie came in with him. Somebody ought to tell him she's probably ready to go home."

JIM BENBOW pushed back the brim of his hat in a restless motion, these other two men closely watching him for some break in that tough and smooth and reserved expression. "It's his fun," he suggested, and then looked indifferently at the yellow-shirted stranger standing by the end of the bar. The man's eyes lifted to him for one brief moment, and slid away. Afterward Benbow's turning glance reached the dead-drunk Povy on the floor. Presently he was smiling in a soft way, in a way that altogether changed him. Both his partners turned to see what had caused that; and by common impulse they walked over to the corner, standing above Povy and commonly speculating on the man.

Benbow said: "Povy—wake up."

"He'll be like that till tomorrow morning," said Custer. "Takes him all night to sleep off his jags."

"You sure?" drawled Benbow.

Izee Custer's eyelids slowly came together and a bright light began to glitter. They stood there, silently considering. Chips made a brittle clack in the room and one of the Mauvaise Valley punchers laughed and struck the flat of his palm against the bar. The steady hooting of a freight train's whistle ran over the town's housetops and afterward they were all thinking of the same idea and considering its possibilities. Benbow waggled his hand to Izee, who instantly reached down to catch Povy by his armpits and drag him into the saloon's back room, Benbow and Price Peters following. Benbow closed the door.

"The train?" said Price Peters.

"Sure."

"Now wait," Izee broke in. "A little blood—"

Benbow murmured: "Suppose he's got a gun anywhere?"

"An idea," said Price Peters, and made for the back door. Izee Custer called, "Wait for me, Price," and trailed him into Two Dance's rear alley.

Benbow stood there with a little smile breaking its way across his long lips. The ragged light of this back room slanted across his cheeks, turning them irregular and remotely hard. Out front, Clay Rand was swearing again, whereupon Benbow's smile quit showing. He straightened and a dark unruliness had its way with his eyes while he stood there alone, vanishing as soon as Izee and Price Peters came back. Izee had a tin cup in his hand; Price had found a rusty .32. "It was under his bunk in the stable," said Price. "It's loaded."

Izee said: "Ben Drury's wife will sure kill me when she finds out I slaughtered one of her hens." Leaning down he sloshed the contents of the tin cup deliberately across Chad Povy's shirt, the chicken's blood making a wide, irregular stain.

THE three of them stood back to observe the effect. "Better hustle," said Price Peters. "The freight's due to pull out."

Izee and Benbow seized the completely indifferent Povy by the head and heels and walked out the back way, Price Peters following. Half down the back alley, Benbow thought of something else. "Should have a couple empty shells in that gun."

Price fired the gun twice at the sky. The freight engine was hooting for the switch and the long string of cars jerked into life. The three partners made the moving caboose on the run, lugging Povy inside. A brakeman reared up from his bunk, took one startled look and broke into bitter protest.

"Listen, you fellows. No dead men in here!"

"You'll be stopping at the Mauvaise loading pens," said Benbow. "Joe Russell will be there. You tell Joe that Jim Benbow said to pass Povy along."

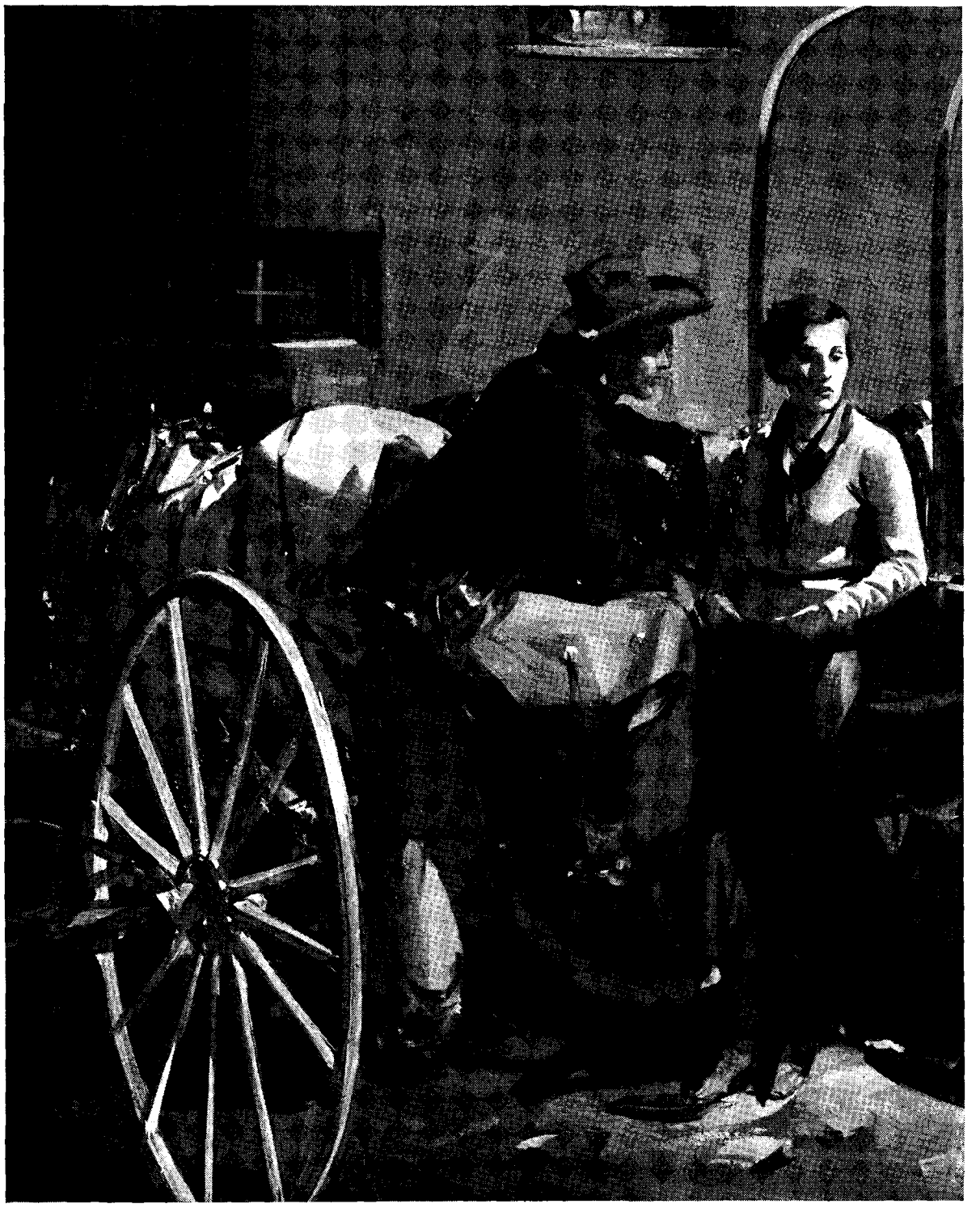
"What?"

"He'll know."

The three partners dropped off the caboose as it rolled by the station house. They stood there a moment, then turned back up Arapahoe Street. "You sure Povy won't wake up till morning?" asked Benbow.

"Never does," said Izee.

"He'll be in the Yellow Hills by then," said Benbow.



"I'll go home with you," she said. "When you're ready." He said: "You had better break Clay of that habit"

They were in front of Faro Charley's, and Price Peters had begun to laugh immoderately. Benbow said, "I'll be back," and went on toward the Cattle King alone. Constance Dale came slowly down the galleried porch to meet him. She had been standing there; she had been waiting there for Clay Rand.

Benbow pulled off his hat, speaking evenly, "If you're ready to go home, Connie—"

"Where's Clay?"

"I'll get him."

She reached out and touched him with her hand, rooting him to the spot. "Let him play poker." Against the thick shadows of the porch her supple shape stirred and made its pattern of grace for Jim Benbow; a stray sliver of light from the hotel window came out to touch her face and though her eyes were hidden from him at the moment he could tell by the lift of her chin and the slow, cool way she spoke that she had been waiting long for Clay, and was hurt by the wait. He knew her better than she knew herself—this only child of old Jack Dale, Hat's owner. She could ride the hell out of him, Benbow thought, when her anger was up. And she could go still and distant and try to hold her feelings away from him. One thing or the other—it was that way with them most of the time. But she couldn't hide much from him. She stood soldier-straight, still touching his arm, and her lips made a faint and sweet line in smiling. A strong-tempered and dark-headed girl who could have her way with him any day, and knew it.

"I'll go home with you," she said. "When you're ready."

He said: "You had better break Clay of that habit before you marry him."

"I don't break my men, Jim."

Pete Cruze appeared in the Cattle King's doorway, thinly silhouetted against the light shining through from the hotel lobby. He said: "When you want—"

BENBOW'S voice sang its soft and thin and wicked tune at Pete Cruze: "Get out of sight." Pete Cruze faded and Constance Dale's head lifted another inch and her eyes were suddenly in the light, round and puzzled and cool. But she didn't ask any questions, knowing Jim Benbow too well. Benbow's fingers were rolling a cigarette; she could see his narrowing lids deliberately shut away his thoughts. A man was pacing down the walk slowly, coming beside the gallery of the Cattle King. In another moment she turned to find Cash Gore paused there. Gore said: "Evenin'."

"Good evening, Cash."

Benbow pulled his attention from the cigarette, placing it on Cash Gore with a deliberateness, and there was then in this cool, windless night the faint intimation of some dry and deadly thing creeping up. Gore was a high and narrow shape on the walk. He had paused and removed his hat out of courtesy, his rusty red hair vaguely gleaming under the hotel lights. There wasn't any way of telling what his interest was, for his eyes were too closely guarded to be read, and a mustache dropped its straggling ends across his mouth to hide any expression.

"Cheyenne still alive?" he said.

"Yes," said Benbow.

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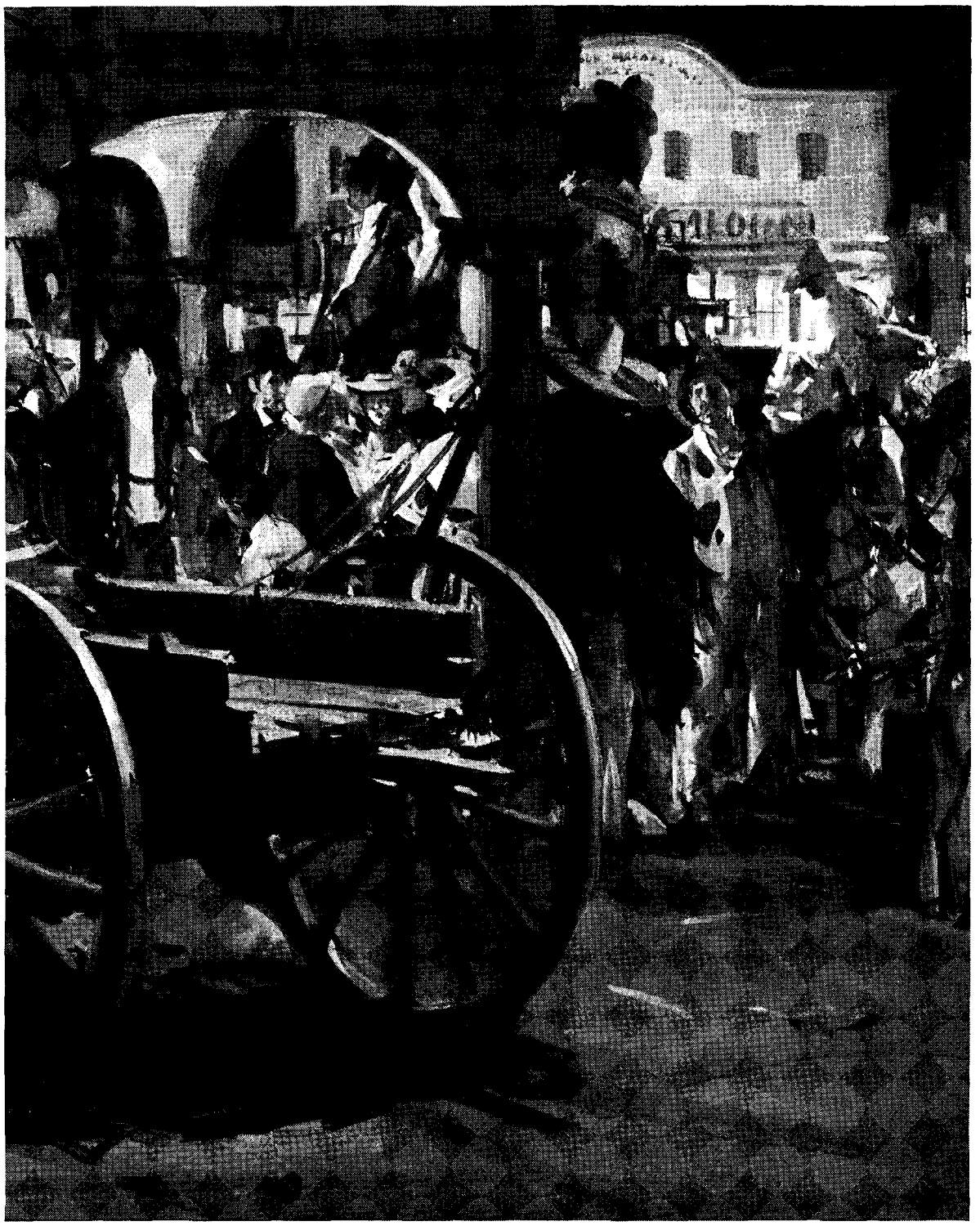


ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

Cash Gore nodded with a kind of saturnine indifference and went on. Benbow dropped his attention back to the cigarette, yet Constance knew he was carefully listening to Cash Gore's footsteps tread toward Faro Charley's saloon. Benbow had mannerisms even in his silence; he had little expressions that betrayed his mind to her always observant eyes. It was something she could not help, this deep interest in what he thought and what he felt. She had known him for years, sometimes hating him and sometimes almost loving him, and never able to release herself from the turbulent pull of his personality.

He bent toward her. "Tell that fool Cruze," he said in a soft-running murmur, "to stay out of sight until he gets his orders," and wheeled away from the porch.

SIX horses stood in a row before Dunmire's stable and men crouched at the base of the stable's wall, their cigarette points glittering through the dark. Cash's men. When he came into Faro Charley's again he observed Cash Gore standing alone at the bar, the shackle-jointed frame eased against it and the drawn and quick-tempered face bowed over a glass of whisky. These things Benbow saw in one rapid survey—the stranger with the yellow shirt still immersed in his own isolation, Izee and Price Peters grouped about the poker table, Clay Rand grown more flushed and more irritable from his run of luck. Benbow put h' arms on Clay Rand's chair, but his glance we to touch Izee Custer and tell Custer so

Custer said, to nobody in particular: "I've had enough of this place," and left the saloon.

Benbow bent over to speak quietly to Clay Rand. "Connie's ready to go home."

"Sure," said Clay Rand, and looked at his cards. There was a bet made. Rand called it and lost. He put both his palms on the table, staring at Faro Charley. His eyes were a deep blue, and unstable with sultry anger. All this blond-headed man's features were full and bold.

Benbow said: "Come on, Clay. We're all ready to ride."

Clay jerked his head around. "Good God, Jim—let a man alone!"

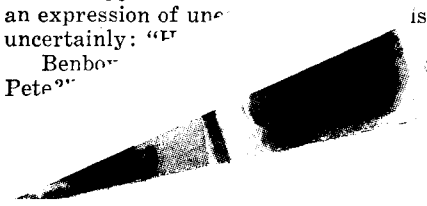
Benbow said: "All right, kid," and wheeled away from the table, showing no expression. But Price Peters, still at the bar, sent a rapid glance from Benbow to Clay Rand and gently shook his head. Cash Gore swung to look at this scene with a slicing, taciturn interest.

At that moment Pete Cruze walked into the saloon, a young and grinning [illegible] ith an oversized Adam's apple. He saw J[illegible] nd stopped; and an expression of un[illegible] is face. He said uncertainly: "H[illegible]

Benbo[illegible] ou doing here, Pete?"

[illegible] cabir ?"

[illegible] he s[illegible] o-



orders to stay there. What have I got to do—give you a nurse and a guardian?"

"Jim," said young Pete Cruze, all at once losing his uneasiness, "don't talk to a man that way."

The room turned still and the poker game stopped. Clay Rand lifted his head, at once alert and puzzled. Nobody said anything for a moment. Cash Gore swung his lank shape completely around to see what all this was. Benbow afterward spoke with an irony that hurt: "How do you want to be talked to, Mr. Cruze?"

"Well," said Pete Cruze stubbornly, "not like that."

Benbow said: "My apologies for showing a lack of respect for your feelings. Of course, Mr. Cruze, no gentleman wants to be tied down to one spot when he's out of tobacco. I'll just relieve you of the trouble."

"Listen—"

"You've got your walking papers from Hat," stated Benbow bluntly. "Right now."

PETE CRUZE put his hands into his pockets and pulled them out. He got redder and redder and his Adam's apple slid up and down. He murmured, "Well, shucks," and then simply bawled at Benbow, "To hell with your job! I quit before you fired me!" And having said that, he stamped from the saloon the picture of mortal affront.

Clay Rand said: "Kind of a tough guy tonight, Jim. Who stepped on your foot?"

Benbow had an answer for Clay, a wickedly even answer: "This place seems to be full of gentlemen of leisure. Don't let me trouble your game, Clay."

Clay Rand's ruddy cheeks took on an instant set. He laid down his cards. "You're a little too high, Jim. I don't work for Hat, and my time's my own."

"I'll remember that," said Benbow and turned to Price Peters. "Riding my way?"

The stranger in the yellow shirt moved out from the end of the bar. "If you're in the market for a rider—"

Benbow had started for the door. He wheeled and looked down on this lesser-built man whose face was flat and unsentimental and indifferent. He had a crooked nose scratched whitely by a scar, and a pair of eyes incredibly watchful.

"Where you from?" said Benbow.

"Arizona," put in the stranger.

Benbow said: "It's tougher up here, Arizona."

"Do I look easy?" asked the stranger with a faint insolence.

Benbow stared at the man; and presently grinned in a thin, appreciative way. "If you find the Hat outfit tomorrow, I can use you. Coming, Price?"

Price strolled over, going out of the saloon with Benbow. The man so suddenly named Arizona went back to his corner and wigwagged silently for another drink, Cash Gore's glance following him with a bitter-bright attention. Clay Rand started to lift his cards again. He looked at them, and dropped them abruptly and got up from his chair. "See you next week," he told Faro Charley, and started for the door.

But just before he swung away his glance lifted carelessly and touched Cash Gore across the room. Cash Gore met that inspection evenly and then swung his narrow shoulders back to the bar. He put both elbows on it and his head rolled forward and thus he stood, still and taciturn and engaged in his own secret thoughts. Once his lips moved and he slid a covert look at Arizona, as though some sudden and powerful idea had stirred him; and dropped his head again.

CLAY RAND left the saloon, catching up with Benbow and Price Peters. The three of them walked on in thorough silence for a short distance. Afterward Rand laughed and put his arm on Benbow's shoulder. "Forget it, kid. I lost a hell of a lot of money tonight and maybe I spoke too fast."

"Sure," drawled Benbow. "Sure," and all at once the feeling between these three men changed and the strain went away. Price Peters spoke with an open relief: "That's better. I don't like to hear you boys wrangle."

Clay Rand observed: "Never saw you work on a man like you did on Pete Cruze."

Benbow said: "He was supposed to stay where I put him."

They came to their horses in front of the Cattle King. Izee Custer stood there, talking with Constance Dale; and Jim Benbow saw how Connie's face came around and showed its faint anger when Clay Rand went forward to her. He didn't, Benbow observed, apologize to Connie for his delay. It wasn't in the big, blond man to make amends that way. He had another way, which was to smile at the girl and let the careless, teasing melody of his voice have [illegible] tried to win enough off Faro C[illegible] mansion in the V[illegible]

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A Ring for Her Finger

By Josephine Bentham

ILLUSTRATED BY JARO FABRY

Even a charming girl must know when to be mean. Meekness in love is not the surest road to happiness, as one girl had to discover for herself. Witness the curious experience of Kate Prior, who wasn't able to hold a man, and Barnaby Jones, who changed that condition forever

KATE PRIOR slowly twisted that square of ice-blue which adorned her finger.

"I told you it was all right about Enid," she was saying, in a voice a shade too cheerful. "After all, I had to be away for six weeks and it was perfectly all right for you to play around with Enid. My goodness, I didn't expect you to go into a monastery or anything!"

She peered anxiously at her companion. But he refused to meet her eyes—he even refused to smile. He was determined to go on being tense.

Kate pulled the ring down her finger, as far as the knuckle.

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"Gilbert—" she began, uncertainly.

Still he wouldn't look at her. He was staring, somberly, at that line of blue thread which divided the sea from the sky, constituting the horizon. Kate pulled the ring off quickly and tucked it into his hand. Then she gave his shoulder a comforting little pat.

"Well, let's not carry on about it," she said. "I bet lots and lots of people have made the same mistake."

SHE was getting good, she thought, at this sort of thing. She was a girl who knew what to do with a gate, once it had been given her. Poor Gilbert! Now he was trying not to look too grateful!

Of course he hadn't *asked* her for his freedom. He hadn't said, "It's this way, my girl, you simply couldn't hold me. You went away for six weeks and I fell in love with Enid Benedict. So let's bring this little affair to a neat conclusion." No, he hadn't put it in so many words. But generally people don't have to put things into words—unless, of course, they're writing a book.

When Gilbert had left her, she was no longer sustained by any grim humor. The world—that is to say, Florida's midwinter conception of a world—looked very big and very beautiful. She felt small in it, and lonesome. If you're going to be miserable, it's better to be miserable in the subway, on a very rainy day. Kate Prior sat down on the dock and wept.

There was a small motorboat moored to the dock, swaying like a walnut shell. It was pretty disconcerting, of course, when a voice issued from this seemingly empty vessel.

"Well, if I were a girl," said the boat, thoughtfully, "I'm darned if I'd cry over *him*."

"You—you come out of there!"

"Sure."

In a minute a strange young man in a bathing suit was sitting cross-legged on the dock beside her. He was a dark-eyed young man—not handsome, but attractive in a strange way of his own. He smiled at Kate—as if they had just been introduced by a duchess.

"You heard the whole thing!" she said, still staring at him.

"Most of it, I guess. I was asleep, but when I woke up it wasn't a very good time to say I was here."

"Still—who are you, anyhow?" she asked him furiously.

"My name's Barnaby Jones. I arrived at Coral Sands this morning."

"I see. Do you happen to have any cigarettes?"

They smoked—in silence. Once in a while she whisked a maverick tear from her cheek.

"Don't do that," he admonished at last. "He wouldn't have been a very good husband, you know."

Kate reddened.

"Why, you don't know him!" she said. "Why, I don't think you even *saw* him!"

"I heard his voice. It was a pompous voice, my dear. No good for the breakfast table."

"This," said Kate, "is humiliating."

"Me? Or him?"

"Both."

"Yes, I can see that. You know, I'd like to give him a poke in the eye. Would that do any good?"

"No."

"Well," he said regretfully, "it would be fun. But just as you say, of course—"

KATE smiled, tremulously. There was something very comforting in the presence of this young man. There was nothing of the stranger's wariness about him. He was astonishingly matter-of-fact. In no time at all she found herself confiding in him.

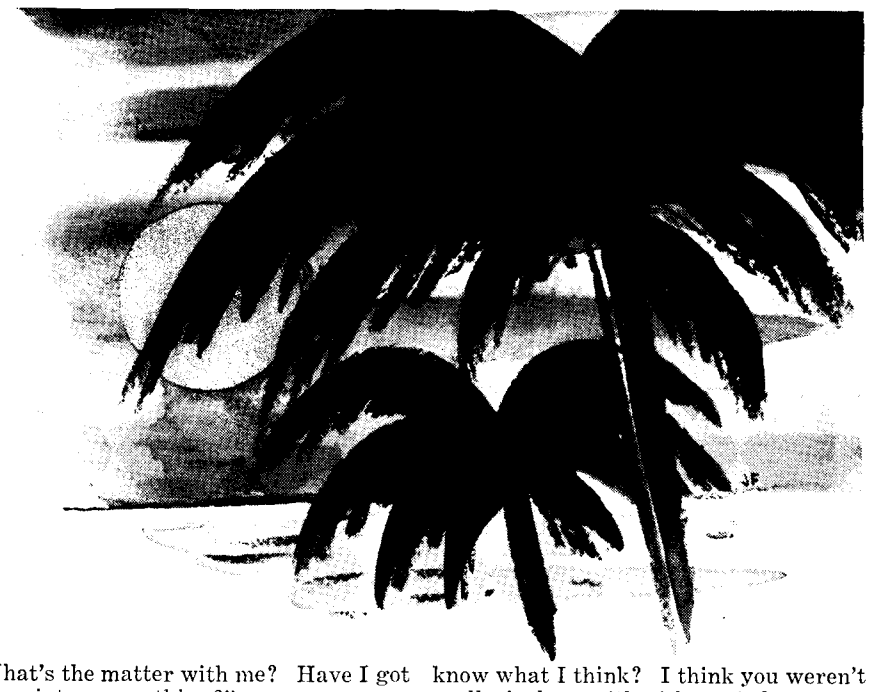
"You already know so much about me," she said, "you may as well know the rest. You see, this isn't the first time I've been turned down. I had to break another engagement, three years ago, right over there by that tennis court."

Barnaby Jones had been lying on his back, blowing smoke rings into the sky. Now he propped himself up on one elbow and looked at her in mounting consternation.

"What! You've let *two* of them get away?"

"Yes. I was only a kid, of course, but I thought it was a real engagement. Then Tom—his name was Tom Stuart—left me for a girl who treated him like a hound. I couldn't understand it. I don't now. I don't understand any of it.

People stood and stared at Kate and Barnaby. She disappeared a little later—like a great lady who had condescended to amuse herself among the yokels



What's the matter with me? Have I got a squint or something?"

"Ah! Do you want my professional opinion?"

"Professional—?"

"Yes. I'm a playwright. You interest me as a character. What's your name, by the way?"

"Kate. Kate Prior."

"H'mm—Katherine. The Taming of the Shrew played backward. Kate into Katherine. Oh, yes, this has all sorts of dramatic possibilities! You see what I'm getting at, don't you?"

"No."

"My mind works so fast," he admitted. "But this idea is pretty subtle. . . . Kate, I can tell by looking at you that you're universally known as a very good egg."

"Why—"

"Of course I realize that you're a knockout—technically speaking. I never saw such a complexion. Your eyes are indescribable. And when you smiled just now I almost fell over into the Atlantic Ocean. But, my dear girl, that isn't enough."

"But I—"

"Wait a minute. Don't you know what other girls do when their men start looking away from them? They put on an act. They lie down on the floor and they kick and they scream and they yell. They immediately put arsenic in the other woman's soup. They start sweeping their lashes at other men. They get so poisonous it's sort of interesting. But what do you do? You give your man a lot of little sisterly pats. You want him to have a good time while you're away! You make everything so easy for him he can quite easily forget about you. Why, I heard you let that chap get away from you—as if it were a pleasure. Why, my dear girl, it really isn't womanly!"

"I'm getting this by degrees. You think I ought to be mean?"

"Very mean."

"Well—"

"Another thing I advise," he said crisply. "Tell this story on yourself."

"Oh, no! I couldn't!"

"Yes, you could. One of life's most valuable lessons—the story you tell on yourself has completely lost its sting. You've got to explain that bare finger somehow. Make it an asset!"

Kate looked at the finger in question, thoughtfully.

"Let 'em think that you were too much for the poor boy—let 'em think that *you* were the one who wanted to philander around. And smile like Mona Lisa every time they mention his name. Think you can do it?"

"Are you going to be around?"

"Sure. I'll be in the prompter's box."

"You've made me feel a lot better. A girl has her pride."

"Sure a girl has her pride. Do you know what I think? I think you weren't really in love with either of these poor fools. First, it was moonlight—and then it was pride. . . . What do you feel about oysters?"

"What? Oh! A devouring interest."

"Fine. Let's go and find oysters."

And they did. Kate Prior was laughing. She was sure that she had known Barnaby Jones the whole of her life.

GILBERT was embarrassed. That night he followed Kate to the veranda of the Terhunes' old-fashioned house, and stood beside her—a scowl marring his customarily placid brow. Kate ignored him; she was looking at the moon that was like a medallion of gold over the Florida water.

"See here!" he said at last. "Who's this Jones person that seems to be such a great friend of yours?"

"He *is* a great friend of mine," said Kate serenely. "We were in kindergarten together—we used to dance the minuet."

"I don't believe it. But never mind about that. I really wanted to ask you—well, what is it you've been telling people?"

"Oh! About us?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I simply told them that it was all off. I told them that you had decided I wasn't the one in the world for you."

"Well! That was a kind of funny thing for you to say, wasn't it?"

"I don't know. It was the truth. You wouldn't want 'em to think I'd turned you down, would you?" She smiled at him tranquilly. "It would lower your stock, you know."

"Confound it, Kate—"

"I never heard anybody say, 'Confound it,'" she said, "outside of a book. But go on."

"I don't know what's got into you tonight. You're not yourself."

"Why do you care who I am? My dear boy," she added impatiently, "you didn't drag me out here to talk about who I am!"

"Oh, well, if I'm boring you—" he said, sulkily.

"Oh, no! But Enid will be looking for you and people will be talking. It's very unconventional for us to be out here like this. Anyhow, I'm supposed to be putting adhesive tape on my broken heart."

"You're a strange girl, Kate," he told her solemnly. "A very strange girl."

Kate shook her head.

"You know, Gilbert, the more I think about you, the more I realize that you were right. About us. But you'll be *just* the person for Enid. My goodness. I can see you both, as plain o-
—ten years from

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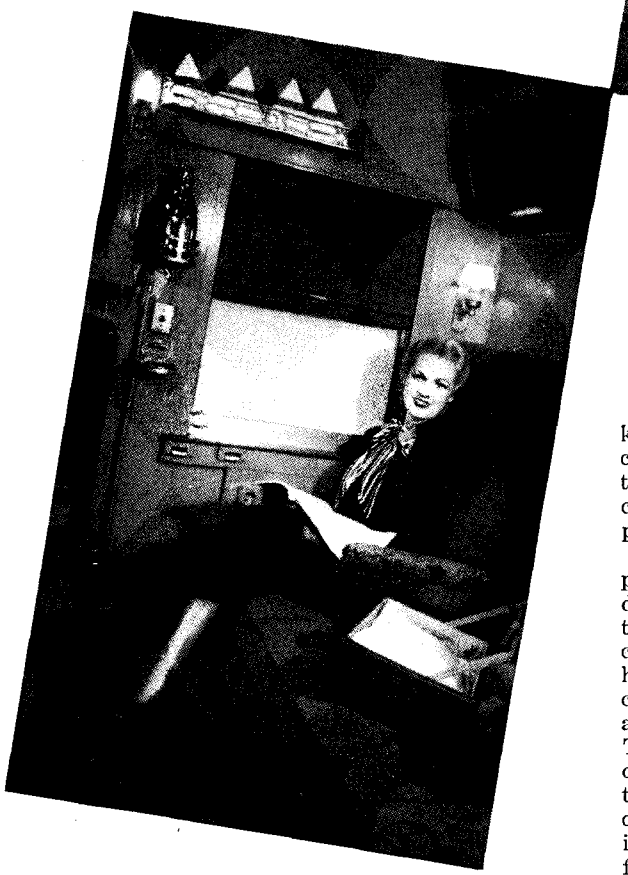
Waking on the Railroad

While planes, trains and buses battle for the overnight trade, the Pullman passenger gets a break. Now he can swap that uncomfortable Upper Ten for the privacy of a miniature hotel room on wheels. And at no extra cost

By Charles F. A. Mann



Left: A bedroom of a standard Pullman sleeper converted to a bedroom car. Above: the lounge and observation rooms of the new two-car unit

IF, IN 1936, you struggled to sleep in an upper berth of an old-type Pullman, with the soft-coal smoke billowing through the swaying green curtains and the running gear doing an imitation of four boiler factories—make a note of it. It'll be something to hark back to in 1937—a story with which to squelch the few remaining gaffers who still croak about the hardships of plains-crossings in *chik-chik* wagons in the late sixties.

Sleep, for the rail traveler, is at last going to be put on a sound basis. The old upper berth is going to creak for the last time. No longer will 300-pound Pullman patrons go swaying wildly up the aisle, half-clad, to pitch violently into the sleeping laps of perfect strangers as the engine runner yanks the Limited around a sharp curve at fifty-five miles an hour. And men, in the washrooms o' mornings, will be able to lather and shave themselves, instead of each other.

In the Great Awakening of the railroads in 1936, streamlined trains, two-cents-a-mile fares, modernistic decorations, futuristic bars, Diesel motors and day coaches resembling Fifth Avenue drawing rooms got all the play. People who had been staying off trains in droves suddenly started riding them again—and nothing was too good for them. Conductors lifted their caps and said Please. Brakemen stepped over outstretched legs instead of kicking them. Engineers caressed throttles, instead of yanking. Riders in the chair cars got more springs under them and better light over them; cheap meals and pretty stewardesses to sing them to sleep.

It was the old Prodigal Son story all over again. The people who, for ten years, had deserted the railroads for the highways, got the big welcome and the easy chairs as they came trooping to the trains. And the poor old Pullman patron, who had been faithfully clicking over the steel, year in, year out—what did he get? Well, he got air-conditioning and a chance to fight his way into the diner, into which the day-coach passengers were flocking to take advantage—in the West—of 35-cent meals especially arranged for their benefit.

The result of all this head-end luxury at cheap rates was that Pullman passengers began deserting the Minnepeskahawa and the General John Q. Robinson at three cents a mile and riding in Chair Car 3465 for a third less. Chair Car 3465 was 1936. Old Minnepeskahawa was still 1884 with a few extra gadgets draped on her underframe.

This distressing state of affairs—from the railroad and Pullman viewpoint—called for action. It got it. And so, in a few months, Pullman travel is going to be revolutionized, too. The revolution, in fact, is under way now. The keynote is going to be comfort—and comfort, the revolutionaries hold, consists about eighty per cent of privacy.

Tops in comfort and privacy on railroads today is afforded by twenty special private cars, which are rolling homes for the political candidates and millionaires who rent them. The fee is one hundred dollars a day, plus a certain number of first-class fares—all payable in advance. The basic fee grades down to fifty dollars a day for a three-months tour, and includes servants.

These ultra-ultra cars have bedrooms with private baths, dining room, lounge, kitchen, office, servants' quarters and a rear platform from which to make speeches. They have their own heating, cooling and power plants and can be marooned on a siding for a day or two if necessary. They are romantically named Ferdinand Magellan, Davy Crockett, Roald Amundsen and so forth.

But these super de luxe cars—except for space—will have nothing on the new sleepers that are already sliding out of the shops. In fact, the new cars make the old private affairs seem outdated.

A few years ago you were regarded as a plutocrat or a dizzy honeymooner if somebody caught you in a drawing room, and either a vacationer taking a fling or an invalid if caught in a compartment. The difference between a compartment and a drawing room seems to be solely in the size of the plumbing layout—one is under the spare seat and the other is in a separate cell. In either case a porter must dismantle your room and haul down the hair mattress from the ceiling to make the thing into a bedroom. The drawing room does have a long, toughish lounge to snooze on during the afternoon, in case you feel like a siesta before dinner.

Goodby to Sleeper Democracy

The peculiar psychology of these two classes of rooms, placed at the noisy ends of the Pullmans and right over the clanking wheels, was to keep them a fearful luxury to be avoided because of the cost. As a result most of the older type of private rooms went unsold, especially before the fare slashes last summer.

When bedrooms came along, the idea spread that more of these could be piled into a standard-size car, and the travelers got the idea that the bedroom system was started simply because it was cheaper than either the compartments or drawing rooms. As a result every train having bedrooms on it was sold out immediately.

Soon, first-class rail travelers are go-

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ing to ride in various-shaped private rooms, for little more than they paid in 1934 for doing acrobatics in an upper or inhaling coal smoke in a lower. The chummy democracy of the sleeper will be gone forever. So will most of the noise and jolting.

First big stride toward privacy and comfort was made in 1936 when the Pullman company began operating new bedroom cars on many important trains all over the country. Before that, these miniature hotel rooms on wheels were confined to a few choice runs east of Chicago and on only two western routes. Until these bedroom cars started rolling, you slept in line with the rails, head foremost; in the rooms, you sleep parallel to the crossties, with a neat little harness to prevent your rolling out in case of sudden stops or starts.

These bedrooms, with upper and lower berth, toilet conveniences, folding tables, mirrors, ice water, baggage space and complete privacy, soon became the darlings of the night riders. By redesigning present 80-foot Pullmans, it is possible to get ten of these rooms, each holding two people, to a car, and thus reach almost the capacity of the ordinary sleeper.

The Double-Deck Car of Tomorrow

But the famous sixteen-room, double-decker car operated between New York and Pittsburgh probably is the standard model for the future. Its capacity is the same as an old-type Pullman—but everybody has a private room. The lower level rooms are entered from the floor level; the uppers by means of three short steps. Both upper and lower rooms have eight-foot headroom, with transverse berths. The chief advantage of this car is that sixteen patrons can be accommodated in the same number of private rooms. Upper rooms can, in a pinch, accommodate two passengers, thus raising the capacity of the car to that of a standard twelve-section Pullman.

In the future, about the only difference between classes of train travel will be

(Continued on page 39)

Left: Folding stairways have replaced the ladders on the new streamliners. Below: an upper room in the new Pullman double-decker

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Framed

By Paul Jones

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

"I got an alibi. You're just trying to frame me," said Johnny. The dick jerked his thumb toward the desk. "Nix. He ain't framing you," he said

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH EDMUND ENTWISTLE

THE road was a swift torrent of concrete rushing under the wheels of the little black sedan. Johnny, his mouth a thin line, his eyes pinpoints of concentration, held the needle of the speedometer at sixty.

Beside him a blond girl dozed untidily. They had been driving all day without a break, except to get gas and oil; ten hours. A cigar box under the rear-seat cushion held six thousand dollars in fives and tens—ransom squeezed out of the Hart boy's parents.

A sign along the highway read: "Refreshments, 300 yards." Johnny eased the pressure of his foot on the accelerator, and let the car drift to a stop a little beyond the entrance to a tourist camp. His elbow nudged the blonde.

"'Smatter?" She stirred drowsily.

"On your feet, stupid. Get out and get us some smokes."

"Okay."

Johnny watched her high heels waver over the pebbled yard. When she disappeared inside the hot-dog stand, he slid noiselessly into second gear and made a fast getaway. It was the smart thing to do, he thought coldly. One less clue to tie him up with the job. And he wouldn't have to give her a cut.

By six o'clock he was entering Blaynesboro, six hundred miles from the kidnaping. It looked like a good place to stop. Not so small that a stranger would be noticeable. Not big enough to have smart cops.

After parking the car in a narrow street between two warehouses, he took three five-dollar bills from the cigar box, put the box under the cushion again and locked the doors. He was clean out of money. Better break a few bills here rather than wait for a gas station.

On the main street he saw a bright, clean-looking taproom. It smelt of fresh paint. Two men with stepladders were hanging streamers on the walls, and a third was polishing glasses.

"Whisky sour," said Johnny.

"We're not really open," said the bartender, hesitating.

"Sure we're open," said the man on the nearest stepladder. "Don't turn away trade, son."

The drink made Johnny feel better. He put down a five-dollar bill and picked up four dollars and seventy-five cents in change. "See you later," he said, and went out.

"Sure," somebody called after him. "Drop in about eight. We'll be going full blast then."

IN a restaurant down the block, he ate a steak dinner, and decided to ask the proprietor where he could rent a room for a few days. But when he came up to the cash register with his check and a five-dollar bill in one hand, he saw large headlines in a newspaper lying on the cigar counter:

GIRL SUICIDE IN TOURIST CAMP
MAY BE KIDNAPING SUSPECT

Johnny slipped the bill back in his pocket and put down the exact change—a dollar and seventy cents.

For no reason at all, he felt upset. Not about Gertie. The hell with Gertie. But Blaynesboro was spoiled for him. He didn't feel safe out in the sticks. The thing to do was double back to New York or Philly.

It was dark when he reached his car again, and he noticed nothing wrong until he tried to turn out from the curb. He looked at his tires and saw they were all flat. There was nothing wrong with the rubber. Just some hoodlums having a good time. Probably giving him the bird from the corner, like he used to do himself when he was a kid.

He had to laugh, but it wasn't any fun. Then he kicked the nearest tire in sudden fury. Wait a minute, wait a minute, no use blowing your top like that. Just step around to a garage, have them tow the bus in and blow up the tires and he'd be on his way again.

There was a garage across from the taproom. Johnny went to the door of the little office. There was a man inside reading a newspaper. The front page was toward Johnny:

GIRL SUICIDE IN TOURIST CAMP
MAY BE KIDNAPING SUSPECT

"What can I do for you, friend?"

"Is there a taproom around here?"

"Right across the street."

Towing and gas and oil would come to more than the three dollars in Johnny's pocket. He was suddenly afraid to give a hot bill to the garage man. Those babies had good eyes for license numbers.

The taproom was crowded. When he pushed his way to the bar, he saw a new man was on. "What'll it be?"

"Straight rye."

Johnny had the drink in his hand when somebody touched his shoulder. "I want to talk to you, fellow."

"What about?" Johnny asked tensely, without turning.

"Never mind. Come into the back room."

"When I finish this drink." While he put the glass to his lips with one hand, Johnny slipped the two hot bills from his pocket, crumpled them in a ball and, hidden by the crowd, dropped them neatly into the cuspidor at his feet.

IN THE back room he faced the proprietor and the man who had tapped him on the shoulder. "What's the idea?"

A badge flashed briefly.

"I still don't get it," said Johnny, licking his lips. "I'm clean."

"You came in here this afternoon and passed one of the Hart ransom bills."

"Don't make me laugh. I don't know what you're talking about."

"We can prove it."

"Prove what? How many five-dollar bills does this joint take in every day?" He was gaining confidence from the sound of his own voice. "A hundred guys come in and toss fins on the bar."

"I'll swear to it," said the proprietor.

"Yeah, and I got an alibi. You're just trying to frame me."

The dick jerked his thumb toward the desk. "Nix. He ain't framing you. He framed the bill."

Johnny stared down at the bill he'd passed that afternoon, neatly framed, with gold lettering along the dark oak: First Money Taken Over the Bar, Hickey's Taproom.

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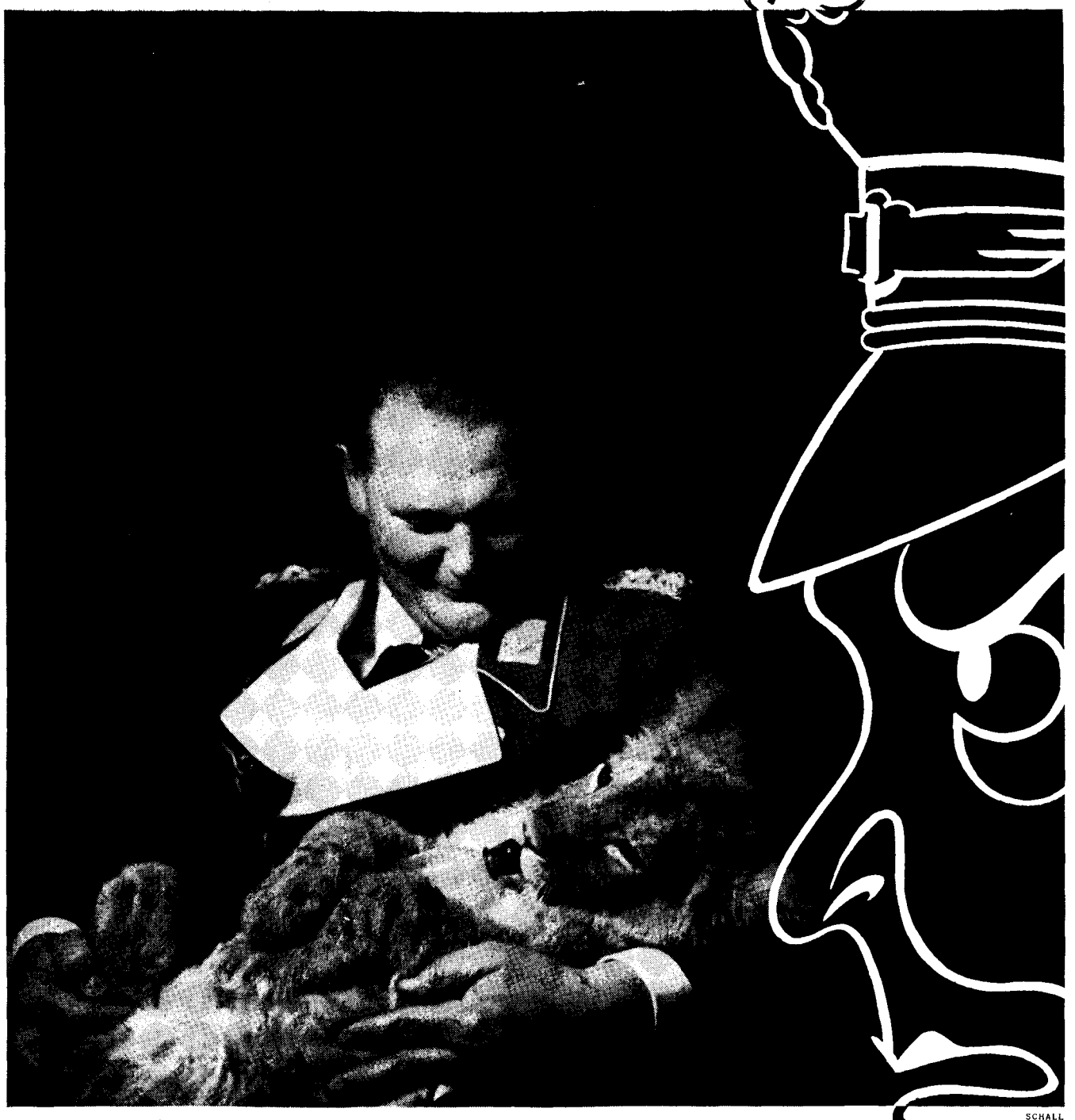
Next to Hitler

By T.R.Ybarra

Arrayed in coats of many colors (of his own design), Hermann Goering struts upon the stage of Nazi Germany, playing his many parts. Friend and foe alike laugh at his antics and manufacture anecdotes about him. But it's a mistake to consider him purely a figure of fun. There's something powerful about General Goering, as certain enemies have discovered



SCHALL

General Hermann Goering, Hitler's iron heel in time of trouble, has more titles and more uniforms than any other Nazi leader. His pet lion cubs as spectacular and as fitting as these other possessions

"THIS," remarked the manager of Der Kaiserhof, the big hotel in Berlin which stands higher than any other in the affections of Adolf Hitler, "will most certainly make a hit with Der Fuehrer."

He was referring (according to the latest product of Berlin's extremely busy anecdote factory) to a gorgeous uniform which he had just provided for the tall porter who greets guests at the Kaiserhof's front door. That uniform had large expanses of bright red in it, also extensive areas of blue and yellow, and it was liberally trimmed with gold braid, and it included a very striking cap, distinctly militaristic in character. In gleeful anticipation, the manager awaited the next appearance at the hotel of Germany's dictator, who often goes there from the Reich Chancellery, just across the way, to chat with old cronies and relax from the arduous task of running Germany and annoying the rest of Europe.

But when Hitler walked into the Kaiserhof that afternoon he was wearing a dark scowl. He summoned the manager.

"Have your porter take off that uniform!" he growled.

The manager's face fell several inches.

"But I felt sure that you would think it magnificent!" he wailed.

"I do," said Hitler. "Magnificent is the word. The trouble is that Hermann Goering, as soon as he lays eyes on it, will insist on my getting him a new uniform even more magnificent. And I just won't do it! Hermann already has enough uniforms to fit out an entire regiment!"

Military Clothes Make Hermann

That is typical of what you hear constantly all over Germany nowadays about Hitler's famous Minister of Aviation and right-hand man, who has forged steadily forward during the years of Nazi supremacy, getting one promotion after another, until his importance has become such that he is practically Vice Chancellor, second only to Der Fuehrer himself in the Nazi hierarchy. And, when it comes to deciding which of the two holds first place as the hero of anecdotes, it is pretty nearly a fifty-fifty proposition between Adolf and his second in command.

There is something about corpulent and resplendent Hermann Goering that makes new yarns about him sprout overnight in luxuriant profusion. These often have a far more intimate touch about them than those concerning Hitler. Adolf the fanatic, the dreamer, the aloof, frowning, single-minded ascetic, lacks the earthy human tang of Hermann. The latter's strutting and posturing, his willingness to bandy rough repartee with all comers, the grim jokes with which he flavors his ruthless acts, his conscious staging of effective entrances and exits at big Nazi jamborees, his predilection for swaggering on and off the Nazi stage in a dazzling succession of gaudy garments of his own designing, make the richest sort of soil for anecdotes.

Batches of these, either based on some grains of truth or manufactured out of the whole cloth, sweep from one end of Germany to the other, eliciting chuckles from friends and foes alike. And now that Hitler has added to Goering's numerous jobs that of special commissioner, invested with autocratic powers, for the execution of the new Nazi four-year plan for making Germany economically independent of the naughty non-Nazi outside world, the question, "Have you heard the latest story about Hermann?" resounds more frequently than ever before up and down the Teutonic realm.

Which is a source of much joy to Hermann Goering.

For he delights in stories about himself. He simply cannot get too many of them; to tell him a brand-new one is a sure road to his favor. On the occasion of his marriage early this year, his friend Julius Streicher, editor of that notorious Jew-baiting sheet, "Der Stuermer," a man whose violent and spectacular doings are thoroughly to the liking of Hermann, presented him with a copious collection of these personal stories, all neatly pasted into a scrapbook, which the recipient has fondly treasured ever since. And so well-known is his insatiable appetite for this kind of food that Herr Darre, Nazi Minister of Agriculture, makes a point, when he goes into a certain Berlin barbershop, of asking the staff:

"Know any new Goering yarns?"

Whereupon they cluster around him, and—feeling quite immune from the severe penalties so often meted out in Germany to those who speak disrespectfully of its Nazi rulers—they whisper into the exalted customer's ear racy witticisms, which they have heard in metropolitan cafés and beer cellars, at the expense of Hitler's principal subordinate. While [illegible] do [illegible] a barber busily lathering his face and a manicure girl diligently operating on his nails—nods appreciatively.

"Say, that's a good one!" he sputters through the soapsuds. "Let me see, exactly how does it run—?"

The barber stops a moment in his work. Razor poised over the ministerial features, he repeats his newest tidbit, fresh from the anecdote factory (and unprintable, as likely as not) concerning Goering's many costumes, or many jobs,

(Continued on page 42)

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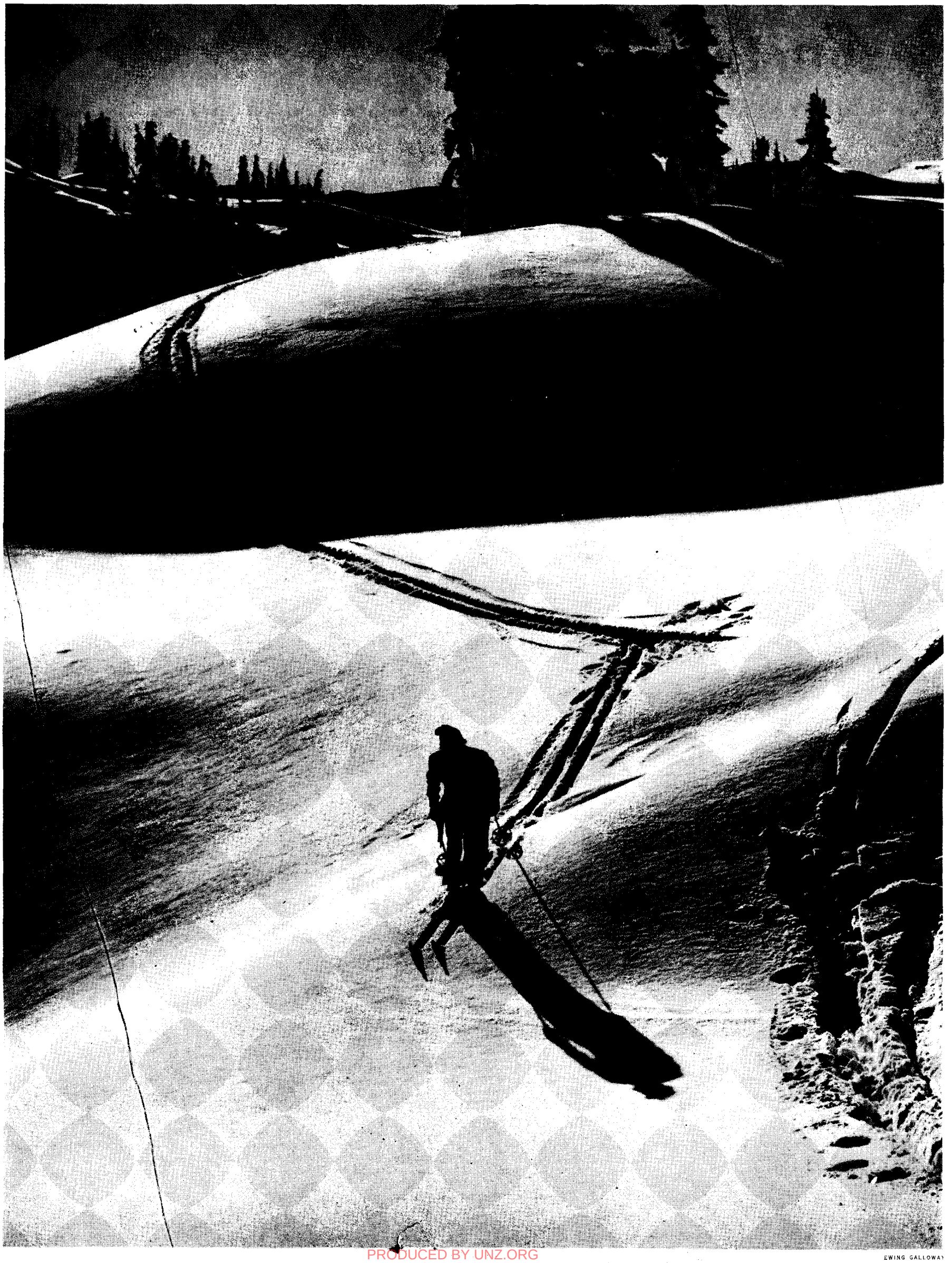

EWING GALLOWAY

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Powder Snow

"Nowhere in Europe have I seen such snow!" cried Hannes Schroll, hastily filing citizenship papers. We, luckily, don't have to go through any such formality. Just get on a pair of skis and try the Western runs—the best in the world

By Frank J. Taylor

Hannes Schroll, who came to America to demonstrate skiing and found it impossible to return to Austria

MR. "Snowshoe" Thompson was splitting kindling when the tidings came that the westbound mail was held up in Carson Valley, Nevada, by reason of heavy snows in the Sierra Nevada. Eastbound letters were aging at Placerville, California, where they would rest for four months until the Pony Express could struggle through the drifts around Emigrant Gap.

Being a man of spare words, "Snowshoe" turned from his kindling splitting to a near-by oak log. With a deft ax he barked the log, studied its grain, then knocked off some chips here and there, carefully and patiently continuing the process until he had fashioned a pair of heavy Norwegian skis. He had to shape them from memory. Nineteen years had slipped by since "Snowshoe" left Norway as a ten-year-old boy. When finished, the homemade oak skis, eight feet long and from four to six inches across, weighed twenty-five pounds, a mere trifle to Mr. Thompson, who stood six feet two in his socks, weighed one hundred and eighty lean pounds, including the muscles of a Paul Bunyan.

When he showed up at the diggin's with the skis on his feet, the people there had never seen the likes of them, so they called them "snow skates."

"Where's the eastbound mail pouch?" demanded "Snowshoe" of the postmaster.

He tossed eighty pounds of post into a knapsack, swung it onto his back, then cut across the snow fields, prodding his way with a stout pole or balancing it in front of him after the manner of a tightrope walker.

"I'll tote this over to Carson Valley," he said. "Be back in a week with the westbound mail."

The bystanders wagged their heads. It was ninety miles of the toughest kind of going to Carson Valley over the snowdrifts ten to forty feet deep. The route lay over the most formidable mountain range in the country, a deathtrap to all who ventured it in midwinter. Nevertheless, "Snowshoe" Thompson made the hazardous trip on schedule, sleeping behind boulders at night. Caught in a raging blizzard, he danced on a rock for five hours to keep from freezing. At Carson Valley he rested one day, then headed back, making the return trip in two days with almost a hundred pounds of letters in his knapsack.

"It was downhill comin' back," he explained.

After that demonstration, "Snowshoe" Thompson applied for and got the job of toting the overland mail across the hump all winter long. That winter and for several others to follow, until the Central Pacific Railroad was completed, he and his trusty snow skates were the sole overland link between California and the Union.

Although this happened a long time ago in the "gold rush" days of California, it is pertinent today as showing that Mr. Thompson was merely ahead of his time by three quarters of a century when he argued that the best season to travel in the high country is when the powder snow fills the yawning chasms and the glistening white mantle of winter smooths your way.

"You just skate over the mountains," insisted "Snowshoe."

But three generations of Californians refused to believe him. Didn't thirty-six members of the ill-fated Donner party and plenty of other pioneers perish, floundering in the mountain snows? When the high Sierras became a snowy wilderness, people let them strictly alone, except for a few intrepid linemen.

Old "Snowshoe" Was Right

But now, all of a sudden, with the skiing craze in full blaze, they have discovered that old "Snowshoe" Thompson was right after all. Today the Sierra Nevada, the Rockies and the Cascades are overrun with devotees of the snow skate. Peaks that only a crazy fool would have tackled a generation back are just an afternoon of exercise and thrills for the ski enthusiasts, thousands of whom have switched vacation habits to spend their holidays on skis, snow-covered Alpine slopes off their

If you think this is a mere passing fancy of a handful of winter-sports fans, reflect for a moment on the fact that the Union Pacific Railroad has just plunked down a cool million dollars to establish a new winter-sports paradise near Ketchum, Idaho, in the heart of the Rockies. Among railroad men the U. P. directors have the reputation of being a reasonably tight-fisted group of men and not at all the type who toss a million dollars about for an Easter-egg hunt. But they have bet a million on the Rocky Mountain snows and they confidently expect to get it all back again with interest.

What they are banking on, of course, is four or five months of continuous soft powder snow every winter, something that is a surprisingly rare feature on this earth, but a requisite for the best of ski sport. The ski enthusiasts of the country have discovered that the place to find this highly prized dry powder snow is at the seven-thousand-foot elevation of the Western mountains, where, no matter how brightly the sun shines, the snow stays in condition from November to May.

There are several of these thriving ski centers in the Western high country, with more of them in the making each year. The requisites of a good ski center are, in addition to powder snow, long mountain slopes, free from trees, rocks and other obstacles; shelter from the chill north winds; a place to sleep at night, and accessibility by rail, highway and plane. Of course each ski center has its ardent devotees who insist that their favorite layout is paradise itself, from a winter-sports point of view. Each has its enthusiasts who can prove the superiority of the soft, sugary snow or of the brilliant sunshine, the champagne atmosphere, not to mention two-mile slides, the ski teachers, the down-slides, the *slalom* courses and the "up-skis."

The latter sounds Russian, but, as a matter of fact, the prevailing influence at most high-country ski centers is Austrian. Ever since the Treaty of Versailles chiseled all but a collection of

country, Austrians have been making the most of a bad situation by trying to conquer the world on skis. They have made a right good job of it, too, and today there is hardly a Western ski center that doesn't boast of one or more of these captivating Tyroleans in charge of the winter-sports show.

Up at Badger Pass Ski Lodge in Yosemite National Park there is the effervescent Hannes Schroll, the same Hannes who during the Olympic Games tryouts whooped and swooped down Mt. Rainier in such a hairbreadth ski glide that it almost popped the eyeballs out of the American team.

What a Real Skier Could Do

Hannes was an inspired skier that day. He had been sent over by the Austrian government to show Americans what a real skier could do on a mountain slope with five miles of steep unbroken snow field ahead of him. Two days before the contest an effort was made to disbar the Austrian's entry on the grounds that he was a professional skier. Hours of suspense followed, with the excitable Hannes pacing the lobby of the ski lodge anxiously. Just before the tryouts started, word came by wire that "Schroll is okay." With a wild whoop Hannes clamped on his skis and stomped up the mountain.

From Paradise Valley, where the highway ends, Mt. Rainier's slopes rise to over 14,000 feet at the crest. Over any of a dozen courses you can drop 6,000 feet or more in a five-mile glide. How far you glide in your breath-taking ride on two narrow strips of ash depends only on how far you want to climb up before you turn around and start down. For safety's sake, in the Olympic tryouts the officials had staked out a *slalom* course with turns every so often to cut down the breakneck speed of the contestants. The idea was to save the necks. But, loosing a ringing yodel as he ripped down the mountainside, Hannes ignored the *slalom* markers in one of the most daring exhibitions of skiing

(Continued on page 50)

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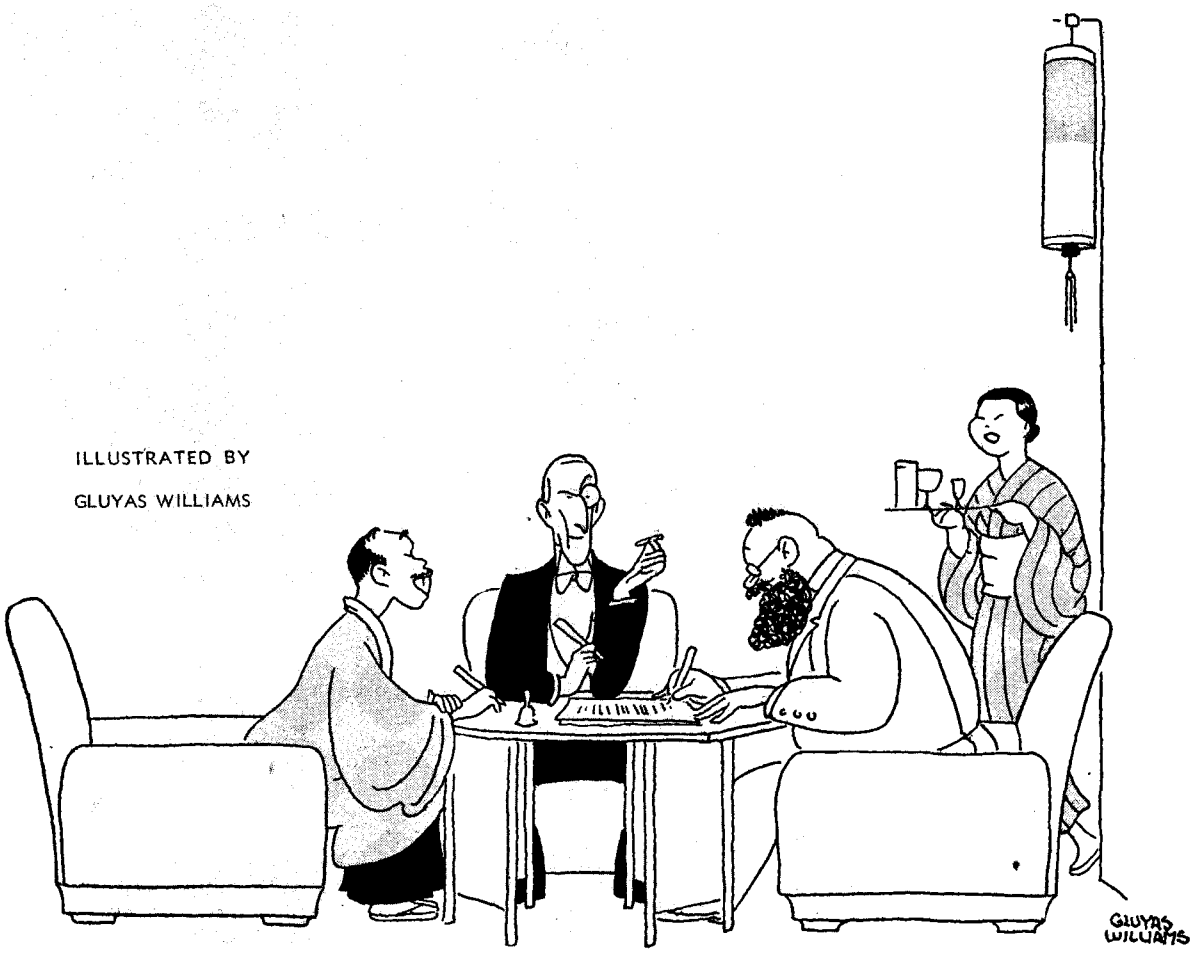
Here's a smart-looking crowd of people but highly assorted. For we're at the crossroads of the world, the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. The work and play of all the nations comes up for discussion here. Listen in

The World Passes By

By Jim Marshall

ILLUSTRATED BY
GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Contracts for many a million-dollar deal have been signed in the lobby of the Imperial

THE slim, copper-topped baroness from Budapest didn't like it and said so. This girl, she said, had taken Karl's hand and drawn it around her waist. Then she had gently bitten Karl's ear. This was in public, too—and Karl a baron, at that.

She raised her body, in its backless evening frock of blue and silver, from the gold-and-black easy chair and, leaning over the wide, octagonal table of polished wood, tapped a small silver bell with crimson-nailed fingers.

Nothing happened.

The tall, bespectacled lady novelist from Australia, sitting across the table, pushed back her graying black hair with untidy fingers. She smiled and, sticking a crushed cigarette into a stubby bone holder, blew out a ring of smoke.

"Ow, rilly!" she said, with interest. "So you an' th' baron've been mykin' th' rounds of the bars up back of the Ginza. What I call snuggle-pubs, eh, what? I'm goin' to 'ave a scene in one of them in my new novel, y'know."

She, too, leaned forward and struck the silver bell.

Nothing happened.

A Japanese peer, sleek in soup-and-fish, and a reporter from the Asahi, in a gray, unpressed suit, looked interested. They completed the foursome at the table.

"So sorry," said the peer, suavely. "It is the custom of Japan. It means nothing. The bar girls, they—what do you say?—snuggle up to all the men. It is what the Americans call a part of the service. You need think no more about it, my dear baroness. They are, I assure you, all good girls."

He leaned over and tapped the silver bell with small, slim fingers.

Nothing happened.

The man from the Asahi leaned over, picked up the bell and threw it across the lobby, narrowly missing two Hindu women, in yellow saris bordered with sequins, who were passing in tow of a military attaché from the embassy, resplendent in a colonel's uniform.

A minute later a small, black-haired girl in a gray and green kimono, with a green obi, brought the bell back to the table and looked inquiringly at the baroness, the lady novelist, the peer of the empire and the reporter.

"Make mine whisky and soda," said the reporter, who had had a Stanford education.

Life, in the lobby of the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, moved on.

Crossroads of Five Continents

If you wait long enough at Charing Cross in London, they say, all the world will pass by. If you stand on the lock walls at Panama, sooner or later all the people you ever knew will come through on a ship. There is a bar in Paris on which most of the world's well-known names have rested an elbow.

But the roads from five continents—a thousand cities—meet and cross today in the lobby of the Imperial. Hardly a day passes without its half-dozen headline names, from Sydney to San Francisco, from Moscow to Madrid, from New York to Naples, from Bombay to Birmingham, being scrawled across the register. The Imperial, perhaps, is the best-known hotel in the world—and five million inhabitants of Tokyo have never heard of it. Yet one of the heaviest stockholders in the curious, sprawling three-story palace—designed to resemble nothing else on earth—is the Imperial household of Japan.

Occasionally, gaunt, bearded men turn up in the lobby, having been lost for days

Along about 1920, the Japanese decided to construct a luxury hotel for foreigners and Frank Lloyd Wright of Chicago designed them the Imperial. He said it could be built for two million yen. The Japanese bought part of a dead volcano down near Nikko and carved it up into squares and oblongs of gray, pitted rock. They drove the Nagoya brick factories nearly frantic getting the exact shade of brick Mr. Wright specified. They scoured Nippon for beautiful wood.

The Palace of Magic

The place, when it was finally finished, had cost eight million yen and its only profitable asset was the volcano. The use of the gray rock in the hotel had started a fad for its use in homes, and sales of the rock were the one bright spot on the annual balance sheets. But today the Imperial's accommodations for 600 guests are always filled; often there is a waiting list of 100 names. Often a thousand guests sit down in its great banqueting hall, which looks like the Palace of Magic scene from a London pantomime.

Five hundred people can sit around the dozens of octagonal tables in the Imperial's three levels of lobby—and, usually, that's what five hundred people are doing. Contracts for many a million-dollar deal have been signed there; the inside story of many a political coup revealed; the diplomacy of this nation and that talked over before being put down onto paper, the great and near great of almost every nation on earth interviewed by bright young men from the Asahi or the Nichi-Nichi or the Japan Advertiser.

So this little fellow breaks down and admits he is Brown's private spy

Let's wander around the lobby and listen. . . .

Here's a manufacturer from Cleveland talking to a bearded Dutchman, bronzed by the Java sun, as they sip Hong Kong gimlets:

"We were asked to figure on some small brass stoves for the Oriental market and we offered to lay them down in Kobe for fifty cents apiece. I get over here to see about the deal—and I find the Japanese offering to lay down the same stove in the United States for eleven

(Continued on page 41)

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The Woman Peril

By James B. Connolly

Hector Penny, Gloucesterman, learns more about women—and his wife learns more about Hector

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

He came abreast of the galley, looked in, and there was Ollie in earnest conversation with the cook

SHE was a wreck of a fresh halibuter just in from the Grand Banks. She was warped into the Gorton Pew slip with every lumper on the wharf wondering what kept her afloat.

Hector Penny was one of her crew. He hurried from the wharf to his home. Every Gloucester wife's first word when her man is home from the offshore banks is to ask him what kind of a trip he has had. Some men in Hector's place would have been moved to eloquence when his wife, Sarah, put the usual question, but Hector could tell you of shipmates who used to talk about rough trips out to sea and the next thing they knew they were working at some shore job that the wife got for 'em.

"It wasn't a good trip," answered Hector. "It was cut short."

"You were gone a month!"

"Only a month? I'd've bet it was longer." He stretched out on the living-room couch and instantly fell asleep.

Hector got in eight hours of solid slumber. He then had supper, shaved himself, got into his shore clothes, and sat down to the peace and quiet of a smoke and a Boston evening paper.

Sarah came out of the kitchen with a plate she was wiping. "You do believe in taking it easy when you're home, don't you?"

"Sure. What's a man's home for?" asked Hector.

"Mm-h! What are you reading that's so interesting?"

"It's about those quint babies."

"What about them?"

"It says here there's a whole fleet of nurses an' doctors 'nd movie 'n' gov'-ment officials moored alongside 'em, and curious people from all over the world drivin' up to their door to see what they look like."

"And what is so interesting in that?"

"Why, I was wonderin' how good all that hullabaloo would be for 'em when they're growed up."

"Mm—there's something in that," admitted Sarah. "And now I'm wondering why you're forever allowing your hair to grow so long."

Hector ran his hand over his head. "A bit long, is it? Mm, maybe it is." He took his hat, strolled down the street and into Jake Ecker's barbershop.

JAKE bounced up to greet Hector. "Had it pretty rough this time out, I hear."

"Oh, sort of, Jake. But the vessel got home and all hands got home and our load o' fish is home, so it could've been worse, hah? But speakin' of shore happenin's, Jake, the wife just druv me out the house sayin' I need a haircut, and maybe I do or maybe it's her wantin' the deck cleared for a wimmin's meetin' of some kind. Anyway, whichever it is, make it a close cut, Jake."

Jake made it a close cut. "How about a little of this stuff, Hector?" He was holding up a bottle with his thumb over the neck, all ready to shake whatever was in it onto Hector's head.

"What is it, Jake?" Hector asked him.

"It's a hair lotion a salesman left for me to try."

"But I ain't a baldhead, Jake!"

"That's why I want to try it on you. I'll say to a customer: 'Ever notice what a head o' hair Hector Penny's got? And he'll say yes, or maybe he'll say he ain't noticed, but whatever he says I'll say: 'Do y' know what I rub into Hector's hair to make it grow like that?' And they'll say what, and I'll say: 'Why, Boudoir Special.'"

"Boudoir?" Hector made a face up at the bottle. "That don't sound to me, Jake, like the name of somethin' a Gloucesterman oughta be carryin' around on him."

"Aw now, Hector! Forget the name. Here—have a whiff. A good whiff. There! What d' y' say to that?"

"It reminds me," said Hector. "One summer night—oh, maybe sixteen years ago on the Western Banks, we'd hove our trawls and was lettin' 'em set overnight. Along in the middle o' the night the watch on deck begins to smell something. Pretty soon all hands are out o' their bunks and wantin' to know what was that smell. Daylight comes, and there's a dead whale afoul of one of our trawls. And we'd been anchored to loo'ard of him all that night! Y' ever get a whiff of a whale that's been floatin' around dead for six weeks and no ice on him? But go ahead, rub it on, Jake, if it'll help business any."

SWINGING off from Jake's place, Hector overtook an old shipmate—Sam Pryor. Sam was standing in front of a picture house. "Hi, Sam! Goin' in there?"

"Hi, Hector! Not me. It's a sea picture, and I hear it's got a first mate who refers to his ship as 'it.' Eye tee—it, like she's no more than a block of wood. A hell of a sea picture! Let's put in somewhere and have a glass of beer."

Sam ordered, and Hector ordered. Sam ordered again, and said: "I hear your vessel, Hector, come home lookin' like somethin' that was found hove up on a lee shore after Noah's flood. What happened?"

"Why, we're layin' to anchor when a steamer comes kihootin' out of the fog and hits us a clip on our port quarter. And then, without so much as heavin' to and hailin' to ask was we hurt, or wasn't we hurt, or go to hell or what, she keeps right on goin' along about her business."

"Them steamers gen'rally do keep on goin'," commented Sam. "Leakin' plenty was she?"

"Plenty. Fifty strokes a minute when we sound the pumps. We're ten days gettin' her here."

"Ten days on the road? She did well to save herself."

"And the fish."

"And the fish," amended Sam. "Now look, Hector. You got a home to keep up, and it'll mean a couple o' months overhaulin' your vessel. I'm stayin' ashore this trip—how about you takin' my place."

"I'm still shy a lot o' sleep, Sam. Who's your dory mate?"

"Remember that Cape Shore Frenchman, Oliver Lerblong, that was with us in the old Ariadne?"

"I thought he was lost."

"He was. This is his son. And he's born here, an up-to-date young American as ever you see. He calls himself White for some damn' reason or other. Ollie White. What d' y' say, Hector?"

"I say let's have another beer."

THE pair sat there, watching the evening out, with mugs of beer at intervals to mark the passage of time. When the place closed and they were parting, Hector said: "If it was somebody I knew for a dory mate, Sam, I'd say yes, but—"

"You'll find Ollie a good dory mate, Hector. And a sensible lad except in one way."

"What way?"

"He thinks all wimmin are wonderful. But he's young yet, Hector. Twenty-one—maybe two—and at that age he oughta be allowed a few delusions, hah? The vessel is sailin' at noon tomorrer. Let me know in time, in the mornin', will you, Hector, if you say no?"

"I'll let you know in time, Sam. In the meantime, keep clear of the shoal spots, you, beatin' up to your boardin'-house."

Hector's wife was waiting up for him. She always was. She inspected his haircut, admitted it might be worse. Then—a sniff. "What's that odor?" Another sniff. "Hector Penny, where've you been?"

"I ran across Sam Pryor."

"Oh, you did! Sam Pryor? That scalawag of a bachelor! And what were you and Sam up to?"

"We sat in and had a few beers."

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"Hi-i aboard the steamer!" he called. There was a brief silence, then a faint: "Ahoy! Ahoy!" "Ahoy!" repeated Hector

"I don't mean the beer, and you know it, although I can smell that off you, too. What did you two do?"

"What did we do? What would two old shipmates be doin'? We talked."

"You sure you only talked?"

"Yes, I'm sure and—oh, well, thank the Lord when I c'n put to sea and get peace and quiet again."

"Thank the Lord I say also, because once out on the fishing banks I know you will be safe."

"Safe from what?"

"You should know what. From the more than one woman who had an eye on you before I came along and rescued you."

"THAT so? I don't remember any wimmin I needed rescuin' from."

"No? Well, I do. And two of them were here tonight. And they inquired so anxiously after your health. They talked of the miraculous escape of your vessel. They were surprised that I didn't know about it. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I dunno. I must've forgot about it."

"You forgot? And such chatter as they had! 'And how is Hector feeling, Mrs. Penny, after his frightful experience?' Hn-n! That pair!"

"A pair of 'em?" Hector's forehead wrinkled. "Who were they?"

"Never you mind who they were."

Next morning after breakfast Hector hunted up Sam: "Peace and quiet for me, Sam. I'll try out Ollie for a dory mate."

Ollie White proved himself a good watchmate on the run to the grounds, and a good dory mate after they arrived there. He was quick and strong and willing, and wide-awake. A smart young fisherman. Hector waited for signs of his delusions.

On their second day in the dory, Ollie broke out with: "D' y' know what, Hector? I've been saving my money to buy part of a ten-ton boat with a little injin in her. I'm going smoke boatin'. There's the right life for a man, Hector. Home every night, listening to the wind roaring and hail or rain beating against the windows and you warm inside."

"Huh! Thinkin' of gettin' married?"

"Sure. I'm old enough—twenty-two—to get married and prepare for a life of peace and quiet."

"Yeah?" said Hector.

Two weeks of fine weather and good fishing followed. One more set, the skipper said, would see the vessel swinging off for Gloucester. The crew hove their trawls and came back aboard the vessel, leaving the trawls to set overnight.

Daybreak came with a threat of fog; but an offshore crew never likes to be kept hanging around after being promised an early departure for home, so it was: "Over with the dories and haul the trawls," from the skipper.

The fog rolled down upon the dory men before their trawls were hauled.

Hector and Ollie finished hauling, and sat there patiently, uncomplainingly, for six, seven or eight hours, whatever it was, talking of this thing and that, Ollie doing most of the talking.

THE gray mist turned to black, by which they knew it was night. They took turns staying awake and listening for whatever they might hear. The blackness lightened to gray, which meant another day was on them.

They sat there, patiently waiting, for another six, seven or eight hours, whatever it was. Ollie, who was talking, broke a word in two, inclined his head: "I thought I heard a vessel's foghorn, Hector."

"No vessel's foghorn," said Hector. "A steamer's whistle. And she's a good ways off yet."

In a few minutes they heard it again. And again. "She headed this way, Hector! She's close!"

Hector nodded. He stood up and turned loose a long robust: "Hi-i aboard the steamer!" There was a brief silence, then a faint: "Ahoy! Ahoy!"

"Ahoy!" repeated Hector. "Ahoy these days on the fishin' banks! Come on again, Ollie. Now!" They turned loose a long and powerful "Hi-i-i!"

Three quick blasts came out of the fog.

"That fetched 'em, Ollie. Now again."

They hailed again. Three more quick blasts rejoiced them.

Presently a white hull loomed through the fog.

The white hull turned slowly and lay abreast of the dory.

"Look, Hector, look!" burst from Ollie. "Wimmin!"

"Sure, wimmin! What'd y' expect to see?" said Hector. "She's a yacht. Mm, maybe a thousand tons." He grinned. "Wimmin on the fishin' banks! Would the wife be surprised!"

"That one on the bridge—she acts like she's the skipper, Hector."

"Or the owner, hah?"

"Probably. And she's not bad-lookin' either, Hector."

"Not if you like 'em full-bowed and a bit beamy," said Hector. "And bossy-lookin'," he added, after some thought.

The steam yacht drifted nearer. There were men standing around. One with four gold stripes on his sleeve was on the bridge, but it was the woman beside him who was taking charge. "What are you two men doing out here on the wide ocean in that little boat?" she called out.

"SHE'S cert'nly the boss aboard there," muttered Hector. "Well, maybe I have to take it at home, but not from any strange woman on the offshore banks." He shot a belligerent glance up at the bridge and roared: "What d' y' think two men would be doin' in a dory on the Grand Banks?"

"Oh! Are we on the Grand Banks?"

Three women were leaning over the yacht's rail, and the Gloucestermen were in oilskins and heavy jackboots, and not having shaved for a week they were rough-looking objects, but the three women along the rail seemed to approve of them.

"Breakers ahead, Ollie," whispered Hector. "If you'll be advised by me you'll keep those wimmin on the rail well to loo'ard."

By this time the steamer's crew were clearing away a companion ladder. The Gloucestermen gave the dory's anchor line its full scope—this so she would have her full chance to ride any heavy weather that might happen along—and climbed up the side of the steamer.

The bossy woman left the bridge for the main deck. She gave Hector a great looking over. Hector felt of his unshaven face and said: "I guess we do need a shave and a wash-up, ma'am. You see we've been astray a night and two days and we ain't—"

"Oh! And you must be hungry. This way, please."

Hector followed her through a passageway to a cabin that was fitted up like something he had seen in the picture section of Sunday newspapers that somebody would bring aboard a vessel every now and then.

"I will have food brought you and your friend," said the bossy one. "But where is your friend?"

Hector's last peek in Ollie's direction had shown him the three wimmin along the rail heaving admiring glances at him. Passing the galley on their way to the cabin, Hector had heard Ollie murmur something. Then Ollie's footfalls had died out behind him. One of those wimmin got him hooked already, thought Hector. Aloud he said: "He's prob'ly lookin' around to see about a mug-up for himself. A mug-up, ma'am, is a lunch for Gloucestermen before an' after and between meals and when you go on and come off watch. I'll find him."

Hector hurried back the way he had come. He came abreast of the galley, looked in, and there was Ollie in earnest conversation with the cook. It was a girl cook, and she was young and good-looking, and she was saying something in a strange language to Ollie.

"Sst!" said Hector. "Come on and eat."

"How about my eating here?"

"Come on, come on, afore you get that girl in bad! Forgot already, have you, what I told you about that bossy owner havin' her eye on you?"

"Yah!" said Ollie. He smiled at the girl, added a few words in a low voice, and came out of the galley.

"There's a wonderful girl, Hector."

"Acourse," said Hector. "They're all wonderful at your age. A foreigner, ain't she?"

"She's no foreigner, Hector. She's American born, but her family is French. I'll be seeing her plenty often."

"Acourse, bein' the age you are, but I'm askin' you not to let the owner see you. A man is foolish tryin' to fight wimmin ashore or out to sea. You got to fight 'em their way, and who can fight a woman's way? Sh-h!"

The bossy one had a wide smile for them when they entered the cabin. "Ah! You found him!"

"He was lookin' around to have a peek at the ship's injins," explained Hector.

"So that's where you disappeared?" She smiled at Ollie, who responded with a stony stare. Hector kicked him under the table and said: "My dory mate don't understand much English, ma'am. He's an Armenian."

"AN ARMENIAN? What is his name?"

"We never could pronounce it aboard the vessel, so we call him Ollie."

"Ollie. And your name?"

"Hector. Hector Penny, ma'am."

"Hector Penny. My name is Edna Fleeter."

"Miss or Missis, ma'am?"

"Stop calling me ma'am, please. Mrs. Edna Carteroe Wilkerton Fleeter it is in full."

"And your husband—he aboard, Mrs. Fleeter?"

"Which husband?" She smiled, "I've had three."

"Jeepers!" said Hector. "Three! You're cert'nly a young-lookin' woman to have three husbands buried."

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"I did not bury them, Mr. Penny. I divorced them. It is a better way. But here is your food. After you have eaten, I will show you to a room," she said.

She left the cabin. "Three husbands!" said Hector. "What a woman!"

A middle-aged colored man brought on the food. There was plenty of it, and they attacked it with vigor.

Mrs. Fleeter entered the cabin as they finished the meal.

There she goes, heavin' a sly look at Ollie, thought Hector.

She shifted her glance to Hector: "By the way, Mr. Penny, is your Armenian shipmate married?"

It's comin', thought Hector, she's baitin' up already to hook him.

"He ain't married. He don't like wimmin." Hector squirmed uncomfortably.

"So? He doesn't look like a woman-hater. But you, Mr. Penny, you are not a woman-hater?"

"Meanin' am I married? I'm married."

"You would be, of course. The women would never let you escape. And your wife—does she happen to be jealous?"

Hector considered the question. He did not like to lie, but he owed something to the wife. "Oh, my wife sometimes exercises her imagination, maybe, but I dunno about her bein' jealous, Mrs. Fleeter."

"She is jealous, then. Did you ever try taking her across your knee and spanking her? You—great big strong man that you are—you could do it easily."

Hector grinned at the thought of trying to spank Sarah and changed the subject. "How about cruisin' around and trying to find our vessel, Mrs. Fleeter?"

"I'm afraid the captain wouldn't like it in this fog. No, no. Where do you live?"

"In Gloucester."

"Then suppose I take you to Gloucester? And now I will show you and Ollie to your room. You must be in need of a good night's sleep."

SHE showed them to a room with twin beds and connecting bathroom, and left them. She was hardly out of sight when Ollie disappeared. Hector had undressed and was rolling into one of the twin beds when Ollie returned. He was bursting with news.

"Her name is Paula, Hector, and her mother has been cook in Mrs. Fleeter's family for twenty years. Mrs. Fleeter fell heir to all the Fleeter millions. Paula's mother let her go cook with Mrs. Fleeter so she could see something of the world while she's still young. That colored steward's wife does the heavy work in the galley so Paula's job ain't so tough. One of the three women aboard, not countin' Mrs. Fleeter, has her husband with her and likes him. The husbands of the other two are in Europe, where their wives hope they'll stay. One of them is a vamp, like you see in the movies."

"And a proper place for 'em. And save the rest of your chatter till tomorrer and turn in."

When Hector awoke in the morning Ollie was gone from the other twin bed. There were three electric buttons on the bulkhead. Hector pressed one of them twice to see what would happen. The colored steward came in with breakfast on a tray. Plenty of breakfast. "Mrs. Fleeter would like to see you on the deck, suh, when you is ready," said the steward.

Hector ate his breakfast and wandered into the cabin. "Oh, Mr. Penny." A blond young woman was bouncing up out of a fat chair. "I am Miss Dunloden. Do you ever go to the pictures?"

This one, thought Hector, must be the vamp.

"Meanin' movies? Once in a while when I'm ashore. Why, Miss?"

"Why? Only this. All we girls spotted you right away in that little boat. 'What a pity,' we said, 'he is not in Hollywood.'"

"You mean I'd make a movie actor?"

"You an actor? My gracious, no."

"Oh, I dunno," said Hector. "I couldn't be worse than some of 'em that play seafarin' parts. And now if you'll excuse me, I got to see Mrs. Fleeter."

IT WAS a fine clear day outside with a strong easterly breeze blowing. But the yacht was making no speed. "Somethin' wrong with our injins, Mrs. Fleeter?" he asked when he made the bridge.

"It's nothing serious, Mr. Penny, but I thought we had better proceed at half speed to Gloucester. You slept well?"

"Fine. And thanks for a fine breakfast, too. But do you know what? Our vessel must've picked up our dory at daylight—the fog bein' gone—then they acourse swung off for Gloucester, and with this strong wind on her quarter she'll make Gloucester a couple o' days ahead of us. Then what about Ollie's and my folks, and us reported missin'?"

"I see. Well, suppose I radio that you and Ollie have been picked up by the yacht Privateer?"

"Fine," said Hector, "that'll ease 'em. But wait, Mrs. Fleeter. Do you have to say she's a yacht?"

Mrs. Fleeter smiled. "And you won't admit your wife is jealous? Why, no. I'll not even name my ship. I'll say you were picked up—no more."

They proceeded on their slow way, and every waking hour of it was a strain on Hector. It was worse than being lost in the fog. Ollie was forever disappearing, and as for Hector, two or three women guests were forever trying to hook him into the cabin and talk to him. The Dunloden one was a terror. When he managed to escape to the bridge, Mrs. Fleeter insisted on talking navigation with him. She was surprised when Hector told her that he was no fancy navigator but give him a log and compass and the necessary charts and he would take her ship to any port in the world.

"There's an idea," she said to that.

What with dodging the vamps in the cabin, and relating fishing experiences to Mrs. Fleeter on the bridge, Hector had a trying time. However, on the afternoon of the sixth day they raised Gloucester. They entered the harbor with Hector on the bridge acting as pilot. Mrs. Fleeter was standing at his elbow. "And what wharf shall we go to?" she asked him.

He was about to say Duncan's wharf when he sighted his own vessel already tied up there. They were hoisting out their fish. She'll be goin' to sea tomorrow again, thought Hector.

"The Gorton Pew wharf," said Hector. He pointed it out.

They tied the yacht up to the end of the Gorton Pew wharf. "And now, Mr. Penny, will you come to the cabin with me?" said Mrs. Fleeter.

Hector swung into her wake meaning to pick up Ollie on the way, and warn him to watch out—something was coming.

But Paula and Ollie were in the cabin before them, and there were sparks coming out of Ollie's eyes as he looked at Mrs. Fleeter.

"Come here, Paula." The girl came to Mrs. Fleeter. Mrs. Fleeter asked her a question or two in a low voice. Paula answered, and looked toward Ollie with what seemed to Hector a reckless gladness.

Mrs. Fleeter patted Paula on the shoulder, and said to Ollie: "This girl was placed in my care by her mother, but since you and she are going to be married, that takes her off my hands. If you will wait until we get to New York I will give her a big wedding."

Ollie was taken aback, but he managed to say: "That's nice of you, Mrs. Fleeter, but I think we oughta be married here in Gloucester and right away."

"So do I," said the lady promptly. "You are her man. Go ahead. And now, Mr. Penny, will you come with me to the customhouse?"

The bewildered Hector followed her down the gangplank with Ollie grinning like a catfish after him.

"You knew about Ollie and Paula all the time, Mrs. Fleeter?" asked Hector, when he found himself clear of the wharf.

"Why, of course. What chance has a secret among four women, especially when at least two of the women are jealous of Paula."

"She's getting a good shipmate in Ollie," said Hector.

"No doubt, though he is not what I would choose for a husband. He is well made, and agreeable to look at, but he is still a boy. I prefer a more matured man myself." She eyed Hector sidewise. "And now for a serious question, Hector. How would you like to go captain of my yacht? I do not know what you make fishing, but I will double—treble it. What do you say, Hector?"

Hector had never had to think so fast in all his life before, not even that time he was washed off the deck of his vessel in a gale of wind.

"Bein' captain of a fine steamer like that is cert'nly a temptation," said Hector, "but—"

"But you will consider it?"

"I'll consider it. Sure," said the relieved Hector.

"You will let me know? Yes? When? You will drop down to the yacht tomorrow?"

"Sure," said Hector. "And now here's the customhouse. Fair wind to you." He bolted up the street.

SARAH PENNY had her faults, but she was always glad to see Hector after a trip. She met him at the door, and after looking him over she said: "You look fine, Hector, after your hard experience."

"What hard experience? Bein' astray overnight in a dory?"

"Was that all? What was the name of the vessel that picked you up? The radio didn't say."

"She wasn't a vessel. She was a steamer. Is that corn beef hash I smell fryin'?"

"Freight or passenger steamer?"

"She carried a few passengers. That hash ain't burnin', is it?"

"No, it isn't burnin'. I don't let things burn. Any women pasengers?"

"A few, but Ollie and me—a couple o' fishermen in oilskins and redjacks—they wasn't botherin' with us. But look here—am I goin' to stand here and starve, or what?"

Hector stayed indoors all evening. In the morning he was up betimes, had breakfast, filled his pipe, eased himself into a kitchen chair to overhaul his oilskins and give his sea boots a needful greasing.

THE telephone rang. Sarah answered it. Hector heard: "Hello? Mr. Penny's home, yes. You wish to speak to him. You are Mrs. Fleeter? Mrs. Fleeter? And what do you wish to speak to him about, please? What is that? Perhaps you had better call here yourself? Come right along. Hector will be here, oh, yes. And I also, Mrs. Fleeter, and—"

That far did Hector listen, then he picked up his sea boots and oilskins, grabbed his cap off a hook and slipped through the back door. He never slacked his headway until he reached Duncan's wharf. He went into Duncan's office, where he was greeted warmly and told that he had a hundred and forty-two dollars and fifty cents coming to him as his share of the trip.

"I'll take the two-fifty," said Hector, "and you can send the rest home to the wife."

He went down the wharf. "Hi, Hector!" hailed Sam Pryor. "And so you 'nd Ollie went astray and got picked up? And what d' y' know about him? He's goin' to get married and then he's goin' smoke boatin'. Which leaves me without a dory mate. Now how about you 'nd me goin' dory mates again?"

"Let's go aboard," said Hector.

The vessel put out. By and by, Hector told Sam the story of his trip from the time he and Ollie were picked up by the yacht to Mrs. Fleeter's telephone call that morning.

Sam chuckled. "I'd like to been there when your wife and her met."

"No fear Sarah wasn't able for her," said Hector cheerfully. Then, gloomily: "But I'll never live long enough, Sam, to be able to explain about her to Sarah."

"You prob'ly won't," agreed Sam.

They had been pacing the break of the vessel together. Hector ceased his pacing and looked above and about him. It was a fine day—clear blue overhead, and just enough white below to give life to the sea. A fresh quartering breeze was sending the vessel's lee scuppers two planks under.

"A fine day," said Hector. "And out there, Sam"—he pointed the stem of his pipe toward the horizon ahead—"out there on the offshore banks is where I belong."

"And me," said Sam. "Gales o' wind out there, and high runnin' seas, but nothin' an able, well-found vessel can't stand up to."

"Nothin'," said Hector. "And there's peace and quiet out there.

"Peace and quiet," he repeated fervently; and then, heaving a great sigh, "if no damn' wimmin don't come driftin' along."

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The Man who Dreamed too Much

Explaining von Genthner's remark:
"I may have to murder a man"

By Quentin Reynolds

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

"I MAY have to murder a man," Baron von Genthner said very softly. I looked up but he wasn't smiling. He was standing there, slim, straight, every inch the German aristocrat.

Since the war von Genthner had spent most of his time with his music and his science. I could think of none less liable to harbor thoughts of murder. And our conversation had started so innocently, too.

"Your countryman, Fulton Kramer, arrives in Berlin on Monday," he had begun. "Why not have a dinner party for him?"

I had laughed. "Kramer is probably the richest man in America, von Genthner. He is hardly apt to accept a dinner invitation from a foreign correspondent he doesn't know."

"Yes, he'll accept." Von Genthner lit a cigarette. "In fact," he added calmly, "he has accepted already. This really is my dinner party. I merely want you to hold it at your apartment. By the way, here's the menu."

He handed me a menu which made me gasp.

"It is a good dinner, isn't it?" von Genthner smiled. "As a matter of fact, it's the same dinner that Sir Austen Chamberlain gave at Locarno a few months ago. The French Ambassador gave me a copy of the menu. He, incidentally, will be one of our guests. And, by the way, the cost of the dinner does not matter. I will take care of that. My friend," he added slowly, "if this dinner turns out as we hope it will, a million dollars will not be excessive for the cost of the dinner. And here is our guest list."

HE HANDED me a list of six men and I sat down weakly. In addition to my name and von Genthner's, there were Henri Beaumont, the French Ambassador to Germany; Heinrich Hoben, the munitions king, probably Germany's wealthiest man; Dr. Gerhardt Schuler, the so-called wizard of the mind, undoubtedly the world's greatest psychiatrist, the man who began where Freud and Jung ended; and then there was Fulton Kramer.

"There's lots of dynamite mixed up here, von Genthner," I said. "Whatever can the French Ambassador, Germany's largest maker of munitions, America's wealthiest man and a great psychiatrist have in common?"

"They all knew Mordaunt Kramer well. Mordaunt Kramer was a very great man, a very great friend of us all. He died just seven years ago, seven years ago next Wednesday. Let us say that this dinner is in memory of him. He, you know, was Fulton Kramer's older brother. During the war Mordaunt Kramer served with the French army. I won't go into details but he saved the life of Henri Beaumont at the risk of his own. Afterward he and Beaumont were inseparable, like two brothers. Heinrich Hoben? Hoben was educated in America. He and Mordaunt Kramer were college mates and later Mordaunt married Heinrich's sister.

"Was Mordaunt Kramer a friend of Gerhardt Schuler, too?"

"When Mordaunt died it was discovered he had left Schuler a hundred thousand dollars in his will," von Genthner said softly.

"They must have been friends. But, von Genthner"—I looked at him steadily—"there's something else here. I feel that this is a very important dinner."

Von Genthner looked at me for a moment and it was then that he said, "I may have to murder a man."

"You may have to murder a man?" I stared at him.

He turned to me sharply. "It is a dreadful thing to say but outside of Hoben you are the only man in Germany I can trust completely. We are good friends. Now I put your friendship to a test. For certain reasons I want to hold this dinner at your apartment. I have assured my friends who are to be our guests that you are the most discreet man in Berlin. You and I have been through some interesting times, friend, have we not?"

I nodded. I had known von Genthner for several years and no two men could be closer.

"You can assassinate Hitler in my apartment, if you want," I told him.

"I'll remember that," he laughed. "Now leave all the details to me. All you know is that you are giving a dinner for Fulton Kramer. Kramer is very much interested in psychoanalysis and he is thinking of endowing a college of mental research here in Berlin. Naturally he wants to consult Gerhardt Schuler. That accounts for his presence at the dinner. The French Ambassador is a friend of Kramer's and so are Hoben and myself. So forget all I have said except that. My servants will take charge that night if you don't mind. Not," he added hastily, "that I don't trust your excellent Martha but she should have a night off now and then. And now, friend, *auf Wiedersehen.*"

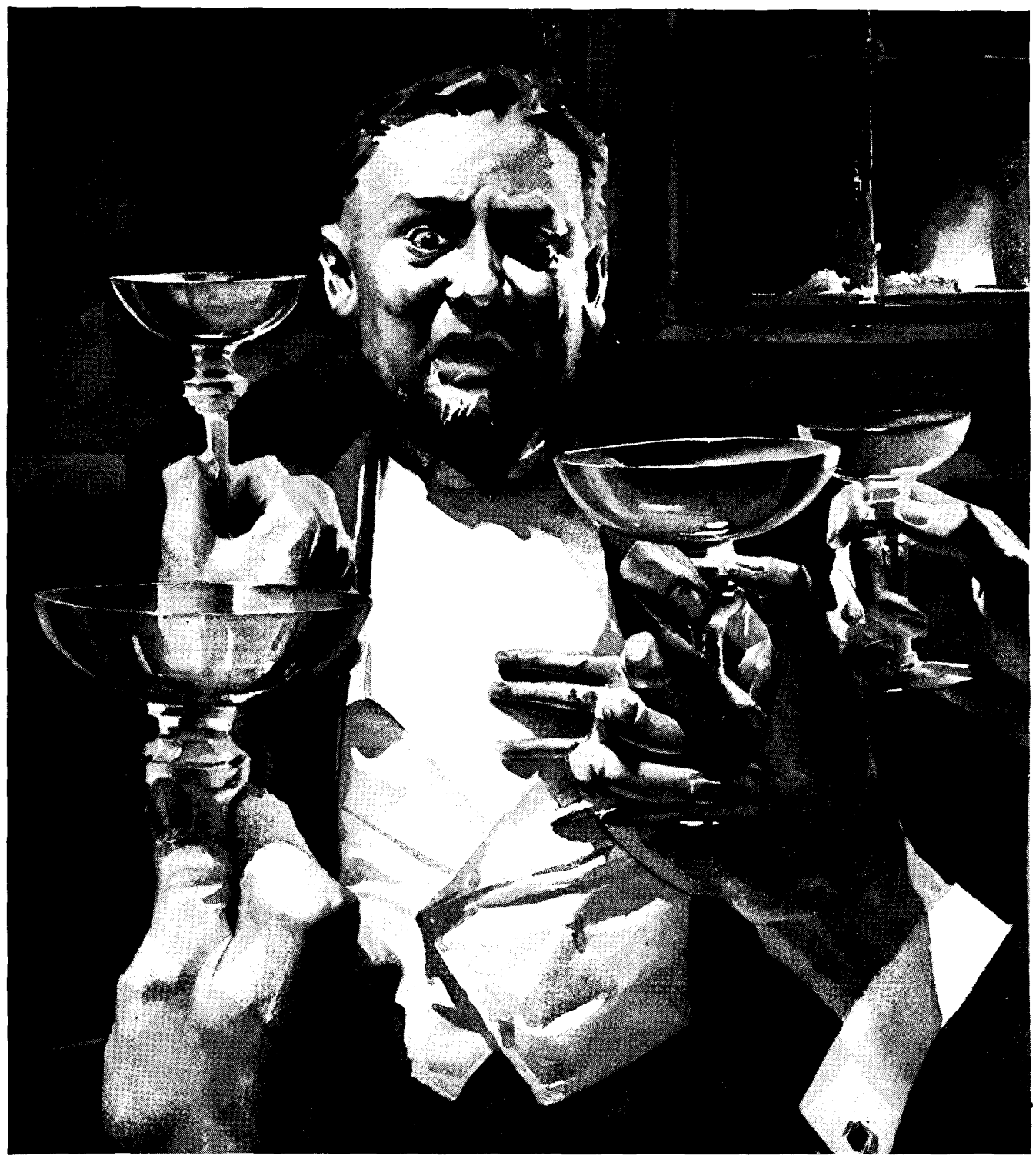
"*Wiedersehen,*" I mumbled; and he was gone, leaving me with a lot of jumbled thoughts.

VON GENTHNER dropped in on the afternoon of the dinner to make final arrangements. He was as much at home in a kitchen as he was in a laboratory. He could talk about a mushroom sauce to a cook—just as he could talk about a Beethoven symphony to Toscanini.

"And now—" he rubbed his hands together in satisfaction—"I think everything is ready. Yes, it will be a dinner worthy of Mordaunt Kramer's memory."

"How did he die?" I asked idly.

"That," von Genthner said slowly, "is



"To my brother," Fulton Kramer said simply. The others raised their glasses, too, but they kept their eyes on Schuler

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what we expect to find out tonight."

"I remember his death vaguely. Didn't he fall or leap from his hotel window here in Berlin?"

"Yes . . . yes." Von Genthner changed the subject quickly: "Instead of cocktails we will have sherry. I have brought this one bottle. It will be enough. Our guests are all moderate drinkers. . . . I have told our guests that nothing which happens tonight shall go beyond the confines of your dining room."

"Honest, mister, I won't talk. After that dinner I probably won't be able to talk."

PROMPTLY at seven-thirty the bell rang and one of von Genthner's wooden-faced servants announced solemnly, "The Baron Ludwig von Genthner and Herr Fulton Kramer."

Fulton Kramer looked exactly like his pictures, which was a bit of a surprise. Tall, broad-shouldered, clean-shaven, he was the motion-picture conception of an industrial magnate. Then he smiled and he spoke and the impression was gone. He was merely a quiet, very soft-spoken gentleman.

"Nice of you to have this dinner," he said. "It is nice, too, to find a little bit of America in the heart of Berlin."

"When a Greek meets a Greek they open a restaurant. When an American meets an American they have a drink." Just then a servant appeared with a tray on which there was an enormous bowl of caviar embedded in a block of ice. And on the tray was that bottle of sherry and several glasses.

Von Genthner said, "Kramer, did you ever hear an American newspaperman say 'No' to a drink? I did just once. Our friend here was dining with me and I said, 'Have you had enough to drink?' He promptly said 'No'!"

It was at this moment that von Genthner's man announced sonorously, "His Excellency, the French Ambassador."

I had interviewed Beaumont a dozen times and he remembered me. An amazing diplomat, Beaumont, one of the most able in Europe. He was everything that a diplomat usually is not. Huge, with a mass of black hair that was constantly tumbling down over his forehead; his mustache was untidy and his large brown eyes were constantly twinkling. A great gourmet and raconteur, Monsieur Beaumont would talk—even to newspapermen—by the hour. But when he finished one realized that he had only been charming—not informative.

WHILE he was greeting von Genthner and Kramer, Herr Heinrich Hoben was announced. Hoben was a real mystery man. He had never been interviewed, never photographed. He was slim and spare and his closely cropped head, his monocle and the dueling scar on his cheek all combined to make him look the typical Prussian. Reputed to own half the iron mines in Europe, it was also said that he was the only man in Germany who dared defy Hitler.

"It is nice to be among friends again," he said rather strangely, and turning to me, "Von Genthner says you are his best friend. That means that I am at your service."

"You will serve me best by sampling this sherry." I poured five glasses and the servant who had been hovering about passed them around.

"But this is treason," Beaumont exploded, "giving a Frenchman sherry, a Spanish wine."

"But this," von Genthner said very softly, "this is a very special sherry. Look at the label."

Beaumont, Hoben and Fulton Kramer looked at the bottle. Kramer drew a sharp breath. Suddenly they were all strangely quiet.

"It is the only wine he ever drank," Kramer said softly. "Manzanilla, 1875, a fine sherry, and how thoughtful of you, von Genthner."

"Just before he . . . he . . . shall I say died? Just before he died he gave me a case of it. I thought, tonight, we might drink a toast to him."

We raised our glasses. Hoben's face was set in an immobile mask. The Ambassador straightened his huge frame and sadness replaced the laughter in his eyes. Kramer's hand shook and a few drops spilled over his glass.

"To my brother whom we all loved in life and whose memory we revere in death." Kramer's voice was softer than ever. "Soon we may drink another toast to you, my brother. Soon we may drink to you and say, 'Brother, you have been avenged.'"

There was a moment of silence as we drank. There was something tremendous in the room now. Without knowing what it was, I sensed it.

Then, "Herr Doktor Gerhardt Schuler," the butler announced, and the spell, the specter of something which had insinuated itself into the room, vanished and again there were four cultured, smiling men greeting a distinguished guest. Von Genthner introduced Dr. Schuler to everyone.

Schuler was truly a great man. He had studied with Freud and then with Adler and Jung and he had used their knowledge and experience as a springboard from which he jumped far out into the mighty expanse of the subconscious mind. He was rather short and plump and everything about him was tidy. Often I have been able to tell a man's character by two things—his hands and his eyes. Schuler had very gray and very steady eyes which almost met under thin eyebrows, but his hands were thin and soft and they were never quiet. It was as though they were the reflection of an extraordinarily active mind that just could not relax. The hands contradicted the eyes. He had a short pointed black beard and his age, I imagined, was about fifty.

"So decent of you to come," Kramer smiled. "I am interested in your subject and have been thinking of endowing a college of mental research in Berlin. After all, you are the leading psychiatrist of our age. It seems ridiculous that Vienna should be the capital of mental research and not Berlin."

"Some of my colleagues in Vienna might not agree," Schuler smiled. Schuler had a lovely voice, a beautiful voice, if the voice of a man can be so appraised. It had a soothing quality. The most ridiculous thought occurred to me. What a great radio announcer this man would have made!

"YOU have done a marvelous thing, Doctor," Kramer said. "You have dragged the subconscious mind out of its hiding place and into the open where we can see it. You are never afraid of anything you can see."

"I have tried to banish fear," Schuler nodded.

"In America we had always thought of psychoanalysis and psychiatry as a sort of witchcraft until you came along. But you made the subconscious mind a friendly little thing that we can understand," Kramer told him.

The scientist seemed quite pleased. "A friendly little thing, that is good, that is very good, Mr. Kramer."

Dinner was announced and we trooped into the dining room. There is a large crystal chandelier over my table and it twinkled a welcome and then the light from it shone down whitely on a really distinguished-looking gathering.

Course followed course and we chatted of many things. The talk ranged from the amazing way in which Mussolini's men of science had kept the Italian army in Ethiopia free from cholera to the latest exploits of the American fighter, Joe Louis.

The Ambassador turned to Hoben. "A French journalist tells me an interesting thing, Hoben. He tells me that every typewriter factory in Germany is manufacturing machine guns."

"That is true," Hoben said solemnly. "I hear that a French journalist bought a German typewriter and that it fired eighty shots to the minute—all directed against the Rhineland."

Von Genthner laughed. "War . . . war . . . everyone talks of war. I think war is just an idle dream."

Hoben broke in smoothly, "Dreams are in the province of Dr. Schuler. If war is a dream he should know about it."

"War isn't a dream," Schuler laughed. "War is a nightmare."

"Dreams are amazing things," von Genthner smiled. "We used to think them the result of eating too much. Now people like you use them to cure all sorts of mental disturbances, don't you, Doctor?"

"Not to cure as much as to find out what is wrong." Schuler smiled. "A dream itself is not so important—it is only important in that it is a reflection of something hidden in the subconscious. That is important."

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He leaned over that window, staring at the street below, trying desperately, bravely, to overcome his horrible thought

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Grand Party

By Oliver Claxton

The New Year's Eve adventures of the sedate Miss Moffet and her boy friend, who learned a lot in a night club

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

WHEN the boardinghouse phone rang Miss Moffet started downstairs even before she was called. She knew it was Mr. Plummet. He always called at seven o'clock on Wednesday evenings.

Tonight he said, "I'm sorry, Miss Moffet, but I don't think I should go out."

"Oh!" said Miss Moffet.

"No— I have a slight cold and you never can tell what a cold will turn into."

Miss Moffet sighed ever so slightly with disappointment. "That is too bad, Mr. Plummet. But couldn't we go to see Spell Me Love? It's just around the corner from you."

"I don't think I'd better," Mr. Plummet said. "I don't want to take any chances. We can go next Wednesday if it is still there."

He hung up and Miss Moffet hung up and, as she did, a quite unusual feeling of irritation ruffled over her.

She regretted the irritation. After all, Mr. Plummet did really have a cold, a very small cold to be sure, but he had one all right. Mr. Plummet was not a man of prevarications—small or large. And certainly he was right to nurse it even if it was only a little cold because, as he had said, you can't tell what it might turn into.

But then this was New Year's Eve and that should have made some difference to Mr. Plummet. Not that New Year's Eve in itself meant anything much, but coming in conjunction with their Wednesday night trip to the movies it should have meant something. But—well—.

Miss Moffet climbed the two flights of stairs back to her room and sat down and thought of Mr. Plummet. He would be bundled up, and he would be reading some dusty book on economics. She had never been in his room, of course, but she could imagine it—neat and probably bare. Mr. Plummet never could stand display.

Miss Moffet was fidgety. There was something in the air. First the small irritation. Now she felt restless.

In the Bronx school where she taught, Miss Moffet was known to the children who streamed through her class year after year as Sour Puss. She knew this, but she knew also that the name represented neither accuracy nor her pupils' real feeling about her. Some brat had stuck it on her long since and it had been handed down from class to class.

Miss Moffet was slim and delicate and there were hints of color in her cheeks and a trace, a forgotten trace, of a roguish small girl who had once been Marion Moffet. But several years of teaching had erased from Miss Moffet not only the small girl but the Marion. If anyone had called her Marion now she would probably have looked around the room to see if someone else had come in. . . . Still she was almost pretty—almost. But little boys in the sixth grade did not make fine distinctions.

If they had, prim would have been the word. A primness that came from the years of trying to stuff knowledge into scatterbrained youth and a life of severity with one's self. Miss Moffet's own education had taught her, both at home and in the country school she had attended, that the world was a big place, far too big to be good and not quite big enough to contain the evil that burst from its seams.

Mr. Plummet and the movies—these were her two relaxations. She indulged both on Wednesday nights—Mr. Plummet in particular. Maybe two or three years over her thirty, he had moused his way into her regard and respect by sharing the same pale fear of The World.

"A perfect gentleman," Miss Moffet described him.

He pottered his way through life as an "honored" clerk.

Their common shyness drew them together originally and kept them vaguely together. True, once Mr. Plummet had unbent to say—

"Perhaps some day—" and then he had stopped.

"Some day?" Miss Moffet asked in encouragement.

"Perhaps when I am making enough money—" he trailed off again.

THAT was as far as that got, not counting the time Mr. Plummet gave her a peck on the cheek in the Grand Central Station when Miss Moffet took a train for the Grand Canyon, or maybe it was the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky that year. It was some such trip anyway because each summer Miss Moffet visited America first.

"It is better to know one's own country," she would say. And, anyway, Europe was a frightening place—probably immoral.

On Wednesdays Miss Moffet and Mr. Plummet saw each other, because Sundays Mr. Plummet had to call on his mother, who was very old, very doting and very demanding.

On this Wednesday that was New Year's Eve Miss Moffet stopped looking at the picture of Yosemite Falls that hung on her wall and put on her hat and coat.

"I am going downtown to a movie," she told her landlady, Mrs. Walfish.

"This is New Year's Eve!" Mrs. Walfish warned.

"I know," said Miss Moffet, "but I will be all right." She laughed a faint little laugh. "I'm giving myself a New Year's Eve party."

"There'll be a big crowd downtown!" her landlady warned once more.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of crowds," Miss Moffet said and went off to the subway.

On the ride downtown Miss Moffet stirred with excitement. She could hear some fellow teacher saying to her on the opening of school:

"What did you do New Year's?"

And her own proud answer: "Oh, nothing much. We"—the *we* could be pardoned, she thought—"we went down to Times Square and saw Florence Myatt in Spell Me Love. The crowd was quite exciting."

That identification of herself with life, real life, was done before she got to Times Square and found a precise definition of the word "exciting." As Miss Moffet was rushed from the station by the outpouring crowd she had a moment's apprehension. She felt that there was a lack of control here. That, perhaps, she wasn't exactly her own master.

When she was shoved up the stairs and onto the sidewalk she knew it. A man blew a horn in her face.

"Oooooooop!" it went.

Miss Moffet stared at him in dismay. Grownups did not blow horns in her world. She tried to turn and get back down the subway steps, but there were too many people. She was carried across the sidewalk and out into the mob on the street.

A great roaring noise swooped over her, and a lot of smaller noises consisting of clackings, cricketings and blowings and yellings. These didn't quite penetrate to Miss Moffet because she was jellied with consternation.

Two men pushed by her. They had been drinking and had arrived at a very cheerful point. One of them looked at her and chucked her under the chin.

"Hy'a sister," he bellowed. "Happy New Year!"

Miss Moffet snapped out of her fears. She gave the man an outraged look. He laughed. His companion plucked a horn from his pocket and handed it to Miss Moffet.

"Here you are, baby! Blow the sour out of you the easy way."

He pressed it into her hand and as she clutched it the mob churned and they disappeared.

She looked down at the horn and a sudden glow began working in Miss Moffet. She had just had an experience. An experience of the worst kind, the kind that had a man in it. And nothing had happened. In fact, the man had laughed and gone away and she had a horn to show for it. Things like that couldn't be so bad after all.

She perked up a bit and she wasn't concerned that the mob was carrying her with it slowly and surely right past Spell Me Love. Then, as she trudged along and looked at the jostling bodies and the cheerful faces something in Miss Moffet came out of hiding from wherever it had been since long ago when she was a small child.

MISS MOFFET raised the horn to her lips, but with the opening pointed down to the sidewalk, and at precisely 10:47 P.M. of December 31st Miss Moffet blew an "Oop!"

That *oop* had enough zingo to cause a young man in front of Miss Moffet to turn around to see why a noise should come up at him from his heels.

He looked at her and shouted, "If it isn't Miss Moffet! I will be darned!"

He stuck out his hand for her to shake and she took it.

There was something vaguely familiar about him. He was good-looking but pale and hard. His smile was a wary smile, as if it knew that things weren't really funny and that when they were there was probably a catch somewhere, or an angle.

"How do you do?" said Miss Moffet a little weakly.

The young man grabbed the arm of a girl alongside him and whirled her around. "Meet my old teacher, Miss Moffet. This," he explained, "is the Heart."

The Heart was young, too, and pretty in a beaten way, but she was doing her best because it was New Year's Eve and everybody seemed to be happy, so why shouldn't she be happy, too.

"Glad to meetcha," she said and nodded her head.

"I'm Eddie Hogan," the young man said. "I was in your class eight or ten years ago."

Miss Moffet tossed her memory carefully back to the stream of childish faces that had flowed past her. She could see the freckled ones, and the laughing ones and the serious ones. And she could remember an Eddie Hogan who was small and bright-eyed and gay. He seemed to have grown into a nice young man.

"Oh, of course," she said. "How are you, Eddie? What are you doing?"

Eddie skirted that question. "I'm doing swell," he answered. "What are you up to tonight?"

MISS MOFFET sighed, but her eyes were shining and spurned the sigh.

"I'm going to the picture Spell Me Love, if there aren't so many people there I can't get in. And," with a note of triumph, "a man gave me this horn. I thought I'd blow it."

The girl looked at Miss Moffet and at Eddie and winked. Eddie winked back and turned to Miss Moffet.

"We're going on to the Derby Club to dance a bit and listen to that band they got. Want to come along?"

The girl linked her arm through the older woman's. "Sure she does," she said. "Come on, Miss Moffet," and started off with the throng about them. Eddie took her other arm and they were carried along. Miss Moffet went with them not because she wanted to but because she didn't care if she did.

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They struggled through the mob, arms linked, sometimes abreast and sometimes strung out like mountain climbers. At 47th Street a man in a top hat blew a big blast in their faces.

"Give that back to him," the girl screamed and shoved Miss Moffet's arm up. Miss Moffet put the horn to her lips and—

"Oooooooop!"

"That's the stuff," yelled Eddie. "That'll hold him."

THEY struggled into 49th Street and buffeted their way to the door of the Derby Club. A man lurched out, well in his cups and banged his hand down on Eddie's shoulder.

"It's Eddie Hogan. When did they spring you, kid? Why, you old—"

What he was Miss Moffet did not hear, because Eddie took the hearty stranger by the arm and led him off a bit and the girl took Miss Moffet by the arm and led her straight into the Derby Club through the green-and-yellow door.

Inside the place was a smaller, sharper, more intense racket than the big noise outside. It came down the short hall and cracked against their ears. Over all was a great blaring of cornets and drums and trombones, all blowing their own idea of whatever tune they were supposedly playing. At the end of the hall Miss Moffet could see a pall of smoke all lighted up and when they got to it she could see that it was a square room filled with people. There was a small space in the center for dancing and around it tables were standing nudged to each other.

A headwaiter, slightly soiled, came up to them. He gave them a secondhand bow.

"You got a table for Mr. Hogan?" the girl asked.

"Grogan?" the waiter asked above the din.

"No, Hogan, you dope!" the girl yelled.

He nodded his head. "Oh, yeah, sure. Come on."

He led the way into the cloudy room and opened a path for them through the tightly jammed people. They squeezed their way after him to a tiny table.

"Get another chair," the girl directed. "We got a guest."

They sat down. The music had stopped but the noise had not, what with people screaming at each other and racketing with gadgets that twirled, and plates clanking. Miss Moffet was confused.

The girl craned her neck over the heads of the other customers and looked at the door.

"If that mug sticks around with that mug long I'll go out and break his neck for him," she announced in a general way. A waiter came up to them and without looking around she said, "Two Scotch—no, make it three—here he comes now."

Hogan squirmed and slithered his way over to them and sat down at the extra chair.

"Joe's pie-eyed," he announced.

"Yeah," said the girl with no interest. "When was he ever sober?"

Eddie scowled at her. "Now listen, Mabel," he said, "this is New Year's Eve, see? And we're going to have a good time—see? And you keep that lip buttoned for the night if you can't unbutton it nice—see?"

She gave him an expressionless look and turned to Miss Moffet.

"Eddie thinks he's tough sometimes," she said.

Miss Moffet smiled. "Oh, I'm sure Eddie couldn't be tough. He used to be such a nice little boy." She beamed on Eddie, who simpered.

Their drinks were set down on the table. Hogan lifted his.

"Here's mud in your eye, Miss Moffet," and down it went.

"Happy days," said Mabel and down went hers. She looked at Miss Moffet's drink.

"Go on, get it down," she directed.

"I don't drink, thank you," Miss Moffet told her. "Here"—she passed it across the table—"you have it."

The girl tossed off the second drink.

When the music banged out again Eddie and Mabel went to the seething floor to dance and Miss Moffet looked around the place. She had never been in a night club before and if she had been she never would have been in one like the Derby Club. But she liked it. She glowed under a rising tide of excitement. The music was a horrid cacophony of noise to her, and the people were all strange and hard-looking, but it was new and raucous and wonderful, and Miss Moffet's shackles were coming unhinged.

The waiter came back to the table.

"More?" he asked.

Miss Moffet looked up at him and then out to the dance floor. She couldn't see her companions.

"Certainly," she answered.

When the two returned to the table the drinks had arrived.

"I thought I'd better order them," Miss Moffet explained.

"Sure," said Mabel. "You're a good sport."

"Thank you," said Miss Moffet.

"For a teacher—if you know what I mean," Mabel went on.

Miss Moffet laughed. "I think I do," she said.

THEY had another drink and the music blared again.

"How about a dance, Miss Moffet?" Eddie asked.

"Oh, thank you—thank you, Eddie. But—I really don't dance." Miss Moffet smiled shyly at him.

"You don't dance?" Eddie was incredulous. "What do you do when you step out with the boy friend? Or haven't you got one?"

"Yes—I have a steady friend, but," Miss Moffet blushed a little, "I don't think you would describe him as a boy friend. We just see each other."

"Where is he tonight?" Mabel asked.

"He's got a little cold," Miss Moffet explained and a trace of disappointment was in her voice. "He didn't want to come out."

"Nuts," roared Eddie. "On New Year's Eve? Call him up and tell him to get over here. Where does he live?"

Miss Moffet waved her hand over her shoulder. "Not far from here. On East Fiftieth Street in a boardinghouse." She gave the number.

Then came the magic hour of midnight on the last day of the old year and the place broke out into pandemonium. Miss Moffet didn't hear the noise around her. What she heard was coming out of the end of a horn. The other end was in her mouth and her cheeks popped and her eyes shone and her hair was slightly out of shape and—

"Ooooooooooooooooooooo!" went Miss Moffet.

She heard nothing else and as she saw nothing but her horn she did not see Eddie Hogan get up from the table and walk to the door of the Derby Club.

Eddie did hear the tail end of the roaring outside because he was sidling across 49th Street and shoving up 6th Avenue and pushing down 50th Street to a boardinghouse. It took quite a lot of bell ringing and a long argument with the landlady to get him in the house at that time of night, but he got in, and got upstairs and knocked on Mr. Plummet's door.

"Who's there?" Mr. Plummet asked sleepily.

"Just open the door," Eddie said.

He could hear Mr. Plummet scratching around for the light and hear Mr. Plummet click it on and he saw a tousled little man when the door opened. The little man wore a bathrobe and a mild and somewhat frightened look that was well etched because it had been on his face for many years.

Eddie walked in and closed the door and turned the lock. Mr. Plummet looked at him in surprise.

"Get dressed," Eddie commanded.

"Why—why—what—?" Mr. Plummet stammered.

Eddie reached down on a chair and plucked up Mr. Plummet's trousers.

"Put 'em on. Get started."

Mr. Plummet said, "You get out of here or I'll call a policeman."

Eddie reached under his left arm and produced a revolver. Mr. Plummet sat down on the bed suddenly and gaped in horror.

"Don't get excited now," Eddie said. "Just hop into your clothes and come along nice and quiet like a good boy. I'm taking you out on a date. Nobody's going to hurt you. That is, unless you don't get dressed."

MR. PLUMMET'S hands and knees trembled, but not so much that he couldn't get into his clothes and not so much that he couldn't walk downstairs and out on the sidewalk.

"Cut that shaking," Eddie barked at him. "I told you nobody's going to hurt you. Here—"

He grabbed Mr. Plummet by the arm and lugged him into a saloon.

"Give this guy a couple of quick shots," he told the bartender. "And make it two for me."

Mr. Plummet looked at the whisky set in front of him.

"Go on, lap it up," Eddie ordered.

Mr. Plummet looked at him and sipped from the glass. He coughed.

"Swallow it quick and take a slug of water," Eddie advised.

Mr. Plummet did and when the liquor finally came to rest in his protesting stomach and when they got out in the cold air once more he had stopped shaking and was even walking a bit briskly.

The crowd in the streets had thinned out a lot and they made good time to the Derby Club where the crowd not only

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"Give that back to him," the girl screamed. Miss Moffet put the horn to her lips and—"Oooooooop!"

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The Heart Has Wings

By Faith Baldwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The Story Thus Far:

GAIL WILLIAMS, daring Middle Western girl flyer, comes to New York to meet Dolly Harris (daughter of Peter and Hildreth Harris), whom her cousin, George Crosley, is to marry. She meets all three Harrises—and, almost before they realize it, she and forty-year-old Peter Harris are madly in love with each other!

To Gail, the idea of wrecking a home is abhorrent: to Peter the thought of bringing unhappiness to his wife, with whom he has spent many happy years, is equally distasteful. But—nearly a year after Dolly, married, has gone to her husband's Middle Western home—they finally tell Hildreth the truth.

Still loving Peter (whose favorite recreation, flying, she hates; and whose business, manufacturing airplanes, does not interest her), she informs him that she will give him his freedom, divorce him—*not*, however, until Dolly (who is soon to become a mother) has undergone her ordeal. Realizing that a shock of any kind might endanger Dolly's life, Peter and Gail accept Hildreth's verdict.

Like Peter, Gail's father is an aviation manufacturer. At his Middle Western home in Lake Forest, with a young second wife, he invites Gail to visit him. Before she goes, however, she has the most disagreeable experience of her life. Bill Jones, a young radio expert, has fallen in love with her; she has tried to make it quite clear that she regards him merely as a friend, that she will never become his wife. She has introduced him to Peter Harris, who is tremendously interested in a radio device which the young fellow is trying to perfect, and who is planning to put the invention (which may revolutionize aviation) upon the market.

Unfortunately, Bill overhears and misinterprets a remark Gail makes to Peter Harris; convinced that Gail is simulating friendship for him so that Peter can gain control of his patent, he stages an ugly scene (while under the influence of liquor), accuses Gail and Peter of trying to "use" him—and disappears.

Gail goes to her father's home. At a near-by hospital, where Dolly is expecting her baby, she encounters George Crosley; and learns that the baby will arrive very soon. Peter cannot be reached—he is hunting in Canada. But George phones Hildreth. As he steps out of the telephone booth: "She's coming," he announces. "She's flying." Gail gasps. "Flying," she repeats incredulously. "Hildreth? *Flying?*"

Gail gave him the paper without a word. He read it and passed it to Ellen, who exclaimed in pity

IX

HILDRETH HARRIS reached the hospital early the next morning. She had not been able to catch the midnight sleeper on a regular route. Gerry Downing had been efficient, he had made all the arrangements for her. And he came with her, but with the feeling that she did not know that he was there.

She had sat looking into darkness, she and Gerry and the pilot alone in the fast chartered plane. No other passengers to distract her, no stewardess, no trappings of comfort. She had just sat there, looking out, and when Gerry tried to tell her she must sleep, if she could, she simply shook her head. Once she spoke to him as the plane roared through the night, beating its way through light fog and a low visibility, through sudden showers of rain, and then climbing to clearness and stars, "George said Gail was there," she said.

"Yes," answered Gerry, quietly waiting.

"I wonder why?" said Hildreth, and looked out of the window again.

Hurry, she said, in her heart, hurry, *hurry*. Once she asked Gerry querulously, "Can't we go faster?"

She was not afraid, she who had been afraid of aircraft all her adult life. She scarcely realized that she was in an airplane. She realized nothing except that Dolly was in pain and danger, and that she was going to her as fast as she could; but not fast enough.

DAWN came grayly to show her the terrain over which they were traveling. She was utterly indifferent. The earth's intricate pattern meant nothing to her. She thought once, vaguely, that perhaps after all Peter's business was of some use . . . If you had to get to someone you loved . . .

She saw George at the hospital . . . in the waiting room. She was to go there, they told her at the desk. She went in and spoke to him. Gail was not with him. She was glad of that in the fleet moment she had for remembering that she could be glad of anything.

"Dolly?" she asked, with an unusual harshness.

George looked ten years older. He had not shaved, his face was lined with lack of sleep. He replied dully, without astonishment at seeing her so soon.

"Not yet—"

"Take me to her."

He said, "All right . . . she's waiting for you."

In the elevator he said, more to keep talking than anything else, "Gail went back to the apartment a little while ago to get Dolly's things . . . and the baby's. They just came away last night, without everything . . ."

Hildreth asked, "Gail stayed here . . . all night?"

"Yes. She's been swell," said George.

Outside the doors of the room in which Dolly lay, Dr. Parsons was talking to the nurse. His cheerful, middle-aged face lighted when he saw Hildreth. He had spoken to her over the telephone a number of times and had met her during her recent visit to Dolly. He said, "I'm glad you're here . . . she's been fretting for you." He put out his hand hastily. "Everything," he assured her, "is perfectly normal . . ." He murmured something about . . . first babies . . . and premature babies . . . He said, "I think that by evening . . ."

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She came out of the adjoining bathroom, ready for bed. He was still sitting there, hands folded, his coat off, one shoe still on. He complained irritably, "It's in a damned knot!"

"Evening!" exclaimed George, aghast.

The doctor looked at him with commiseration. He said, "Well, it's her first baby, George . . ." He added something indistinctly about modern young women, high-strung, given to athletics . . .

Dolly smiled at her mother. She asked, "How on earth did you get here?" Her eyes clung to the familiar reassurance of Hildreth's face.

"By plane," replied Hildreth. Outside the door she had been a very tired woman, haggard and shaken. But before she opened it, she had looked in her handbag mirror, rouged her cheeks a little, reddened her mouth, powdered, settled her small, smart hat. She went in, coolly, very collected, almost remote . . . the Hildreth that Dolly knew best.

She said, sitting down beside her, "You always were in a hurry, Dolly."

"Yes, I know; silly of me. I fell—today—yesterday . . . when was it . . . ?" She was a little drowsy from morphine; they had not given her much, just enough to make the passage of time seem strange to her . . . a minute was an eternity . . . a long, curious lapse . . . "Right on the floor . . . I was getting out of the tub . . . Is Gail here . . .?"

"She's at your apartment."

"I don't know what I would have done without her." After a pause Dolly said, and reached for her mother's hand, "I—I'm not liking this very much. Look, where's Speed?"

"He's in Canada," answered her mother gently, "at Franklin Brewster's camp. We weren't able to reach him."

"Oh," said Dolly. Her eyes darkened. "Well," she said, rousing herself after what was a second to Hildreth and an hour to her daughter, "it's just as well; men are perfectly useless anyway. Did you like flying . . . ?"

AFTER a while Hildreth came out of the room. She looked for and found Dr. Parsons. She inquired sharply, "Must it go on like this?"

He said, soothingly, "When the time comes she'll have gas . . . and then, of course . . . ether. I don't want to give her much morphine. Slows things up. And I don't want to interfere unless it is necessary. It isn't necessary, Mrs. Harris. It's a fairly long business of course, but a natural one. Better for her in the long run if we don't interfere. She's perfectly all right. Strong, healthy . . ."

She went back to Dolly and when she left the room again George was waiting outside. "Gail's downstairs . . . in Dolly's own room," he said.

Hildreth went down, not using the elevator. She walked down the winding stairs, her hand on the cold rail. She felt very old and beaten. She was frightened. She thought, It's as if it were happening all over again . . . as in France . . . then with Dolly, at home . . . And Peter not here. Again . . .

Not that it mattered any more, she told herself. But he should be here. Not for her, for Dolly.

Gail was alone in Dolly's room. She had brought flowers. She had arranged them on the bureau, and she had unpacked Dolly's things and given the baby's things to the nurse. She stood by the window looking down on the crowded streets and turned when the door opened.

"Gail," said Hildreth, without preliminaries, "it *was* a fall, wasn't it . . .? You didn't tell her? She doesn't know?"

Gail said, "I didn't tell her, Hildreth; and she doesn't know."

Hildreth drew a deep breath. She said, "I'm sorry . . . forgive me . . . But when I heard you were here . . . I—couldn't help thinking. . . ." She made a discouraged gesture with her hands. She said, "It's long waiting, isn't it?"

They sat there together for a little while, not speaking. There was not, after that first moment, any hostility between them. At noon trays were brought which someone, the nurse, probably, had had the forethought to order. George came in and made a pretense of eating. His mother-in-law said, after a while, "I wish you'd go somewhere, George. Back to the apartment . . . shave . . . dress . . . take a shower . . . anything. You can't do any good here . . . You can see her when you come back."

"She won't need me," said Gail; "now that you're here I may as well go on home." She looked at George . . . "If you'd telephone," she said.

He said, "I will . . . the very minute . . . Gail, you've been grand . . . I can't thank you enough."

PRESENTLY she went out and left them there together. She took a taxi to the apartment, and reassured the little maid. She telephoned her father and asked him to meet her at the Renton. She took a shower in Dolly's prim little guest bathroom, dressed, and then taxied to the hotel.

Her father met her, and they drove back to Lake Forest. At a little before midnight the telephone rang and she sprang to it. She and her father and Ellen were playing three-handed bridge. The cards were scattered on the floor as she rose hastily and she overturned her father's highball glass, catching it with her long sleeves.

"Yes . . . Yes . . ." they heard her say, and then, "Oh, George, I'm so glad."

She turned from the instrument, her face radiant.

"A boy," she told them. "Half an hour ago. And Dolly's fine."

"What about the baby?" asked Ellen.

"He didn't say," said Gail. "I hope—nothing's wrong. But, no, it couldn't have been. He was so happy he couldn't talk straight!"

On the day Gail left for New York she was allowed to see Dolly. She was sitting back against the pillows and looked herself, a little thinner, but clear-eyed and once more not more than sixteen years of age. She said, happily, "Gail, the flowers were too lovely. And the things for our young man. Miss Mercer, you'll let her peek, won't you?"

She prattled on, perfectly recovered and touchingly complacent as only young mothers are. She had forgotten, thought Gail, wondering, twenty-four hours of terror and torture. She said, "Mother's gone back to the apartment for the afternoon . . . She'll be sorry to miss you, darling. George, too. Sure you won't stay over a little?"

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"I can't," said Gail. "I have to get back to New York."

Why, she didn't know. But she knew she must go. She had been home a week, and it seemed a year. She thought, If Bill has written they would have forwarded it. But perhaps he won't write, perhaps he'll just come to the apartment . . .

Gail's father and Ellen were to meet her for lunch at the Renton, bringing her bags and putting her on the Pullman. She was a little early and bought a New York paper while waiting for them. Sitting in the lobby by the curving steps she opened the paper and, glancing idly at the headlines, her breath was halted, in horror. She had not listened to last night's news flashes on the radio nor seen last night's papers. This was the first knowledge to reach her of the disaster at the Harris plant.

Gail, white and trembling, read the report again and again. Bedford, perfectly recovered from his recent mishap, had yesterday taken up the XSBH-1 for her test flight. Apparently the minor tests had been satisfactory because he had not set her down again but had put her into a spin. The watchers had seen him stand up in the cockpit a little later, and had shouted, running aimlessly . . . But the maneuver had not helped. The plane still spun. And a wing had gone. Bedford had bailed out . . . but swift as was his descent to earth, the plane still spun, as swiftly . . . as if, an eyewitness told the reporters, it were after him . . .

Thus Bedford dying instantly in the wreckage.

WHEN her father and Ellen came, Gail went into the dining room with them, the paper folded in her hand. She looked at the menu blankly, shook her head, said faintly, "I—couldn't."

"What's the matter?" asked Williams.

Gail gave him the paper without a word. He read it and passed it to Ellen, who exclaimed in pity, but, not understanding, looked at Gail with some bewilderment. Had she known this pilot? Why was she so upset? Or was she so closely allied with Harris that the failure of an experimental plane and the consequent loss of orders should affect her so deeply?

"Tough," commented Williams, not understanding either . . . "Know Bedford . . . ?"

Speechlessly she shook her head. "I've seen him," she managed to say.

He said: "I did. He was all right. Knew his job. But it isn't the safest job in the world, Gail; sooner or later, your number's up and then—" He shrugged, frowned, laid the paper aside . . . He added, "Paper says Harris can't be reached. . . ."

"No," said Gail, moving her lips as though they were stiff, "he can't. I—he's in Canada. I told you that, didn't I . . . ?"

"Be a shock to him," said her father. He beckoned the waiter, ordered cocktails. "You need one," he told Gail . . . "and you'll have to eat something."

She said, her eyes opened to their fullest extent, and dark with emotion, "You don't understand." She told him briefly how, on the first day set for the test flight, Bedford had been in an accident and Harris had taken the plane up . . . "He was so sure," she said desolately, "so happy about it . . ."

They put her aboard the train, sat with her for a little while in her compartment. Kissing her goodby, Williams said gruffly: "Better get New York out of your system and come on home . . ." and Ellen, her hand on her husband's arm, nodded. Gail shook herself as if awaking from a bad dream. "I may take you up on that," she said, with an attempt at gaiety.

When they had left her a . were walking down the platform to the station Williams said, "I don't understand that kid at all. Naturally she'd be upset—sorry and all that—but she takes it like a minor tragedy."

Ellen said, "It's all beyond me. Do you think that Peter Harris was responsible for—?"

"That's what she thinks," said Williams suddenly, "or I'm crazy."

He climbed into the car after her, directed the chauffeur, stretched his long legs with a sigh. He said gloomily, "I wish she'd never set eyes on the . . ." he swallowed, and ended mildly, "fellow."

Ellen knew he wasn't talking about Hildreth Harris, and she said practically, "There's nothing you can do."

"I think there is," disagreed her husband comfortably.

He picked up the speaking tube and gave an order to his driver.

"Now where are we going?" asked Ellen, hopelessly, "you're the most unexpected . . ."

"Is that why you love me? Or don't you? You do? That's very nice. You aren't going very far, Mrs. Williams. You are going to wait in here and chew your fingernails and look at Michael's broad back and wonder what I am doing. And I, while you are waiting for me, shall be interviewing the head of a firm of very private and very discreet detectives," he told her.

"You mean it's all over between us, Louise?" LOUIS PRISCILLA

PETER HARRIS came out of the woods, well content with life and with himself. He had had a very good time.

They had pored over maps, selected sites for the main clubhouse, for some of the halfway cabins. Talked membership fees, discussed the type of lodge the members should be held to, in building. Planned all sorts of stunts.

The days went by more quickly than days should. Nights, lying in the lodge or rolled up in a sleeping bag in the tent, Peter ceased to think of Brewster and his project, and thought of Gail. It was easy to think of her here, in the deep woods, beside ice-blue water arched over with a cold, clear April sky. He thought, relaxed from tramping through the little trails which he himself had helped to break, When I get back we'll set things straight. After Dolly has her youngster . . . I'll talk to Hildreth, we'll make the arrangements. He thought, That South American business . . . Gail would go with me, we'd make a new life for ourselves, away from everyone we've ever known . . . She's young, she's keen, she'd love it . . .

Somehow it was very simple to plan one's life up here, away from people and telephones and crowding responsibilities.

THE repairs to Brewster's plane, slightly damaged in landing, took longer than he had expected. He and Brewster worked on it with the help of the young engineer they had brought along to advise them on the layout of the land. The work was not difficult and wholly within Peter's own mechanical knowledge, but it took time.

When they reached Montreal, Peter said goodby to Brewster and young Simons and drove from the airport to his hotel.

He dismissed the bellboy and went in to run his bath. He'd bathe, change, have a late lunch . . . Meantime he put in a call for the Long Island house.

Waiting, he glanced at his watch. It was nearly two in the afternoon. He yawned, rumpled his hair, thought, I'll call Gail, after . . .

The telephone rang. He picked it up and heard his butler's voice on the other end of the wire.

"Yancey? This is Mr. Harris. Is Mrs. Harris home?"

He listened incredulously to the report that Mrs. Harris was with Miss Dolly in Chicago. But Hildreth had been with Dolly not so long ago. Fear clutched Peter as tangibly as a hand.

"Is anything wrong?" he shouted.

Yancey said soothingly and hastily that nothing was wrong . . . "But," he added, importantly, as the first to bring the announcement, "surely you heard, Mr. Harris, that Miss Dolly's little boy was born—"

Peter slammed the receiver in its cradle before the sentence was finished. He raced into the bathroom and turned off the water. He raced back to the telephone and put a call in for George at the bank.

When the reply came it was to the effect that Mr. Crosley had not returned from luncheon. Peter listened impatiently to the operator's unhurried questions . . . a call from Montreal . . . did they know where Mr. Crosley could be reached?

Presently the operator at the bank gave her the name of the hospital and she reported it to Peter . . . "Shall I try him there?" she asked.

"Yes," said Peter, "and hurry."

After another long wait the operator reported in triumph, "Here is Mr. Crosley now, Mr. Harris."

"George? Peter Harris. I just got into Montreal and telephoned home. Yancey told me . . . Is Dolly all right?"

"She's swell," said George. "How are you anyway? We tried to reach you . . . every way—short of runners . . . Dolly wants to talk to you. Here she is—"

Dolly's voice was clear over the wire. Peter's heart constricted, his eyes blurred.

"Hello, Grandpop," said Dolly. "Time you turned up. Wait till you see the grandson. He's a honey."

"Are you all right?" asked Peter, steadying his voice.

"Speed, I'm elegant."

"Where's your mother?"

"She's staying at the flat," said Dolly, "keeping George in order. She's out doing some shopping now and lunching with some of the Peace people later. She'll be along presently. When are you coming to see us?"

"I'll be there tonight," Peter answered, "I'll make the 3:30 from Montreal. Take care of yourself."

HE TELEPHONED the desk for reservations on the 3:30 out of Montreal, connecting at Albany for Chicago at 5:12. He went downstairs, checked out, had a sandwich and started for the airport. On his way there he remembered that he had intended to call Gerry Downing and ask him how things were at the plant. He also remembered that he had intended to call Gail.

Well, he'd have twenty-seven minutes in Albany.

He thought, dazedly, But it wasn't to happen till *May* . . . !

They ran into a little weather, and were delayed. They had just time to make their Albany connections and five minutes to spare. There was no question of telephoning anyone.

In Chicago, that night, George met him at the airport. During the three-quarter hour drive to the apartment Peter demanded details.

"What happened?"

"She had a fall," George told him, "she didn't say a word to me about it. That night at dinner Gail—"

"Gail!"

"She was spending the night with us," George explained, "don't know what I would have done without her. She went to the hospital with Dolly, waited till I got there . . . I called Mrs. Harris and when she came . . ."

"But Hildreth wouldn't get there till—" began Peter.

"She came early next morning. She missed the midnight sleeper . . . we got her on the phone after eleven—I was out, you see," George said, "and they couldn't locate me . . . I didn't know a

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Royal S. Copeland of New York

Ship Ahooey

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

America's projected merchant marine has been neatly scuttled by self-appointed senatorial seamen. However, they cannot conceal the fact that this country must have ships

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Hugo Black of Alabama

WHEN I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an attorney's firm.
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished that handle so carefullee
That now I'm ruler of the Queen's navee.

So sang Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., and in much the same fashion certain senators have risen to the dignity of cocked hats and now walk America's quarter-deck. Incredible as it may seem, a survey of our sea lords reveals that the seats of power are occupied by Joe Guffey of Pennsylvania, Hugo Black of Alabama, Ernest Gibson of Vermont, Royal Copeland of New York and Bennett Clark of Missouri. Most of them from inland states, to be sure, but each as much of a roaring, rollicking Jack Tar as though he had sailed the ocean blue from childhood. Dr. Copeland even interlards his radio talks on the proper treatment for dandruff with such nauticalisms as "Shiver my timbers," and the bustling Black cries "Gangway" on entering the Senate.

In the closing days of Congress, these old salts swept aside shipping bills that had been under consideration for months, and took advantage of hectic, crowded hours to jam through a measure in which they laid down their own highly original ideas for the creation of an American merchant marine. No detail was so small as to be overlooked, provision even being made that officers must wear a certain type of gold braid and take their meals with passengers.

Funny, but not at all strange. When it comes to a merchant marine, billions are involved, yet never has the subject been able to engage public interest. Decisions are invariably left to the selfish or the simple. The expenditures of Rexford Guy Tugwell are debated furiously by an entire nation, but the total budget of the Resettlement Administration is petty compared to what has been poured out by the United States in an attempt to solve the shipping problem.

Four billions spent in the last twenty years alone, and we still lack a merchant marine adequate to carry a fair share of our foreign commerce in peacetime and serve as a naval auxiliary in event of war. Add to that some ten billions more that we could have saved or made, and you have a total of fourteen billions, almost half our national debt. These figures are compiled by no less an authority than Alfred Haag, chief of the government's Division of Shipping Research, a man of Norse blood who has built ships, owned ships and sailed the seven seas.

The High Cost of Unpreparedness

Our wartime shipbuilding program cost three and a half billions. Two and a half billions could have been saved, Mr. Haag contends, had we maintained a merchant marine through the years, thus obviating the necessity of high-speed construction at abnormal prices. Imperatively necessary for war purposes, a large part of the mighty fleet could not meet peace needs. Wooden ships were burned, others sold at scrap value and still others for what they would bring. Out of an investment of $3,500,000,000 we realized exactly $342,000,000.

All left to us were some slow-speed freighters, some combination passenger and freight ships, and a small number of passenger vessels captured from the enemy. While officials pondered what to do with them, up bobbed an old salt from Topeka or Peoria with a bright idea. "Let's establish trade routes of our own," he cried. With a loud heave-ho, senators and congressmen donned middy jackets and passed a shipping bill. Under "managing operator" agreements and "lump sum" agreements, private enterprise was guaranteed expenses and a profit. All we lost on that brilliant thought, however, was $103,000,000.

And nothing to show for it! Not even one of the tubs replaced! Other nations were going in for high-speed ships in a big way, but not the United States. Between 1922 and 1928 American shippers failed to launch a single cargo vessel. And, unhappily, for very good reasons. They built abroad because foreign costs were from forty to fifty per cent lower than domestic costs, and they preferred to sail under a foreign flag because operation was thirty per cent cheaper, due to the higher wages and more expensive subsistence of American seamen. Moreover, by building abroad they could choose their own designs and follow the flow of profitable business, while building at home meant that they must conform to naval requirements and stick to specified trade routes.

Faced with the necessity of immediate action in 1928, the old salts from Cedar Rapids and Little Rock refused to face plain facts, and went in for what seemed a clever subterfuge. The new merchant-marine act said this to private operators: "Build at home, boys, fly Old Glory and develop trade routes and we'll pay you a lump sum for carrying ocean mail that will take care of all differences between foreign and domestic cost, both construction and operation, and on top of that we'll lend you money to build new ships." Forty-three contracts were let, and on them we began to pay $26,500,000 annually for a mail service that would have cost about $2,500,000 at poundage rates. By 1933, halfway through the ten-year contracts, we had spent $135,500,000 on the mail contracts, $112,500,000 plain subsidy, and loaned $147,943,642 for new construction and reconditioning.

Emphasis is put on 1933 because that was the year when Hugo Black of Alabama burst into the limelight as chairman of the Senate committee for the investigation of ocean mail contracts. One by one he dragged cowering operators to the witness stand and scorched them to a rich biscuit brown. Was it not a fact that they had received millions from the hands of a generous government, and that only 33 vessels had been built and only 41 reconditioned?

Loosely drawn and loosely administered the law permitted the waste and diversion of government funds in many instances, but in other cases federal grants were used to make up operating losses due to noncompetitive equipment and the slump in world trade. A ten-knot ship, the average speed of American cargo vessels, was only able to make five round voyages a year across the North Atlantic instead of seven or eight. Low-speed ships were also compelled to take a low class of freight at low rates, while excessive fuel costs of our government-aided fleet ran as high as $5,000,000 a year.

Senator Black, however, refused to recognize extenuating circumstances, and tarred every operator with his busy brush. "Unconscionable exploiters," all of them! Demanding that ocean mail contracts be canceled without delay, he cried that "government ownership and operation is preferable to any system involving subsidy."

On March 4, 1935, while the Alabamian's foam was still flecking the landscape, President Roosevelt, himself somewhat of an old salt, sent a message to Congress. Or, rather, he gave them one of his fireside chats, for the sense of the message was this: "Now, mates, you know we've simply got to have a merchant marine. It means busy shipyards, employed seamen and a better chance for foreign trade. Dependent as we are now on the vessels of our competitors, they can gyp us with high rates and delayed deliveries. As for national security, a navy is no stronger than its auxiliary fleet. Lacking tankers, supply ships, airplane carriers, transports and hospital ships, the first line of defense is like a fish without fins, a bird without wings. We can't have an American merchant marine until we put our shippers on a parity with foreign shippers. That means they've got to be able to build as cheaply at home as abroad, and operate as cheaply under the Stars and Stripes as under a foreign flag. And the only way to establish that parity is for the government to absorb the differentials. Not a subsidy at all, but the price of maintaining American standards. How about it, men?"

Ships on the Installment Plan

A bill incorporating the principles of the President's message was introduced in the Senate by Admiral Copeland, and a similar bill in the House by Bos'n Bland of Virginia. The Bland measure passed with a whoop, but Admiral Copeland encountered high seas off the Alabama coast, Hugo Black blowing up furious gales. Never was there a bill more in the interests of the accursed shipowners! Admiral Bennett Clark, hailing from the good old port of Bowling Green, Missouri, blew with him.

Out from land rushed Admiral Guffey of Pennsylvania and Admiral Gibson of Vermont, bearing oil for troubled waters in the shape of compromise bills. A deadlock ensued, but at last the harassed Copeland, with Guffey and Gibson at his throat and Black and Clark sinking teeth into his haunches, gave up the struggle, and a Copeland-Guffey-Gibson bill passed the Senate on June 19th, one day before adjournment.

Let us now examine the Copeland-Guffey-Gibson bill. First of all, it provides that all mail contracts must be voided by June 30, 1937. Next, a Maritime Commission of five members is given power to absorb the construction differential by paying American shipyards the domestic price, and selling to private owners at the foreign price. If, for instance, the American cost of the ship is $1,000,000, and the determined foreign cost $500,000, the government will pay the American builder $1,000,000, and sell the ship to the applicant for $500,000, payable 25 per cent down, and the balance in twenty yearly installments, the government retaining a first mortgage for its protection. The law also provides for absorption of the operating differential; that is, the higher cost of American crews, insurance and subsistence.

In return for federal aid, the bill demands that plans for all vessels must be approved by the Navy, and all contracts shall contain provisions for minimum manning scales, minimum wage scales, ultimately 90 per cent or more American crews and officers, depending on the type of vessel, and registry under the Stars and Stripes for at least twenty years. In order to insure proper replacement, the contractor is required to create and maintain out of gross earnings a capital reserve fund to take care of depreciation over the twenty-year period. Also a special

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A Ring for Her Finger

Continued from page 11

"I don't know about that crack," he said, doubtfully. "But how about you? I wasn't the person for you, I suppose?"

"Oh, my, no," said Kate, laughing softly. "Oh, my goodness, no!"

"Well," he said, stiffly, "I'm glad it's all worked out so well. I suppose you're going to marry this Barnaby Jones—the one you dance the minuets with?"

"I'm going to marry a man," said Kate, slowly, "who can *dominate* me!"

"Who can what?"

"Never mind," said Kate, hastily. "But it would have been a great mistake—my marrying you."

"Katherine!" said Barnaby Jones. "Katherine! Where in the world are—oh! I beg your pardon—"

"Quite all right," said Kate. "We were all through with our little chat—weren't we, Gilbert?"

"Well, I wasn't in any such great rush," said Gilbert. "But of course—"

Barnaby looked at him.

"Miss Benedict's been asking where you are."

"You run along," said Kate.

"He didn't run," Barnaby remarked.

"No. You're a miracle man. He's interested in me!"

"Good. Were you mean?"

"Plenty!"

"Fine! You know I've been hearing little snatches of chat. People think there's more to this story than meets the eye—or ear. That's the way people are—tell them the truth and they won't touch it; they think it's a gold brick. . . . Now brace yourself for a sudden shock."

"Oh, I have myself permanently braced."

"All right. Your other friend is here. The first one. In the bar."

"Tom?" she cried incredulously. "Tom Stuart?"

"The same. Another spoiled-looking Greek god. You have execrable taste in fiancés, my good woman."

"You're catty."

"Katherine darling, I—never mind, let's get your past straightened out. All set?"

"All set."

They strolled to the bar, arm in arm.

"Why—!" said Kate. "Why, bless me, it's Tom Stuart!"

THE handsome youth turned on one heel and stared at her.

"Well, well, well," he said, uncertainly, "if this isn't something pretty grand—"

"Mr. Jones—Mr. Stuart," said Kate.

The two men shook hands.

"Gosh," said young Stuart, a moment later, "I'd like to stay and have a drink with you people, but I promised old Bill Terhune I'd have a look at his new guns—he's got some swell new guns, he was telling me—"

"Exit," commented Barnaby. "Exit—not laughing."

Kate blinked furiously. Awkward to cry in other people's houses.

"What did he think I was going to do? Bite him?"

"It wouldn't matter," muttered Barnaby, "if you weren't the most attractive girl in this whole damn' swamp. Katherine, you must have been very, very decent to that lad. And what he needs is—Katherine, come on away from these fumes of gin—I'll tell you what he needs. You've got to be mean to that one—you've got to be very mean—put it into a few words and make it sting like a little bumblebee. Can you think of something?"

"Maybe it will come to me."

"Nice going. Your Gilbert will be sending orchids tomorrow."

Kate brightened.

"Do you really think so?"

"I'm sure of it. He's been watching you out of the corner of his eye. You've got him puzzled, Katherine. And when you've got them puzzled—you've got them, my dear."

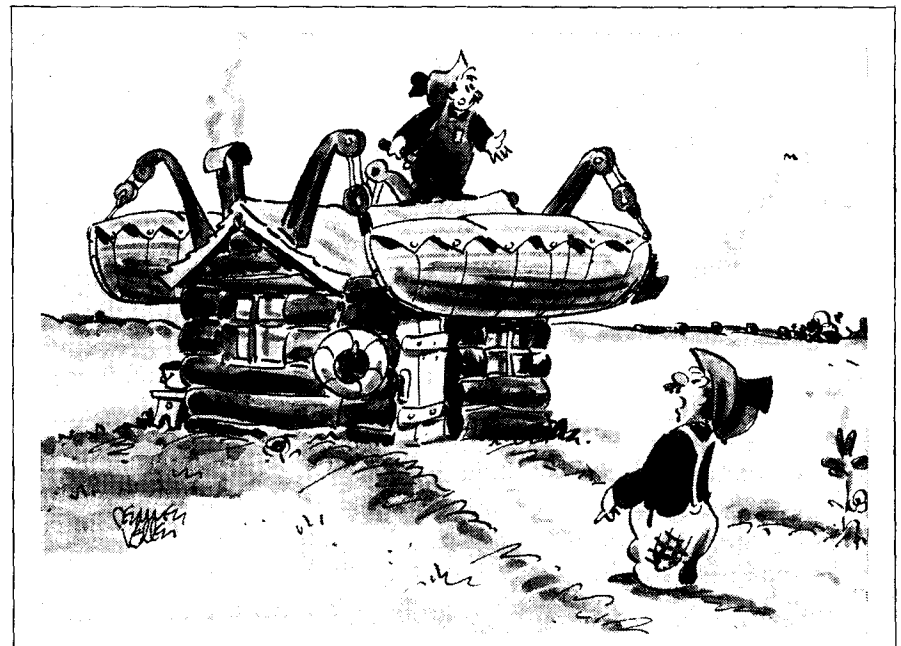
"You know," said Kate, in some surprise, "I've got a lot of meanness in my system. I feel it hissing and steaming."

"Splendid," he said. "Let's dance."

So they danced. Tom was a good dancer—Gilbert was a better—but Barnaby was the best of all. People stood around and stared at Kate and Barnaby.

She refused to dance with anybody else. She disappeared a little later—like a great lady who had condescended to amuse herself among the yokels.

IT WORKED. That fact became more apparent—and more astonishing—every day. People no longer expected service from Kate Prior—she exacted service from them. Barnaby Jones escorted her here and there, and gave her those little attentions which make a girl look important. And Barnaby had been right about the orchids—Gilbert sent them. At first they were accompanied by a sheepish little joke about a lost romance. Then there were no more sheepish little jokes. Only the orchids. It was said that Gilbert had quarreled with Enid Benedict. At any rate, Enid left, quite suddenly, for New York. And Gilbert wanted to know, over the telephone, why Kate Prior wouldn't see him.



"I ain't takin' no chances. The government may change its mind and finish the canal they started through here" REAMER KELLER

"What's the matter with you?" asked Kate, cheerfully. "Lonesome?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, my poor, dear boy, why in the world don't you go to New York?"

"I don't like New York, that's why. I like it here."

"It is nice, isn't it? Why don't you go right out and sit in the sun?"

"I must say you're not very friendly these days!"

"Now what makes you think that? Is it my fault you don't want to go to New York? Or don't want to sit in the sun?"

"There's absolutely no sense to this conversation!"

"Absolutely none," agreed Kate.

Yet it had been a satisfactory little chat. She came to that conclusion as she put down the telephone.

So she put on her newest dress and sauntered down toward the oyster house for her rendezvous with Barnaby. But she didn't have Barnaby on her mind. She ran into the object of her thoughts as she turned into the lower road, the road that ran in a meandering parallel to the beach.

Tom Stuart tried to duck when he saw her. But it was hopeless. Unless he leaped, fully clothed, into the sea, it was hopeless. Kate Prior lifted one eyebrow and smiled. Tom was extraordinarily pleasing to the eye, that day, in white flannels and a yellow pull-over. And there was no reason to believe that he didn't know it.

Funny, thought Kate, that he had ever bothered with her in the first place. Well, it had been a very dull winter in Coral Sands, and he had been forced to stay there because his brother had whooping cough—there had been some dumb reason like that. She was sixteen, and perhaps it had been fun dazzling her. Kate smiled, rather wryly—first love isn't necessarily agreeable to recall. Yes, she thought, that walkout had hurt.

"Hel-*lo*, Kate!"

He was remembering the episode. The remembrance was in the false, hearty ring of his voice.

"You avoided me the other night," she began gently. "At the Terhunes' bar."

"Look here, Kate—" the wretched youth began, desperately.

She slipped her hand over his arm. He looked, she noted with interest, almost frightened.

"I suppose," she said, "you're thinking of those dear old days when we were engaged to each other?"

"Now, look here, Kate! I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world—but need we go into that? I mean, isn't it rather unnecessary?"

"Oh, I love reminiscence."

"Do you? I say let bygones be bygones. That's what I say. Not that you weren't a darned nice kid, of course, and—"

"No!" said Kate, removing her hand from his arm. "No, Tom! Don't propose to me *again!*"

He was panic-stricken.

"I THINK you're a very attractive person," she went on, "and I realize that you've only to snap your fingers and girls come running for miles around—I've heard they collect pictures of you and croon over 'em. Of course, you're so incredibly good-looking, Tom—"

"No!" he put in frantically. "No, I'm not! You're just idealizing me, Kate. Some day you'll meet some man who—"

"No," she said, sadly shaking her head. "Never any man as attractive as you are, Tom."

She observed that he was recognizing this unquestionable fact in growing terror. She saw that he was looking about for help from the outside world—but they weren't within calling distance of another human being. The boy's plight was pitiable. Kate waited, without mercy, for the psychological moment. It was not until the silence had become intolerable that she spoke again.

"Of course," she said reflectively, "there was always one drawback—I realized that, even in the beginning. Yes, there was one rather serious drawback."

He stared at her. Curiosity led him, step by step, to the edge of the abyss.

"There was something the matter with *me?*" he asked at last, incredulously.

"Oh!" said Kate, with a light little laugh. "I was just thinking aloud. Forget about it—please."

"No," he said. "No, Kate. You simply can't make a statement like that and not back it up. I have a right to know. Where's there any drawback about me?"

"Oh! It's nothing. Anyhow—I wouldn't tell you for the world!"

"Listen, Kate Prior—you've *got* to tell me."

"Well," said Kate, reluctantly, "it's such a small thing."

She saw him, out of the corner of her eye, taking frantic inventory of himself.

"What is it?" he roared.

"Oh," said Kate, meekly, "it's only that you—well, that you always did bore me a little."

He stood stock-still. A burning tide of color swept to the roots of his beautiful black hair.

"Bore you!" he said hoarsely. "Bore *you?* Bore—"

"Yes," said Kate, apologetically. "Not very boring, of course—only a *little* boring—oh! You'll excuse me, won't you? There's Barnaby Jones. He's waiting for me. We're going to have oysters. You know I'm simply *mad* about oysters."

He did not answer. When she left him, he was repeating a few words, quite tonelessly. It sounded like: "Not *very* boring—only a *little* boring—"

"I THOUGHT it up by myself," Kate reported to Barnaby Jones. "Wasn't it clever? I don't think anyone could have thought of anything worse to say, do you?"

"Not Borgia herself."

"No. It was splendid. He positively shriveled before my eyes. I'll bet he wakes up in the middle of the night and thinks about it. *He'll* send me orchids, that's almost certain."

"You're catching on."

"What's the matter? You sound sort of cranky. Aren't you proud of me?"

"I don't know," said Barnaby. "I guess it isn't logical—but I liked you better the way you were before."

"I didn't have any lure," said Kate, placidly. "Now I seem to be having lure."

"Do you like it?"

"I love it."

"That's all right, then. But what are you going to do now? Nail both these fools to the mast?"

"Isn't that what we planned?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so, but—"

"You men are so inconsistent," said Kate, laughing softly. "It's a lot of fun just watching your minds work."

"Oh, it is, is it?"

"Yes, it certainly is."

"Well, that's nice. I suppose you're planning to marry one of these blockheads. Which one, may I ask, are you going to put out of his misery?"

Kate smiled at him.

"Well," she said, "Gilbert's very attractive, but so is Tom, of course—"

(Continued on page 32)

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"Homing" Dollars...

"Do you remember the day when I sold you your Monthly Income Policy, regular payments to begin on your sixtieth birthday? Well, here is your first check—many happy returns!"

YOU, like most of the other readers of this advertisement, will reach your sixtieth birthday. Have you arranged to receive monthly income checks regularly when you reach this age?

That's a fine thing about life insurance—it can provide not only protection for dependents, but guaranteed incomes for policyholders in their own later years.

Protection suitable for your family and yourself requires careful planning. Individual circumstances, obligations, and ambitions must be taken into consideration to determine how many "homing" dollars will be needed.

If you want to be certain that you and your dependents will get the most out of life insurance, ask a Metropolitan Field-Man to help you prepare a "tailor-made" Program to fit your personal requirements. Telephone the nearest Metropolitan office and ask him to call. Or mail the coupon.

The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Without placing myself under any obligation, I would like to have information regarding a Life Insurance Program to meet my needs.

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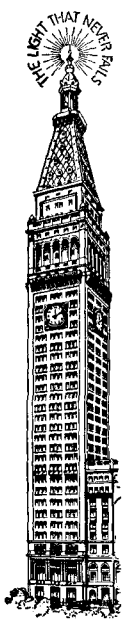

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board — ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. — LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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(Continued from page 30)

"I hope you can make up your mind," he said politely.

"Oh, that won't matter," she said carelessly. "They can just wait—and suffer."

"Well! Of all the cold, calculating, utterly heartless—Kate! Kate darling, don't be this way!"

She looked at him steadily.

"I like myself this way," she said.

After that she saw very little of Barnaby Jones. This didn't matter—the playwright's work was done, and the play was on. It was a most successful performance.

Three nights later Gilbert Townsend brought forth the familiar square diamond, and suggested that it be reinstalled. This was when he was taking her home from another party at the Terhunes'.

"I must have been crazy," he said, "to let you get away from me the way you did. Kate! That didn't mean anything at all—that business about Enid. I don't know what got into me. If you'll just let me tell everybody that we're all set again—"

"But we're not," said Kate, slowly. "We're just—it's all over, Gilbert. I'm sorry—really I am."

"It's Stuart!" he shouted. "It's that fool, plaster-haired little—"

"Sh-h, Gilbert darling. You'll wake up the world—"

"I don't care. What do I care about the world? I suppose I can't 'dominate' you, I suppose that's what it is! I suppose that Stuart—"

"No, Gilbert, it's not that. You're a much more dominating sort of man than Tom is. You know I just said that the other night to make you mad. Really, you're *too* masterful—you almost scare me sometimes, really you do!"

"Well—"

"But," she added hastily, "it just wouldn't work out—it's just one of those things. I'll remember you all my life, Gilbert dear—"

It was almost as good as being accepted—to be renounced so tenderly. Gilbert would have forgotten all about her inside of a week, she told herself with a rather rueful smile.

And then she turned, almost grimly, to the problem of her first love.

TOM had asked her, on nine separate occasions, what she'd meant when she'd said he bored her. While making this investigation, he had been given opportunity to discover that Kate herself was not boring—no, not in the least. In these few years, he said, she had become a woman of the world.

Kate laughed.

"I've always wanted to be a woman of the world," she said. "It makes me think of Paris clothes and green eyelids. Is that what you mean, Tom?"

"No. I wish you'd be serious. I want to talk to you—seriously."

Kate turned thoughtful eyes upon him. They had walked, that morning, to the dock; now he was standing with his head posed against a gleaming blue sky. He had never been more attractive.

"Yes," said Kate. "We'll be as serious as you like, Tom."

"You know what I'm going to ask you," he said. "I'm going to ask you to marry me."

She said nothing, and he went on desperately.

"It's your turn to laugh, of course. I know what you must think about me. But if you'd only give me another chance, Kate—why, you're *crying!*"

"Idiotic," she admitted. "But I was thinking how long ago it seemed—and sort of sad—"

"You mean you won't give me another chance!" he said, turning very pale. "You mean—*you mean I bore you!*"

"No—I never meant that. That was a cruel and hateful thing to say. And if I ever say anything like that again I hope somebody hits me. It simply isn't worth it, Tom—"

"What isn't worth what?"

"Nothing. It's a long story. The point is, Tom, you couldn't possibly bore anybody—me or anybody else. But—I couldn't ever marry you, Tom."

When he had left her—and not until he had left her—she burst into tears. It was her little feminine tribute, she supposed, to a first love that was dead. Anyhow, she did not feel triumphant—certainly she had never been so miserable in her life.

The boat below rocked gently from side to side.

"Well," came the voice from the boat, "if I were you I wouldn't cry over *him*."

"Barnaby Jones!"

"Yes," said the boat.

"I didn't know you were there!"

"Naturally not."

"You must spend half of your life eavesdropping!"

"No, I do not! But you're always having such emotional conversations, Katherine!"

"My name is Kate. And let me tell you something, Barnaby Jones! I've just discovered something. It's much worse jilting people than being jilted by people. It makes me feel a whole lot worse and I'm never going to follow your advice again as long as I live!"

"'Oh, sharper than a serpent's tooth—'"

"You come out of there!"

"No. Look in my inside coat pocket—the coat's over there by you. Look for a little box."

"I've got it."

"Open it."

"I—I have."

"You're an intelligent girl—you'll see it's a ring."

"Yes, Barnaby."

"IT'S a little emerald that belonged to my mother. It's in the Jones tradition for the Jones' brides—Kate!"

"Yes, Barnaby?"

"I'm not going to ask you to marry me, you know."

There was a silence. Kate remembered the drowning man, who thought of everything while he was drowning. Something very much like that was happening to her. She realized that she loved Barnaby Jones—she realized that she had never loved anybody else. It was a rather terrifying revelation.

She tried to make her voice sound cheerful.

"All right!" she said to her invisible love. "But what do you want me to *do with the ring*?"

"Well, that's the question."

"What question? Oh, dear! I wish you wouldn't stay in that boat!"

"That's because I'm a nervous wreck. You've got into such a habit of turning people down."

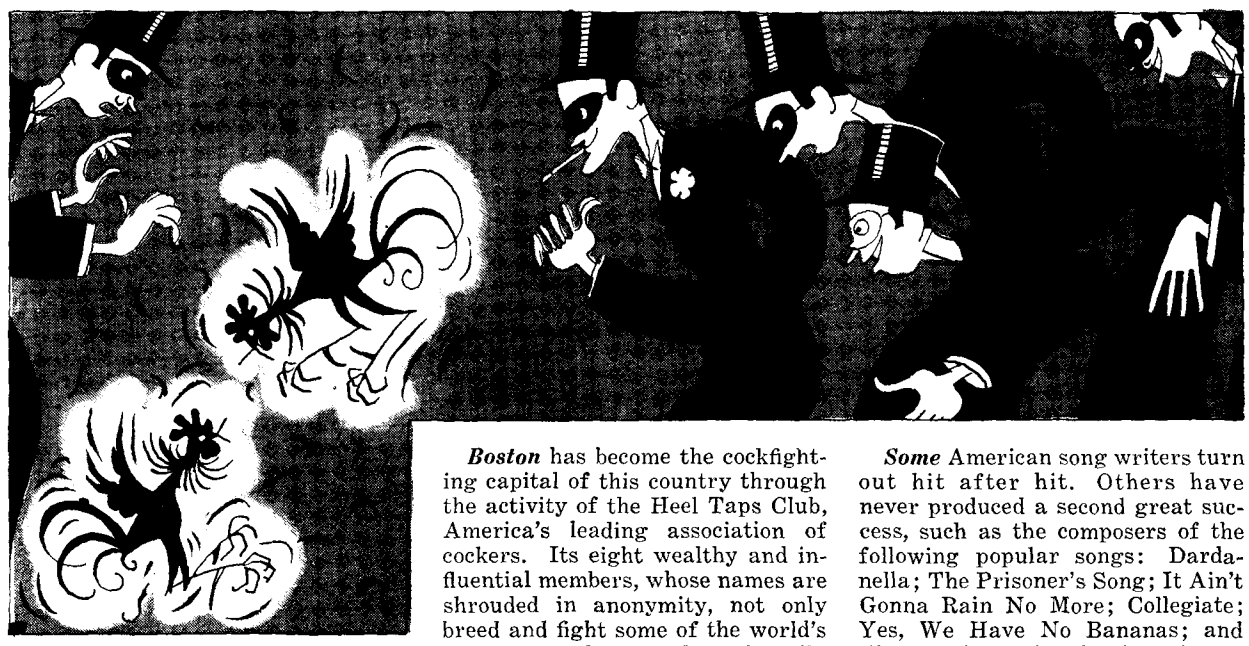
"Oh, Barnaby!" cried Kate. "Oh, Barnaby!"

"That's all very well," he said, cautiously. "I don't like to take any chances. But I'll tell you—if you're wearing that ring when I get up there, I'll know that you've made up your mind to marry *me*."

He had clambered to the dock three seconds later. He had taken her into his arms.

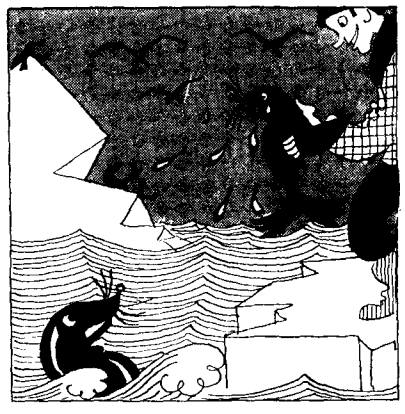
"Ah," he said, "what a beautiful ring you're wearing!"

"Yes," said Kate, smiling tremulously. "Didn't you hear about it? I got a proposal—from a boat."



Keep Up with the WORLD

By Freling Foster



Boston has become the cockfighting capital of this country through the activity of the Heel Taps Club, America's leading association of cockers. Its eight wealthy and influential members, whose names are shrouded in anonymity, not only breed and fight some of the world's best gamecocks, but they virtually dominate this illegal sport in its various ramifications throughout the United States.

The mightiest gateway ever constructed stands today at the entrance to the Hindu temple in Madura, India. Virtually comparable to an American skyscraper in length, width and height, its exterior is completely covered with more than 30,000,000 large, sculptured figures of gods, goddesses, elephants, lions, bulls, horses, monkeys, peacocks and mythological monsters.

Unusual prices have been offered for thoroughbred horses. The highest on record, which was rejected, was half a million dollars for Man o' War. The lowest, which was accepted, was a dollar and fifty cents bid for the yearling Botanic at an auction held at the Saratoga, New York, track.—*By Fred L. Watters, New York City.*

The gray seal has been known to shed tears—like a human being—while in an emotional state. A short time ago, when a noted naturalist prevented a baby of this species from following its mother into the sea, it cried pitifully and shed copious tears.

Some American song writers turn out hit after hit. Others have never produced a second great success, such as the composers of the following popular songs: Dardanella; The Prisoner's Song; It Ain't Gonna Rain No More; Collegiate; Yes, We Have No Bananas; and Three o'Clock in the Morning.—*By Melton Rose, New York City.*

One of the most widespread superstitions in the United States is the belief in the influence of numbers. An interesting case is that of a hardheaded businessman who pays $300 extra rent each year for the privilege of occupying Room 711 in a certain New York skyscraper. He feels that it is worth that much more than either Rooms 611 or 811 because of the lucky connotation of the number, particularly in a game of craps.

Zoological parks sometimes spend large sums of money to reproduce native environments in order to keep their animals healthy and contented. The London Zoo recently completed a special "house" for its 12-foot lizards from the Dutch East Indies, which contains a cave, swimming pool, growing palm trees, vitaglass skylights for sunny days, ultraviolet sunlight lamps for cloudy days and even electrically heated rocks.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Hope deferred maketh the heart sick

HOPE sustains self-respect. Yet as you read this, millions of men and women are touching elbows with despair, nearly crushed by continual drain on courage and spirit.

Government relief aims to prevent starvation and provide shelter. This meets basic human want. But other human needs—hunger that asks for more food—are fully as important!

Pictured above are some of the hopeful, human dramas made real by your local welfare organizations. This year, your Community Chest will ask you for a contribution to all the organizations devoted to first-hand neighborly contact with those in need.

These needs have grown. While the demands upon neighborhood agencies are greater than in 1929, their income has been decreased. Health and character-building programs, their true function, have been impaired.

The money you contribute will send a visiting nurse up tenement stairs, equip a playground to weed out crime and help character to flower, find a good home for a homeless child, assist a shattered family in getting a new start. Help them to hold on to *hope*. Give with a generous hand.

Grover Whalen

CHAIRMAN, NATIONAL CITIZENS COMMITTEE

MOBILIZATION FOR HUMAN NEEDS · 1936

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Deep West

Continued from page 9

"And didn't," said the girl.

"I guess Faro Charley will be buildin' the mansion," explained Clay Rand wryly. "Well, another day, another kind of luck."

"I suppose," said Constance in a small voice.

They went out to the horses and swung up. Paused a moment, Jim Benbow looked back toward Dunmire's stable to observe again the shadowy shapes of Gore's men. They had been there all this while, motionless and speechless, and waiting for Gore. Clay Rand was laughing with a deep and reckless amusement at something Constance had said or done; and now Constance turned her horse and fell abreast Benbow. There was a little interplay of feeling here Benbow had missed, for he saw the sudden and desperate set of her cheeks. Somehow Clay had hurt her again. She said to Benbow, the very coolness of her tone telling him of her stifled pride: "Ready to go, Jim?"

Square Madge Reynolds crossed from Donlake's store to the Cattle King. Near Benbow she lifted her head—this big and buxom and still attractive woman—and smiled at him and spoke with a quick favor: "Hello, Jim."

Benbow lifted his hat, and then she had gone into the Cattle King and Benbow put his horse to a trot, leaving Two Dance behind. Ahead of them lay the formless shape of Two Dance range. There was a faint and wild-scented wind crossing this night and in the bitter-black depths of the sky all the stars were glittering.

"You have friends in strange places, Jim."

He said, "I take 'em where I find 'em," and let it go at that. She was thinking of Square Madge, and she would remember that against him. Or maybe it would be in his favor. He never knew about Constance Dale. She had a way of judging his life and sometimes of analyzing it for him with a frankness that was startling, as though her interest in it was too deep to be ignored. As though she had a share in his life. Well, he had been Hat's foreman five years and there was little reserve between them.

CLAY RAND was chuckling out his pleasure at something Price Peters had said. Things, Benbow thought, ran this fast for Clay. He could curse at his luck over the poker table; and forget it soon, and find things in the night to set off his gay humor. Always this man lived by extremes, and had his way of making people love him.

Rand said: "What took you to Cheyenne, Jim?"

"Stockmen's convention."

"That all?" questioned Rand idly.

"Yes."

"You can be a close-mouthed sucker," jeered Rand.

Izee Custer's voice came from the rear. "A good habit for these times."

"So," said Rand, a soft curiosity in his talk, "there was something else."

"No," said Benbow. It was the way he said it. Talk stopped there and they ran up the Two Dance grade in silence and alternately walked and cantered along the pine-guarded alley that was the summit pass. Deep in the timber they saw the brief flash of Summit Ranch and afterward, falling down the slope into the black sweep of Two Dance Valley, the faint and far-spaced glint of isolated outfits began to break that deep plain's mystery. They passed Gay's store and presently reached the valley floor. By tacit agreement Benbow and Peters and Izee Custer drew ahead and halted, leaving Constance Dale behind with Clay Rand.

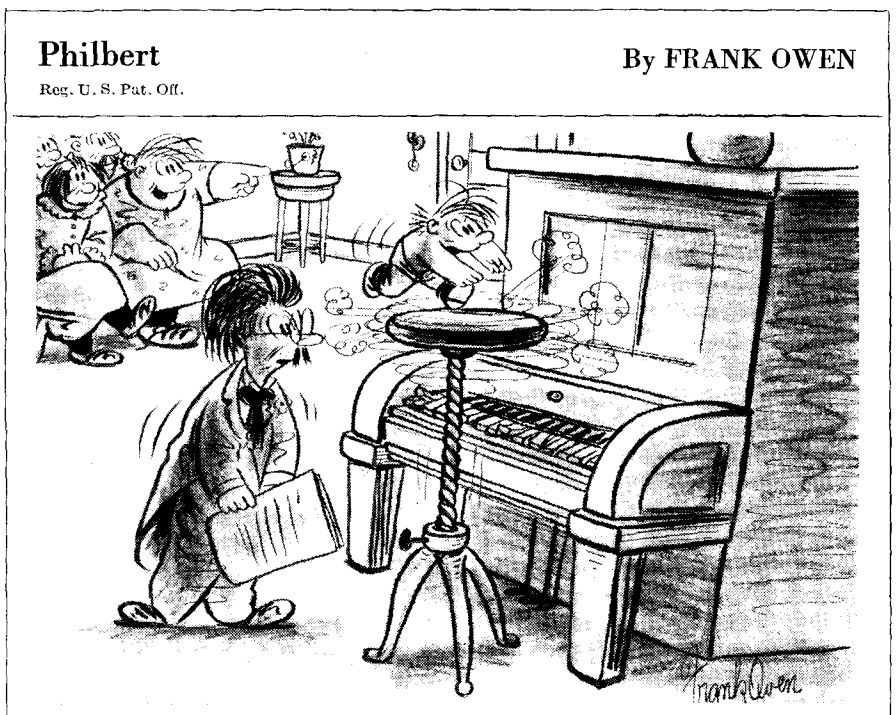
After a time, Connie came up alone. Clay Rand was racing off to the southeast, taking the short cut across the valley to where his own small outfit, Anvil, lay at the base of the Yellows. They went on, hearing his voice calling cheerfully back, "So long!"

A mile farther ahead Price Peters turned with a brief "Good night," and struck for his own place down toward the badlands, westward. Benbow and Connie pressed forward, with Izee Custer dropped discreetly back; and after another forty minutes of steady riding along the flat width of the valley they raised the Hat's lights and passed into its yard. Big Jack Dale's voice emerged from the solemn depths of the porch. "That you, Jim?"

CONNIE said, openly amused: "Is it your foreman or your daughter that interests you the most?"

"My foreman," drawled Big Jack Dale, "is a necessity."

Connie dropped from her horse and went into the house, dropping her father a kiss on the way. It was as though she made a reluctant concession to Big Jack; and as though he accepted it reluctantly.



"Before you go any farther, Philbert, stop and ask the professor if the stool's not high enough now!"

There was, Benbow thought, always that unsentimental manner masking the real affection between those two. Izee Custer took the horses away and Benbow stood on the porch steps, idly smoking out his cigarette. Big Jack Dale shifted in his chair and sighed, and said:

"Get your business done?"

"All the cattlemen are cryin' about the rustlers this year," said Benbow. "It's the same story, from Jackson's Hole to Julesburg. We're bein' hurt. So's everybody else. Seems like there's a reason."

"A reason won't help spoiled beef," growled Big Jack Dale. "But what is it?"

"The little boys are growing into big boys. The big idea hit 'em all at once, which is that it's easier to gang up and make a real business of rustlin' than to play a lone hand. There's gangs all over the state. They got a system. A man planted in the outfits to hear things. A bunch to run the stuff. A bunch to hold it somewhere, a long ways off. Another bunch to peddle it. It's what all the stockmen in Cheyenne say."

"You think it's that way here?"

Jim Benbow dropped his cigarette, grinding it beneath a boot heel. He sat down, stretching his long frame forward, pulling his big hands together.

"I mean to find out," he said.

"How?"

"I fired Pete Cruze in Two Dance tonight. And hired another man."

"What other man?" said Dale.

"Another man."

Big Jack Dale's amusement came along the dark with a husky sibilance. "All right, Jim. All right." He got up then and stamped his walking stick three times on the porch flooring; and went inside the house.

Benbow rubbed his hard palms together, and held them still and stared at a point of light pulsing far across Two Dance Valley, which was Rho Beam's chuck wagon making camp near the base of the Yellow Hills. But he wasn't thinking of Rho Beam or the chuck wagon. It was the softness of Constance Dale's voice when she spoke to Clay Rand that kept ringing in his head like the gentle echoes of a bell.

Around eight o'clock that evening the train crew laid the loose shape of Chad Povy before Bill Russell at Mauvaise station. Part of Russell's crew happened to be there and these men took up Povy and carried him to the near-by ranch house. An hour later, when the Rocky Springs stage came by, they put Povy aboard. At midnight, following his instructions, the driver stopped on the long grade leading up Yellow Hills and lugged Povy to a comfortable spot in the pine timber and left him there. Thus, having come sixty miles from Two Dance in a dead stupor, cheerfully and even enthusiastically cared for along the way, Chad Povy at last rested on the upper edge of Two Dance Valley, stained by blood and with two bullets fired from his gun.

BENBOW was at the corrals with Custer and three other Hat men when Arizona rode up, shortly before sunrise the next morning. Arizona eased himself in the saddle and for a moment let his glance have its sharp way with the men scattered about the place. Physically he wasn't a match for any of the Hat crew, and yet there was something about him that made these other men take their careful look. A steely calm covering the hint of a wildness fitfully asleep. A way of absorbing the world with his eyes.

He said, to Benbow: "You still want a hand?"

Benbow kept his attention on Arizona as though his thoughts were not fully satisfied. But he spoke to Izee. "Take him over to the line cabin Pete Cruze had."

Custer went off to saddle his horse. Arizona let his legs hang full length, free of the stirrups; and rolled himself a smoke. None of the other men broke the silence and presently Arizona said: "Anything about this line cabin I ought to know?"

Benbow said: "You look like you could take care of yourself."

"My habit," said Arizona briefly.

"Stick to the habit," answered Benbow. "It's all I've got to tell you."

"That kind of a job," observed Arizona, the lids of his eyes drawing together.

Izee Custer trotted up. Arizona joined him and without further parley those two rode over the ranch bridge and fell into a steady canter southward across the flats of the Two Dance. Presently they were a pair of diminishing shapes under a sudden burst of sunlight, the color of Arizona's yellow shirt dying out. Gippy Collins, who was only a kid, spoke up:

"Well, where's Pete Cruze then?"

"Fired," said Benbow, and turned to his own horse. In a little while he was riding eastward through the swell of a fine, brisk morning with a flawless sky above him.

TWO DANCE VALLEY ran this way twenty miles with scarcely an undulation, with only the willows of the river breaking the flow of the flat earth. On the north lay the low Two Dance Range in a kind of continuous wall; to the south the ramparts of the Yellow Hills shouldered abruptly up from the valley floor, dark-streaked by pine timber. In the foreground little spirals of dust were rising from wagons hauling hay out of the river meadows. This was the heart of the valley, these miles of Hat lying between the hills and rolling east to Mauvaise siding fifty miles removed. He couldn't see the quarters of the neighboring outfits, but he had them all in his mind clearly. Rand's Anvil tucked in a crease of the Yellows, twelve miles off, Running M two miles west of Clay, its houses backed against the mouth of Granite Canyon, Diamond-and-a-Half more remotely placed in the Yellows. Behind him, in the west, Block T and The Crescent and Price Peters' horse ranch verging off into the chalky color-streaked gulches of the badlands. With a few nesters here and there.

This was the valley. The year was 1884 and Benbow, cruising on through the strong light of the day, had only to close his sharp eyes to recall in his mind every trail and spring and boundary mark within an area eighty miles square. This summer was his fifth season as Hat's foreman. And his tenth since, as a wild and foot-loose kid, he had come up the trail from Texas. It hadn't been so long ago that Indians made their lodges along this river; and he could remember seeing Sam Yancey's body lying up by the breaks, naked and without scalp.

Riding this way studying the ground and horizon always for news, a man often pondered strange things and reached strange answers. Only sometimes there were no answers. That was what he thought this morning. A man fooled himself into believing he could drift with the seasons, the seasons not changing and himself not changing. It was hard to realize he wasn't a foot-loose kid any more and it was hard to think that Connie Dale, within the reach of his voice for so long, would presently marry Clay Rand. That would be the break—the end of something. It was hard to

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figure beyond that break. Was that what Big Jack Dale, hunkered down in his porch chair, was thinking too?

This while, his eyes were running the deep reaches of the valley. He had seen Arizona and Izee Custer vanish at the base of the Yellows and later that morning he watched Izee travel back, shooting up dust spirals as he rode. It was beyond two o'clock when Benbow reached Hat again to find Izee crouched on his heels in the shade of a corral, taking ease. Izee opened his eyes, said briefly, "He'll do," and closed them again.

Benbow ate a solitary dinner and went to the office adjoining Hat's big living room. Jack Dale sat in his customary wide leather chair, his feet hoisted to the sill of an open window, his attention strayed somewhere beyond the thickening whorls of fall haze lying across the Two Dance. Benbow sat up to the desk and opened the work book. He wrote in it: "Arizona, hired," and added the date —and put after the name a faint cross. The cross represented something in his mind, something he couldn't write in the book.

HE SET the book aside, and remained there before the desk, his solid fingers idle.

Jack Dale said, indolently: "When I was young I had fever to travel. So I rode till I was gaunt. Like a longhorn starved for salt and lookin' for it." He let that lie in the still air. And said then: "You're twenty-five, Jim. Don't your feet fiddle?"

"I got that knocked out of me early, Jack. When I was fourteen, coming up the trail from Texas."

"Man's got to be a little wild when he's young," murmured Dale. "And let the wildness spill. Or he goes sour, like a bad horse. Or flat, like a hand-fed deer." He cleared his throat. "I observe there's some hell in you. It's why I sent you to Cheyenne—to get drunk and wind up in the cooler. You didn't do it."

"Think that would help, Jack?"

Dale's glance sharpened on Benbow. Afterward he shook his head. "No, I guess that ain't it." But there was something in him that stirred his habitual silence powerfully and had to come out. In a little while he spoke again. "A few women need gentle handling. But it's my observation the rest of 'em like a man better if he makes them cry now and then. Seems to me women have a habit of just admirin' men that treat them softly and with understanding—and fallin' in love with the kind that give 'em storm and trouble. They like the rough way better than the smooth."

A rider galloped impetuously into the yard and stopped, and a woman's voice —Eileen Gray's quick, expressive voice —sailed through the house. "Connie." Presently both women were on the porch, talking. Benbow got out of his chair. "It will have to be the way it is, Jack," he said quietly, and strolled out to the porch.

Jack Dale settled more deeply in his chair. Indian summer's haze stirred like fire smoke all across the Two Dance. Beyond, the ramparts of the Yellow Range were dim and strange—just as they had been fifteen years before when his wagons had ventured to this choice and dangerous ground of the Sioux. Isolated images rose before him and passed on—of men he had known so well, of things he had done in his heartier years. But his thoughts, irritably insistent, returned to this Jim Benbow who was so much like a son—and in whom he had so deliberately entrusted the management of the ranch. Now after five years he saw that hope die; and like an inveterate poker player silently discarding a poor hand, he threw his particular ambition away. And sat wholly still in the chair, watching the day turn on.

Benbow stood against the porch post watching the two girls. Eileen Gray's glance came to him immediately and took a personal notice. She said in a teasing voice: "Don't be so serious, Jim. I'm worth a smile, aren't I?"

It drew the smile out of him and then Eileen, satisfied with her accomplishment, turned toward Connie and the two fell to talking about the wedding of the following week. Eileen was marrying Joe Gannon, who ran a one-man spread over against the Ramparts.

There was a contrast here Jim Benbow noticed clearly. Eileen Gray was like a flash of restless color, slim and laughter-loving, and with graphic features that kept registering all the sudden changes of her temper. A pretty kid. One that wanted men to like her and was hurt by any man's indifference. Connie sat quietly by, a taller girl and outwardly a calmer one—hearing all that Eileen said and meanwhile listening beyond the words for things left unsaid. Once her eyes lifted to Jim Benbow, as though wanting to know what he thought.

There was a rider coming across the flat on the steady lope, which would be Clay Rand riding in to see Connie. Benbow built himself another smoke, the secret knowledge in his head making this picture very sharp to him. Connie's glance rose to that approaching figure and all the gravity of her face softened, changing the expression of her eyes and cheeks—even though she was trying to hide that change. When the hoofs of the horse struck the hard earth in the yard Eileen Gray swung around and then the laughter went immediately out of her, replaced by a dark and half-haunted look. Benbow saw how completely she threw her heart at Rand; and then he pulled his eyes from the girl, silently enraged.

Rand slid from his saddle and came on forward, a high and gallant shape against the sun; he removed his hat and his smile was as it always was on that flushed and handsome face—softening all resentment. He said, "A picture of beauty for a fact," and then his chuckle ran the dry air. "Marred only by the face that's shocked a thousand men. Meaning Hat's hard-boiled foreman."

"Maybe I'm in the way," drawled Benbow.

"Just came over to protect my interests," grinned Clay Rand. "You're runin' me a tough race."

Benbow said: "Me? I was disqualified at the post, Clay. I grew up with Connie and she knows me too well."

Clay drawled: "Never let a woman know you too well, kid. They like a little mystery."

Connie said smoothly: "If it's mystery you want, Clay, you'd better cover your tracks a little better."

CLAY RAND'S ruddy cheeks showed a deeper flush. It was a thing that stabbed into his pride; he showed that. Then Eileen Gray stirred to attract his attention and spoke in a begging way: "You coming to my wedding, Clay?"

"I never miss weddings, Eileen."

They made a three-cornered group on the porch, with Jim Benbow in the background, out of the scene. There was something here that excluded him definitely and he dropped his cigarette on the porch, ground it beneath his foot and returned to the office to find Jack Dale asleep on the corner couch, his face covered by a newspaper. Benbow drew out his hay and stock record and began to work at it. On the forks of the Two Dance, five hundred tons. At the willow meadow, thirty tons. The Indians on the reservation were saying it would be another tough winter—a starving winter. Sometimes they were right and sometimes they were wrong, but in the cattle business a man had to be smart. Smart with beef and ignorant in the ways of a woman. It seemed to be his story.

He worked on with his mind thus split. Hay and beef and Clay Rand and Arizona and himself and Connie Dale—and the far darkness of Hat's future. Another six hundred tons along the upper corner of the river. His big fingers moved with a steady regularity, pressing the pen point into bold strokes. The voice of Clay and the girls rose and fell along the porch. The day droned on and the hay hands were riding into the yard with the late long-flung shadows. Somewhere Izee said in quick voice: "Jim—come out here." It was five-thirty then.

When he got to the porch Izee simply pointed toward the farther sheds of Hat, around which came a rider at a jiggling trot. He rode a scrubby horse bareback, with a piece of rope twisted Indian fashion for a hackamore; a little man all bent over and having a hard time of it.

"Povy," murmured Izee, in his blandest manner. Hat's men were moving forward to see what this was. Clay Rand said, "What is it?"

Chad Povy brought his sweat-caked horse to a stand at the porch. Dry blood stretched all across his shirt and he had the expression of a fugitive on his peaked face. He tried to ease himself and almost fell off. He looked at the encircling hay hands and back to Benbow. A hoarse croak came out of him.

"Jim, before God, I dunno how it happened! I'm a condemned man! Last night I killed a fella! Gimme a fresh horse. I got to leave the country."

There was a shocked silence on the porch. Izee put his hand across his face slowly and looked at Benbow. And then Benbow sat down suddenly on the porch steps and laid his broad palms on his knees for support and let go with a deep uncontrolled shout of laughter.

Povy said, "What the hell, here? I—"

HIS lips were moving, but nobody heard what he said. All the men in the yard were at once whooping, as though they had gone crazy. Izee's grin got broader and broader; and Benbow seemed to be crying, to be praying. It went on like that for a full minute with Chad Povy staring about him, his expression beginning to break. He said, "Aw," and his jaws dropped. All at once he jerked up the hackamore rope and yelled out, "Damn you, Jim! One of these days you'll go too fur!" And afterward he galloped out of the Hat yard, his skinny frame bouncing a foot at each forward surge the beast made, the wild howling of the collected Hat crowd following him mercilessly.

Connie said: "You ought to be spanked, Jim Benbow."

Clay Rand stared at Benbow. He hadn't laughed much at the joke. He spoke now with a faint malice, a thin note of envy: "Why didn't you let me in on this last night?"

Benbow got to his feet. He had to wipe the tears out of his eyes. He only lifted his hand at Rand and then went down the yard with Izee Custer, both of them whooping.

The supper triangle began to bang behind the house and the crowd broke for the low, long ell running back from the main quarters. The sun dropped over the western badlands in one fast flashing sheet of flame; and violet began to flow immediately across the valley. Eileen said, "I've got to hurry," and went out to her horse. In the saddle, she looked down at Clay Rand in a way that was quiet and rigidly unhappy. "I hope you'll like this wedding, Clay," she said, and then raced out of the yard.

Connie Dale rose from her chair. "Staying for supper?"

Clay Rand shook his head. "No. What did she mean, Connie?"

Connie looked at him. She had a way

(Continued on page 38)

You're going through the worst winter months right now— Is your general *resistance* good?

This is to remind you that next month—February—is the worst time of year for winter conditions. That's when they're likely to be more severe and to last longer than at any other time.

Studies have been made to help people avoid these common, winter discomforts by finding out exactly which months of winter are the most hazardous. They point to a definite relation between the prevalence of these conditions at *the end* of winter and the *low general resistance* so many people have at that same time.

Has that been your experience? Is your general resistance low after a strenuous winter? If so, there's no need to wait until you're affected. Begin *now* to prepare yourself for the weeks just ahead!

Taking something *every day* to help build general resistance is a first step. And to many people, that means taking *Adex*.

Adex will give you Vitamin A, which contributes *more than any other vitamin* to good general resistance. It also provides extra "sunshine" Vitamin D.

Both these vitamins come from *natural* sources like good cod and halibut liver oil. Begin now with Adex and take it *every day*. Have the tablets or capsules at your breakfast place regularly. Get Adex at any reliable drug store. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

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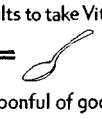
The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D



One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

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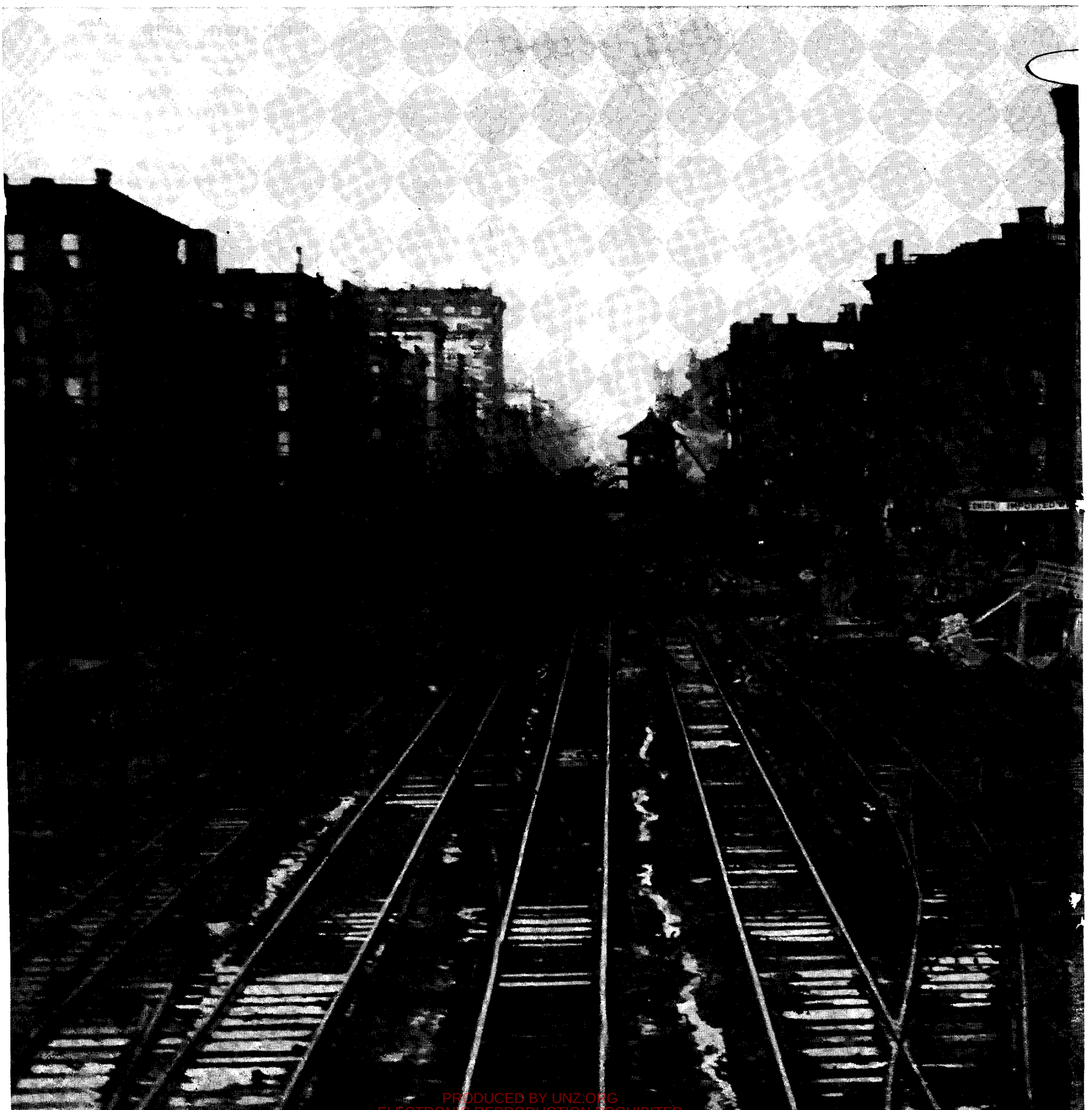
Down by the railroad



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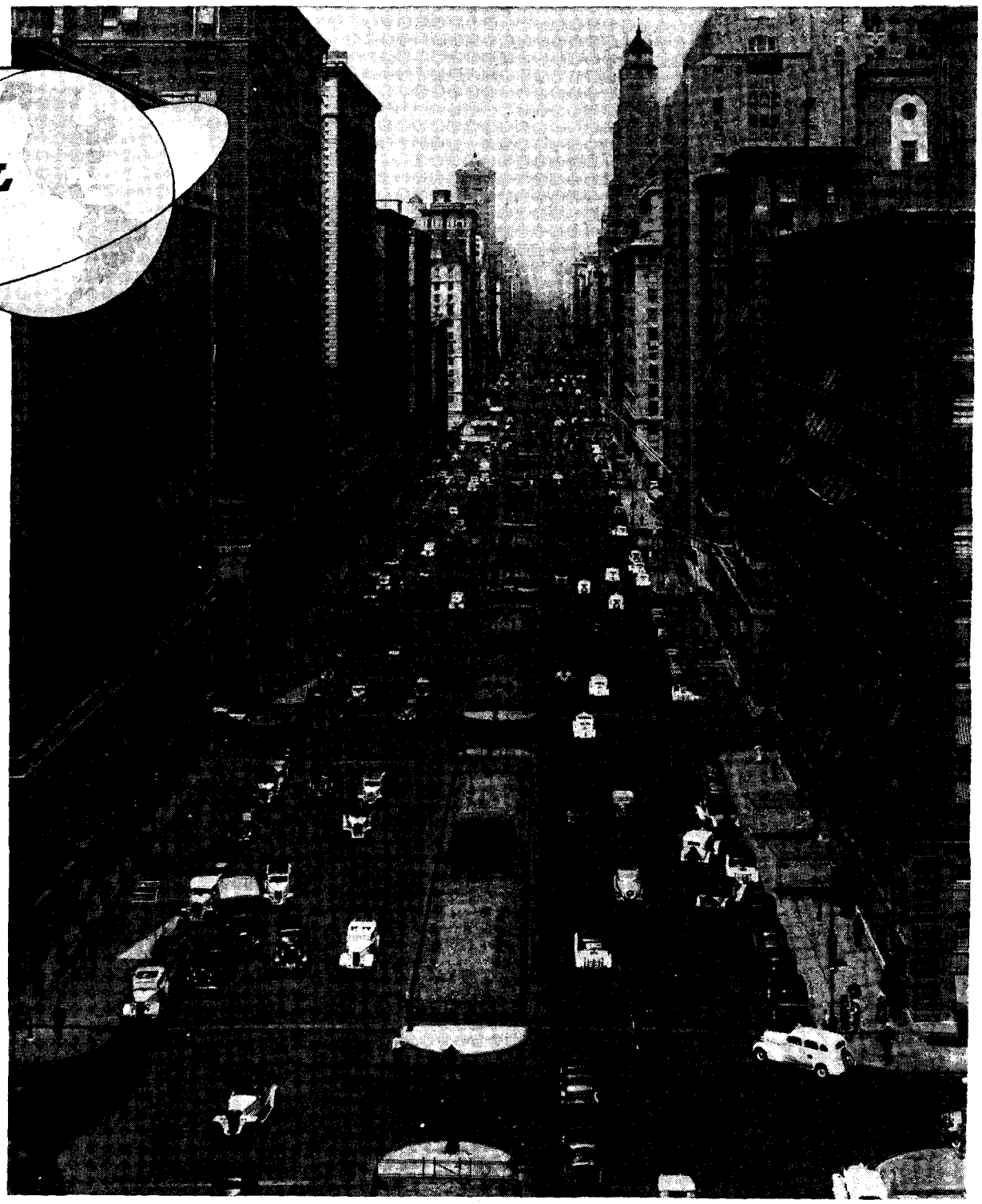
tracks is now the place to live



THE WORLD MOVES — FORWARD WITH STEEL

WHAT NOW is New York's Park Avenue was an ugly gash through the heart of Manhattan only a generation ago. Squalid buildings lined its sides; dirt and noise made it a place where no one wanted to live.

Then in 1906 began an amazing transformation. The railroad was electrified. A boulevard, divided in the center by plots of grass and shrubs, lined with apartment houses, clubs and hotels, grew up over the railroad tracks, supported by columns of steel. An ingenious system of separate columns was devised to sustain the track levels, the street, and the apartment houses. The sturdy steel legs on which the buildings stand are insulated with vibration-mats of lead, asbestos, and cork. Those who live on Park Avenue, or walk or ride on it, are scarcely conscious that beneath them pass 600 heavy trains in each 24 hours.

It could not have been done without steel. Steel is the *basic* product, the *underlying* factor in progress of many kinds. United States Steel laboratories, working with the men in the mills, have constantly produced better steel. This in turn has resulted in better transportation for America, better communication, better farming, and, as dramatically shown by Park Avenue, better cities and homes.

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AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · CANADIAN BRIDGE COMPANY, LTD. · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY · OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY SCULLY STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · *United States Steel Corporation Subsidiaries*

UNITED STATES STEEL

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(Continued from page 35)

of going quietly angry that always turned her face slim and pointed and proud. "Clay, I'm not as much of a fool as you might think. Your affairs aren't very mysterious."

He came up the steps to her immediately, not smiling any more. He said, "Connie, can't you be charitable to a man?" She started to speak, but he bent his blond head down and kissed her. They were like this for a moment—long enough for Benbow to see them when he came back from the bunkhouse. Clay stepped away, serious and strained and having a rough time with his feelings.

"I think I'd always forgive you," murmured Connie Dale. "It's something I can't help."

Benbow swung wide of the porch, going deliberately away from it. Clay Rand clapped on his hat. He stood a moment before the girl who was so stirred, who so deeply showed the way of her heart. "Hope for a sinner," he said gently. "Never change toward me, Connie. Never mind what happens—never change."

"Stay for supper."

"No," he said. "Not now," and went to his horse and rode out. Connie watched him swing out across the valley toward his ranch far over at the foot of the Ramparts. Dusk whirled along the flats in wide blue streamers.

IT WAS dusk and then it was dark, with Old Jack and Connie and Benbow on the porch. The hay haulers and the few home ranch riders were grouped down the yard by the bunkhouse and somebody had brought out a guitar, playing "Buffalo Gals." A breeze ruffled up the dying earth heat, and dust and hay smell was very strong. Far over in the Two Dance footslopes the lights of Gay's store were winking and vanishing and winking again. The sound of riders made a trembling echo off in the stillness—riders coming on fast.

Old Jack Dale said: "Takes me back. We used to sit here and listen to horses comin' hell-bent like that and wonder if it was the Indians. Trouble out of the Yellows. The Two Dance hills never meant any grief. Riders from that way meant good news. But it was always trouble when they came from the Yellows. Time goes too fast. Cheats a man. Promises him a lot of things when he's young. All of a sudden he's old and it's time to go."

"Dad," murmured Connie Dale.

"Not complaining," said Old Jack Dale. "I've had my fun."

Off yonder the rhythm of the riders was abruptly broken; and afterward one single horse rushed along the road past Hat, and disappeared. Benbow had been leaning against the steps; he sat up at once, listening into this night. Jack Dale's chair creaked and the old man said: "Which is odd."

Izee Custer's short and rolling shape appeared in the yard. He came on to the foot of the porch, not saying anything, the point of his cigarette making a red hole through the shadows. The lone rider's horse sent back its diminishing echoes and then they ceased entirely. But there was something on the edge of the Hat yard, something that stirred and stopped. Benbow rose. He said, "Put out your cigarette, Izee," and watched that glowing point drop to the earth.

There was a horse drifting in, the shape of it breaking vaguely through this darkness; riderless, yet with some low shadow across the saddle. Benbow stared at that a long moment and then murmured, "Bring a light, Izee," and walked out from the house.

The horse stopped and threw up its head, expelling a drafty breath. Benbow said, "Easy, easy," and took his time. But when he caught the dragging reins he stood fast, at once identifying that burden lashed across the saddle. A man there. His voice ripped the shadows, "Hurry with that lantern."

Men ran on from the bunkhouse. Old Jack Dale challenged him from the porch, "What you see?" Izee trotted forward with a lantern. He came around Benbow and held the light full against that pony's burden. They saw it at once.

This was Arizona, thrown across the saddle and tied there like a sack of meal. His head hung down and his arms hung down and his face was turned to chalk; and he was dead.

Izee said: "Wait," and reached out to a bit of paper fluttering on a thong attached to Arizona's neck. He passed it over to Benbow, who smoothed it against his knee and held it before Izee's lantern. It said:

"Here's your range detective from Cheyenne, Benbow. You didn't fool anybody."

"For gossakes, how did *that* get here?" LEONARD DOVE

ALL Hat's crew stood around the horse in a still, shocked circle, Jack Dale came up to have his quick look and Connie walked forward and put her hand on Benbow's shoulder, the sound of her breathing irregular and very small. Izee Custer saw the girl's white face staring at the pony's burden and instantly swung around, putting his body between it and the light.

Benbow moved suddenly through the circle, leading the horse down the yard. Izee handed his lantern to somebody else; in front of the crew's quarters he helped Benbow unfasten the dead Arizona and lift him inside to one of the bunks. The light traveled forward from hand to hand, shining down on the man again and showing the blue, pencil-pointed hole centered in his forehead.

"Rifle bullet," said Izee.

Gippy Collins, Hat's youngest rider, said: "Well, who was this fellow? What'd he take Pete Cruze's place for?"

Izee grunted, "Shut up, Gippy," and followed Benbow out of the bunkhouse. Benbow called, "Gippy, come here," and waited until the kid's stringy shape appeared uneasily before him. "Ride into Two Dance, Gippy. You'll find Pete Cruze there. Tell him to come back."

"Whud he do?"

Izee repeated gently: "Shut up, Gippy."

BENBOW went down the yard with Izee as far as the porch. Jack Dale sat in his chair, making no motion. Connie stood with her shoulders touching a post, her face showing vaguely to Benbow. Jack Dale's voice broke the silence:

"You framed something, but it leaked out. Is that it?"

"I arranged this with Arizona at Cheyenne four days ago. His real name was Jory and he was a detective for the Cattleman's Association. Cruze knew his part, and played it well when I fired him. But there was a leak." He spoke in a dying, softening voice. Connie turned nearer him when she heard that tone, knowing the fury held beneath it. Gippy Collins pounded out of the yard toward Two Dance town. Benbow spoke again: "We're going to have some trouble, Jack."

"You can have it," said Big Jack Dale, "or you can avoid it."

"Trouble will hurt Hat."

"It's your choice, Jim. You're runnin' this ranch. It's your say."

"Hat," said Benbow, "comes first. It always has."

"I built Hat out of trouble," Dale said. "But you can duck this trouble if that's your desire. I make no recommend."

"No," said Benbow. "I'm out to break, or be busted. But I can leave Hat clear of it."

"How?"

Benbow looked up at the girl. "When you marry Clay, Connie, he'll be the foreman here. When you marrying him?"

She said: "Why, Jim?"

And Jack Dale growled: "What's that got to do with it?"

"I can wait my time until he comes. I can hold off on this fight—if it ain't too long. But if it's to be a delayed affair then I'll have to quit and go after these fellows on my own hook."

"Quit?" said Dale in a resounding tone. "Who's pickin' foremen for this ranch, you or me? You'll stay."

But Benbow's answer was softly stubborn. "Clay's my best friend, but there ain't room for two foremen here."

"Who said there'd be two foremen? He'll be Connie's husband, but you'll run Hat."

"Connie," said Benbow, "your dad ought to be a smarter man than that. Tell him what he doesn't see."

The silence ran on, Connie Dale not speaking. Izee turned away because he knew he had no place here. Jack Dale pushed himself out of the rocker, his heavy body a painful burden to his joints. "I guess I see," he said.

Connie Dale descended the steps until her eyes were level with Jim Benbow's face. She touched his arm and her voice was softer with him than it had ever been. "I don't know when I'll be married, Jim. But you'll have to stay until then."

"Why?" asked Benbow. "Why?"

JACK DALE went to the house doorway, and paused there. He said, "When I ran Hat I never stepped around a fight. I'd like to see one more scrap before I died." Having said it, he went inside.

Connie said, "What are you afraid of, Jim?"

He swung away from her deliberately. But she was a strong presence at his side, like fragrance riding the night air, like melody coming over a great distance. Well, it was worse than that. Here stood Connie Dale to shake him badly with the hint of a womanliness s fresh and turbulent and strong. Ac across the flats the full shadows of night pulsed; the faint lights of Gay's store were winking out from the foothills and the near earth had a gray, lucent shine to it. He remembered the way Arizona's body hung over the saddle.

He said irritably: "What do you want to delay the marriage for?"

"I don't know, Jim," she told him humbly. "I don't know."

"Nobody," he grunted, "seems to know anything."

She repeated: "What are you afraid of?"

He wheeled and reached for her, pulling her down the steps altogether until she fell against him. He had a tight grip on her arms and could feel the sudden tremor running her body, through all its soft resilience. There was a little moment of passiveness; and then she was pushing against him. He let her go.

She said: "Is that what you're afraid of?"

He couldn't find the right answer. Wildness drifted with the night and the feel of it was queer to him, like the weightless, breathless air preceding the break of bad weather. Only it was worse than that. His thoughts couldn't reach ahead, but off there somewhere—in the farther space and in the future time—lay something that turned him spooky, sending through him a cold thread of actual fear.

He took her hand, holding it without pressure in his own big palm. "It's the end of good times, Connie. For all of us, I guess."

(To be continued next week)

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Waking on the Railroad

Continued from page 13

the amount of privacy afforded the passengers. Privacy is what people seem to want, when they can afford it. They used not to be able to afford it, and so compartments and drawing rooms ran empty everywhere. Now they are in demand, with returning prosperity and lowered prices.

For years, the sensitive Asiatic and European have been coyly sleeping in wagon-lits—literally bed wagons. In these tiny cells, the traveler could be alone; he could undress and dress while standing up; he could wash, shave and brush his teeth in solitary magnificence. Not only could, but did—and when he had to cross America in a Pullman he shuddered and made stinging remarks about the crude Americans, without shame.

Now, with America becoming acutely comfort-conscious, privacy is about to become standard equipment on every "sleeper jump," as show folks call an overnight rail trip. And not only that . . .

Having got their traveler comfortably asleep in a private room, the roads still have the problem of keeping him snoozing. No matter with how much luxury he is surrounded, no traveler is going to be satisfied if, during the night, he is the victim of emergency stops, jerky starts, bangs, groans, bumps and rattles from the gear under the car, or the hoarse shouts of brakemen and the tooting and bell-ringing of switch engines.

So there are schools for locomotive engineers on how to start a heavy train without jerking it in half—and to help them, small booster engines have been developed for locomotives, to give high power for starting and eliminate the old back-up-and-jerk-ahead system of getting sixteen cars under way. Baggage and mail trucks have rubber tires and even the little stools the porter tosses on and off at stops have been rubber-shod to eliminate noise. New rules forbid loud talking around trains at night. And cars themselves are being soundproofed, not only against outside noise, but against the squalling baby in Room B on one side and the all-night drinking party in Room D on the other.

The Riders Get the Breaks

Sixty thousand people sleep on Pullmans every night, which makes the Pullman company the world's biggest hotelkeeper. The company owns ten million pieces of linen and replaces four million every year—including the towels you sneak out in your grip. Its annual laundry bill is $3,000,000; its patrons use up fourteen truckloads of solid soap and thirteen locomotive tenders full of liquid soap each year. The air-conditioning that has made travel a lot more pleasant in the past few months costs about six thousand dollars a car.

These sixty thousand night riders are going to get the breaks, not only to get them back into the Pullmans, but to keep them off busses and airplanes. A few years ago, if you wanted to sleep and travel, the only solution was the train. Then the bus people started to put on sleeper busses and recently the air transportation concerns have started sleeper planes. That makes keen competition—especially as the busses have the weapon of cheapness and the planes have the edge on speed.

The fighting fare on Eastern day coaches spurred the bus lines. That, in turn, spurred the railroads on—and the upshot is that the traveler of limited means is going to get the breaks while the battle is on.

The first good luck rail-traffic men had in years was air-conditioning, which gave them something more to sell than the space in the car. Busses had stolen away business with economy; planes with speed. The rail men came back with climate—manufactured right on the car.

Three kinds of air-conditioning were adopted. Cars were sealed up, which not only shut out some of the noise, but kept them—and their women passengers, especially—much cleaner. All sorts of gadgets went into the cars. Little fans, under passenger control, were inserted into berth curtains to waft the refreshing zephyrs over the sleeper. A punkah-louvre arrangement, borrowed from modern ships, also was installed on some Pullmans. Other cars just turned the conditioned air loose and hoped it would seep through the curtains onto the passenger.

The Railroads' Chief Weapon

This air-conditioning, in turn, made it immaterial to the traveler whether he was hauled over a dusty roadbed by a wood burner or over a rock-ballasted track by an electric locomotive. Dustless track and cinderless locomotives suddenly ceased to be talking points in advertising. The sturdy old steam locomotive took a new lease on life—and the new sleek electric and Diesel engines lost, to some extent, their advantage—from the patron's point of view. Riding in a sealed tube, on sponge rubber, breathing pure, cool air, hearing very little, it mattered not to the passenger whether, up ahead, there was a green turbo-electric monster or a forty-mule team hauling the cars.

So the power technicians of the roads don't have to worry any more about making motive power clean or less annoying to riders.

The passenger business they have regained—and created—the railroads mean to hang onto. That is why the move to assure greater privacy and comfort is rushing forward so rapidly. Airplanes soon will fly into the battle with superships, sleeping twenty-four people—not, however, in private rooms.

All right, say forward-looking rail men. We'll reply with streamlined trains running on a thirty-six-hour schedule from the Coast to Chicago. The regular schedule still is fifty-six hours for standard trains; it was sixty-eight hours not many years ago. Faster trains will cut down the planes' advantage.

Under keen competition, the battle for mass-transportation revenues is not only cutting rates but bringing new comfort and luxury and speed and convenience to millions of people. De luxe busses, superplanes, are making the railroads fight with every weapon they have.

The chief weapon seems to be the long, sleek new car, with its new comfort, silence, ideal climate, privacy, economy and safety. With fleets of those the roads expect fully to hold their own. There's only one fly in their ointment. . . .

It is discouraging, to say the least, for a railroad executive to ride on a new, clean-air car which has cost his road thousands of dollars to revamp and is costing a tidy sum to operate—only to discover the porter, at the end of the run, destroying the whole effect by insisting on brushing patrons off. The new cars are so clean, rail men assert, that patrons ought to be brushed off *before* they get aboard. That would be grand psychology, too—if they could just get the armies of dusky servitors to do it.

Maybe they will—some day.

. . . . . a pineapple juice that really has everything!

A sip of this juice—another sip—and all of your taste buds tingle. You know you've made a discovery

—an appetite-rousing *flavor* discovery!

Here is the kind of juice you'd expect to get if you could pick luscious, golden-ripe pineapple, on some sun-flooded plantation, and drain its fragrant juice right into your glass.

Refreshing? It's positively zestful! Bracing and thirst-quenching. It sets you up!

And so rich! Mellow-ripe. You get a hint of its richness even before it crosses your lips—in its tempting, fruity bouquet.

In fact, you'll find this delightful juice has *all* the fine family traits of *all* the other DEL MONTE Foods you like so well.

But, the proof is in the *tasting!* So get a few cans—DEL MONTE, remember. See for yourself what a great drink pineapple juice *can* be!

It's Del Monte PINEAPPLE JUICE

PURE • NATURAL • UNSWEETENED

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had not thinned out but was a bit larger. Eddie took Mr. Plummet's arm and pushed him over to the table.

"Here's your boy friend," he announced.

Miss Moffet looked up. "Why, Mr. Plummet—" She sat bolt upright in her chair.

Mr. Plummet was speechless for a moment as he looked at her. Then he said: "Miss Moffet—what are you doing with these people?"

"I'll tell you," Mabel put in. "She's with these people because you, you stinker, wouldn't take her out on New Year's Eve."

Eddie pushed Mr. Plummet into his chair and reached around for another one vacated by a dancer.

"Eddie is one of my old pupils," Miss Moffet explained. "I didn't know he had gone to get you. But," she smiled, "I'm glad he did."

Mr. Plummet goggled at her. "This is most extraordinary, Miss Moffet."

"Yes, Mr. Plummet, but—"

"Say, for Pete's sake," Mabel said, "cut that Miss and Mister stuff. I thought you knew each other." She turned to Mr. Plummet. "What's your name, big boy?"

"George," he answered dimly.

"It's Georgie from now on, my friend. And get the old dauber up, kid." She ruffled his hair and chucked him under the chin. "Smile. Some fun, eh?"

She stood up and put her hand on Eddie's head. "Let's you and me get out and dance and leave these love birds by themselves." Eddie followed her to the floor.

Miss Moffet and Mr. Plummet stared at each other.

"How did you ever find this place, Miss Moffet?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "Eddie brought me."

"I hope not the way he brought me," Mr. Plummet remarked.

"How was that?"

Mr. Plummet glanced quickly over his shoulder at the dance floor. "At the point of a gun," he said as low as the noise around them would permit.

Miss Moffet's eyebrows went up. "Gun?"

"Yes. He carries it under his arm. You are with dangerous people, Miss Moffet."

THE music stopped and Eddie and Mabel came back to the table. She clapped Mr. Plummet on the back.

"How's it going, baby? Here, have yourself another little shot."

She pushed a drink over to him. Mr. Plummet drank it down.

"This stuff is not so bad," he remarked, "once you get used to it."

"That's the idea, Georgie, we'll get that high hat off you yet." Mabel laughed a good loud laugh at him and Mr. Plummet laughed back.

Again the music began and Eddie and his girl returned to the floor. Mr. Plummet and Miss Moffet looked at each other shyly.

"Do you dance?" he asked.

She blushed. "I haven't in a long, long time." She paused. "But I'd like to try."

What they did was not truckin' and it wasn't the Lindy Hop and no one had ever seen anything like it at the Ritz, but it was in time to the music and they were close together.

When they got back to the table Mr. Plummet announced, "I like this." He reached for another drink.

Eddie took the glass out of Mr. Plummet's fingers. "Not now," Eddie said. "You've had enough. That stuff does things to you when it's new to your belly."

Miss Moffet leaned across the table. "Eddie Hogan," she said severely, only not as severely as she would have said it before that night began, "what are you doing with a gun?"

Grand Party

Continued from page 25

Eddie looked up at her quickly and then over his shoulder. Mabel shot a quick glare at him.

"Eddie—have you got that heat on you again?" she asked harshly.

Miss Moffet paid no attention to her. She went on. "Are you a—a criminal, Eddie?"

Eddie blushed. "Well, maybe I've done a bit up-river but—" He trailed off.

Miss Moffet smiled. "You oughtn't to carry a gun, Eddie." She held out her hand. "Give it to me, Eddie."

He looked up at her. "What do you want with a rod?"

"I want to throw it away."

THEY looked at each other again. She crooked her finger and wiggled it.

Eddie hesitated for a moment and then put his hand inside his coat. Slowly, very slowly, he withdrew the gun. Very carefully, so that it would not be seen, he placed it in his lap. Miss Moffet reached under the table and he passed it to her. She put it in her handbag.

Eddie felt his side and looked down at the empty holster. Carefully he unhitched it, dropped it to the floor and kicked it under the next table.

Miss Moffet smiled. "There," she said.

"Okay," the big man said. "Stay good." He waved his hand at the others. "Happy New Year, folks!" And he strolled off in the murky room.

Eddie reached for his drink and gulped it down.

He blew his breath out. "Whew!"

The others looked at him: Mabel with relief, Miss Moffet happily, Mr. Plummet mystified.

"That was close," Eddie announced. "Maybe I ought to get a safer racket."

"You sound like you were starting to talk sense," Mabel said.

Eddie frowned thoughtfully. "Big Carone, the bookie, wants a runner in a couple of buildings downtown. Maybe I might take the job."

Mabel sparkled. "Maybe I might marry you if you did—and stuck to it. No girl wants a husband who's going to spend half his time in poky."

"Okay, kid." Eddie put his arm around her neck and pulled her toward him and kissed her.

Miss Moffet beamed. Mr. Plummet took another drink.

Mabel said, "Say, Georgie, what racket are you in?"

"I work for a bank."

"Good boy!" She clapped him smartly on the back. "What's the matter with that? Right down where the dough is. Why don't you two get married?"

"Well, well!" Mr. Plummet lighted up. "Now that's an idea."

Miss Moffet just sat silently until they finished their drinks. Only a few people remained in the room. The band was gone and the waiters were piling tables on top of each other.

WHEN Mr. Plummet's drink was almost gone Miss Moffet reached for the glass and took it from his hand.

"Just for New Year's," she announced, "I'll try one little sip." She raised the glass. "As a toast to you, Eddie." The glass waved at him. "And to you, Mabel." The glass waved again and Miss Moffet took the last gulp.

"There," she said and stood up. "I'm going home."

So they gathered their things together, including Miss Moffet's horn, and walked across the empty, cluttered room and out to the sidewalk. It was snowing and a weak gray dawn had arrived.

"I'll take you home," Mr. Plummet said.

She shook her head. "No. It's late and you have a cold."

"Tush," he said. "Tush to the cold. And I'll take you home in a taxi."

"That's the stuff," said Mabel. "Be big. Eddie and me will trot along across town."

She put her arm through Eddie's and smiled.

"Happy New Year, Miss Moffet," Eddie said.

"Happy New Year, Miss Moffet," the girl chimed in gaily.

"And the same to you," said Miss Moffet.

Mr. Plummet did not have much to say on the ride home, but at 125th Street he took Miss Moffet's hand.

At 137th Street he said, "Marion."

At 140th Street he kissed her lightly, but he kissed her.

At 141st Street he said, "Why don't we get married?"

She nodded and a tear ran down her face.

They drew up before Miss Moffet's home and got out and the cab rolled away. Mr. Plummet kissed Miss Moffet once again.

"Good night," he said, and then hesitantly, "darling." It was a new word to him.

She put her arms around him and said weakly, "Good night—darling." But then it was a new word to her, too.

She gave him a gentle push and he turned and walked slowly off. When he had taken three paces he heard Miss Moffet say:

"Oh—"

HE STOPPED and looked around. She was fumbling in her bag and then she produced the gun. Mr. Plummet returned to her.

"This—" she said. "What will I do with this?"

Mr. Plummet looked at it and said, "Oh," and then braced himself and took it from her.

"This," he said firmly, "is a man's job. I'll get rid of it."

"George—be careful. And don't get hurt."

He raised his hand a trifle. "I won't get hurt. I shot a squirrel once when I was a boy."

He looked down at the gun in his hand and then at Miss Moffet. He thought of the time when he was a little boy once and shot a squirrel. Mr. Plummet's arm went up and pointed the pistol at the sky, and Mr. Plummet pulled the trigger and the pistol went—

"B-a-n-g!" very loud in their ears.

"Eeek," squeaked Miss Moffet.

Mr. Plummet jumped. She grabbed his arm and they looked timidly up and down the sidewalk for the inevitable policeman. But none came because noises in the snow do not carry very far and noises on New Year's Eve might be caused by almost anything.

When nobody came and they were safe Mr. Plummet looked once more at the pistol, and then he raised his arm and threw it across the street where it landed with a plop. Miss Moffet looked at him solemnly and gave him a good, round little-girl wink. Then she patted his shoulder and shoved him gently away again.

"Happy New Year," she said.

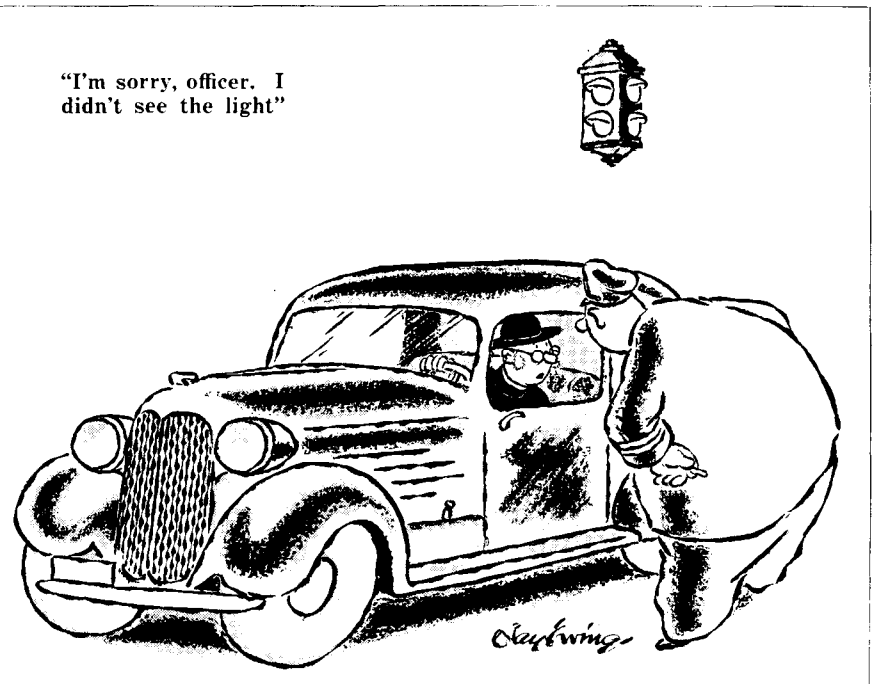
"Happy New Year, Miss Moffet," he called as he walked away and there was a note in his voice that hadn't been there for many years.

She climbed the steps and looked down the street after him as he faded into the falling snow.

Her cheeks were bright and her mouth parted. "Happy New Year, Miss Moffet," she breathed and then raised the horn and pointed it toward the vanishing Mr. Plummet. He heard the farewell—and the greeting. He couldn't have helped hearing it. Miss Moffet went—

"Oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!"

"I'm sorry, officer. I didn't see the light"



JAY IRVING

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The World Passes By

Continued from page 18

cents, including the duty. And their company's head man told me they'd make about 30 per cent profit, at that. . . ."

"My friend, we have in Amsterdam a cigarette lighter that sells for about four dollars American. I am talking to a Japanese manufacturer today and he says his company is making the same article to wholesale at one yen sixty—about fifty American cents. . . ."

"Each?"

"No, my friend, not each. Fifty of your cents a dozen."

Wandering About Tokyo

Let's move on to a table where half a dozen newspaper correspondents are chatting over whisky and soda:

". . . So Brown—he was from the Sydney Bulletin—lands at Kobe and says he's a newspaperman, and a little fellow comes up and announces: 'I am the police station.' Brown looks him over and says: 'You are not the police station. Police stations have walls, doors and windows. Where are your doors and windows?' He was very serious about it. So this little fellow breaks down and shows his badge and admits he is Brown's private spy. So Brown asks if the spy has an expense account and the spy says yes, a small one. So they go up to the Oriental bar and have beers until the swindle sheet is all used up. Then Brown pours the spy into a cab and sends him back to the police station. . . ."

Over Kirin beer, an old lobby hand at a near-by table is telling a pair of lady tourists about Tokyo:

". . . I couldn't tell you just where the store is, because the streets here don't have any names. . . . No, I'm not kidding. If you want to tell anyone where you live, you first tell them the 'ku,' or ward. Inside this ward are villages—'cho.' Inside the villages are localities—'chome.' Inside these are houses, all numbered—but usually all the numbers are the same."

"You mean Ginza isn't a street?"

"No, it's a district—it means the district of the silversmiths. Take my own address. It's Kojimachi-ku, meaning the Everlasting Rice Field village. Inside that again is Ni-chome, the second section. Inside that is my apartment house, No. 65, and I live in 65's 14."

The Imperial is fearfully and wonderfully laid out, with a central trunk and two wings running parallel to it. These three sections are joined by two cross-sections, which leaves two courts, laid out as gardens, with small lakes full of goldfish. All the odd-numbered rooms are in one wing and the even-numbered ones in the other, so that if a family reserves Rooms 380 and 381 its members will be about half a mile apart.

There is a legend in the hotel that, occasionally, gaunt, bearded men turn up in the lobby, having been lost in the narrow, twisting passages for days. People wander about in the catacombs below the place for hours, trying to find the bar.

About midnight the tourists return, to sink into the black-and-gold chairs, drink a nightcap and recount the adventures of the evening. In the Ginza district are dozens of narrow streets, without sidewalks. Along these streets there are scores of tiny bars, some a mere ten feet square. "Intimate bars," they are called, with truth. A tiny counter, at which three slim people might sit; a small table and two modernistic chairs; a phonograph. Sometimes a dozen people crowd in and try to dance with the three barmaids. Outside, a watching boy signals when the cops come, for dancing is legal only in Tokyo's eight dance halls—and if you want to give a dancing party in your home you must get a police permit.

Let's drift around among the tables and listen to the tales the tourists have brought back from their day's wanderings about Tokyo:

"The difference between the Chinese and Japanese, ol' top, is that the Japanese are copyists and button shirts they send back from the laundry, because we do. But the Chinese—he looks after Master's comfort and leaves the shirt unbuttoned so that Master will have no trouble. . . . And Japanese shoes squeak because Americans never patented a way to stop squeaking. . . ."

"My dear, we got a 'Pillow Book' up in a little store out in Nihonbashi-ku—a sort of What a Young Bride Ought to Know, for Japanese newlyweds, very old and rare. . . . No, of course we can't *read* it, but the pictures, darling! . . . You get a shampoo, wave and manicure, all for three yen fifty, and the manicurists stand up to work and do the finger wave backward. . . . What gives me the fidgets is the way all the taxi drivers drive on the car tracks, dry or wet. . . . Oh, that? That's a habit they contracted after the earthquake, when all the roads were unpaved and the tracks were the smoothest place to drive. . . ."

"This restaurant—the Gajoen—it's like nothing you ever saw. Miles of corridors and rooms in solid lacquer, inlaid with mother-of-pearl—floors and everything. After dinner they wrap up all the leftover food for you, in boxes, to take away. We could have brought back enough for a week. . . ."

And So to Bed

The crowd in the lobbies is thinning out. A Buddhist monk, with nine burn scars on his cropped scalp, draws his black robe around him and bows to a short-haired lady from Long Beach, California. A lone Britisher, remarkable in full evening dress, yawns and retires. A five-foot Japanese doll in a heavy white-and-green kimono and silver flowers in her black hair paddles away in the wake of her Western-dressed husband.

Harsh, twangy Australian voices cry good nights to bowing Japanese. American girls, looking smarter than anyone else—outdressing and outgrooming the best from Paris and Vienna—stroll away upstairs. A slim Eurasian, with thin, bitter lips, laughs and orders a final drink, looking with fathomless eyes across the table at her white father and graying Japanese mother.

In the long narrow rooms, with their center light pillars and scores of tiny drawers and sunken tile bathtubs, five hundred and ninety-nine famous names are asleep.

The six hundredth—gaunt, hollow-eyed and bearded—is wandering about somewhere through the maze of passages, vainly trying to find his way back to the lobby he had left two days ago.

"We don't know who she is! These things were stored here by the previous tenants" HERMAN ROEG

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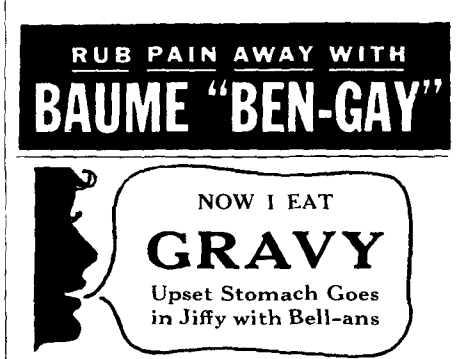

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Next to Hitler

Continued from page 15

or many salaries, or many pounds avoirdupois. And Herr Darre chuckles:

"I'll go right over to Hermann's office and tell him that one! He'll love it!"

At the outset of Nazi rule in 1933 some observers were inclined to believe that there would not be room enough in the same regime for both Hitler and Goering. The latter's boundless personal ambition, they felt convinced, would sooner or later bring a showdown as to which of the two was really boss, and send one or the other head over heels into oblivion—either dead or alive, according to the nature and force of the kick administered by the winner in the controversy.

But such guessers have been proved wrong.

By hook or by crook, Goering has managed to get along every day in every way better and better with the Big Brown Shirt. Instead of going the way of Nazis like Captain Ernst Roehm, whose idea that he could dictate to Hitler and to the German army generals glowering behind the Hitler throne caused him to finish up, on bloody June 30, 1934, on the wrong side of a firing squad, Goering has been clever enough to know when to side-step Hitler and how to kowtow to him and keep from rubbing him the wrong way.

As a result of this awareness, on Goering's part, of the right moment for climbing onto the band wagon—and, even more, as a result of the relentless driving power which has made him one of Hitler's deadliest instruments for increasing German administrative efficiency and military prowess—Hermann has made Adolf repose in him confidence of a scope unparalleled in Nazidom.

Man of All Work

Before his latest promotion to the post of supreme watchdog over Hitler's new four-year plan, Goering was confined to the following jobs:

Minister of Aviation (snappy blue-gray uniform with variegated trimmings).

Infantry general in the German army (regular army garb, with assorted extras of the wearer's own invention).

President of the Reichstag (complete Nazi brown-shirt outfit).

Chief of the Prussian State Police (dark blue).

Chief of the German Secret State Police (black getup, very sinister and forbidding, similar to that of Hitler's crack bodyguard, the "S. S.").

Prime Minister of Prussia (no special clothes, according to latest reports—though there are rumors that Hermann is in conference with the leading Prussian tailors).

Chief Huntsman and Game Warden (of which the official costuming deserves a description all to itself).

It varies. It is subject, apparently, to no set rules and regulations. Hermann goes to sleep, he has a dream, and lo!—within a few days he is prancing through the forests of Germany and adjacent districts in toggery brilliant enough to knock big game cold, without the aid of bullets or knives.

The grandest version of his chief huntsman's apparel was seen a little while ago when he went on a hunting expedition wearing a fantastic array of bearskins, which made him look like an ancient German tribesman, topped off by headgear reminiscent of the god Wotan in Wagnerian opera—the whole rising to a barbaric climax in a big spear, which he brandished nonchalantly in his hand as he greeted his astonished and slightly apprehensive guests.

But, true to his quirk of mischievous humor, which causes even those Germans who like him least to laugh *with* him as well as *at* him, he chose, on the occasion of a recent important diplomatic trip to Poland, the soberest sort of conventional attire! You see, he was a diplomat! He had to dress that part just like any other!

Goering is forty-three years old—four years younger than his boss, Hitler. Like the latter, he is a veteran of the World War, in which he distinguished himself as an aviator. At the close of hostilities he was in charge of the "Flying Circus," whose most celebrated commander, Manfred von Richthofen, Germany's ace of aces, had been killed a few months before.

He Enjoys the Limelight

After the Armistice, Goering refused to surrender the planes under his command. Withdrawing them deeper and deeper into Germany before the victorious Allies, as they advanced to the occupation of the country of their defeated enemies, he obstinately ignored their peremptory demands for the formal delivery of what was left of the "Flying Circus."

Having finally left the German army (still without officially surrendering his planes), he went to Sweden in the employ of an aircraft concern and there married a young Swedish noblewoman who died a few years ago. Last spring he married Frau Emmy Sonnemann, a beautiful German actress, amid great pomp and ceremony, with Hitler himself as the star wedding guest.

He joined up with Hitler at the very beginning of the latter's efforts to dominate Germany and was among those who fought in the streets of Munich in the "beer hall *putsch*" of November, 1923, when the Hitlerites were crushed by the police forces of the German republican government. While Hitler, in prison, devoted himself to writing Mein Kampf, which has since become the Nazi Bible, Goering remained in exile until an amnesty made it possible for him to return to his native land. Resuming his work there in behalf of Hitlerism, he kept at it zealously until he and Adolf and the rest of them landed on the top of the heap at the beginning of 1933.

Goering's galaxy of official jobs (among which I forgot to mention Supreme Head of the German National Weather Bureau and Chief Liquidator of Sequestrated Estates, neither of which, to the best of my knowledge and belief, includes any special uniform) is said to net him something like $60,000 yearly, exclusive of all sorts of extras—a fact which brings a frequent note of bitterness into the anecdotes of which he is the hero. But he doesn't care. He goes on his way regardless of what is said about him. Just after the Nazis seized power he was asked what he meant to do.

"Enjoy myself!" he answered instantly.

Sometimes his idea of enjoyment takes peculiar forms. For instance, he acquired a lion cub some time ago, with which he soon got on a very friendly footing—which is more than can be said for most of the people who called on him when the lion cub was around.

Goering's childlike enjoyment of the limelight crops out on all sorts of occasions; with my own eyes I saw a good example of it at the big Nazi "Party Day" celebration at Nuremberg last summer.

"I'd like to come in again and try it . . . with my house slippers. . . ."

JAY IRVING

Far Out in Front

Hitler, of course, was the big center of attraction, which—taken together with the fact that the commanders of the German army and navy were present and basking in conspicuous expressions of favor from Der Fuehrer—would, one might suppose, have sufficed to deter even the most limelight-conscious from trying to muscle in too openly on the show.

Hermann Goering, however, was not to be deterred.

First, he mobilized nearly four hundred of his new war planes and had them roar and zoom and swoop overhead so effectively that they threatened to eclipse the sham fights and other martial stunts staged by his rivals in the celebration. Second, when Hitler stood up to review the various military and naval organizations as they paraded past him, Goering contrived to produce three solid battalions of his antiaircraft and ground aviation troops, as against one lone battalion of regular army infantrymen and a mere squad of naval cadets. This meant that he was privileged to stand all alone by the side of Hitler, far out in front of everybody else present, about three times as long as Admiral Raeder, head of the navy, and about twice as long as Marshal von Blomberg, commander in chief of the army. Just like Hermann!

As in other countries, many people in Germany suspect a connection, on Goering's part, with the fire which destroyed the Reichstag building in the spring of 1933, and which, ascribed by Hitler to Communistic perpetrators, was used by him as the excuse for completely crushing the German Communist party. They still talk in the German capital about the tunnel supposed to lead from Goering's house to the Reichstag, across the street; they still repeat the story of how those who set the Reichstag afire made good their escape, after they had done their work, through the said tunnel. Though more than three years had elapsed since the Reichstag was burned, the story connecting Goering with its destruction again cropped up during the celebration of the Olympic Games last summer.

A Strange Pair

A prominent feature of the games was the arrival at the German capital of the torch which, kindled at Olympia in Greece, was carried across Europe to its final goal in Berlin's Olympic Stadium. Keeping a perfectly straight face, Berliners would inquire of visiting foreigners:

"Have you heard what Hitler said when Goering asked to be allowed to carry the torch into the Stadium?"

"No."

"He said: 'Once is enough, Hermann! You've already carried the torch into the Reichstag!' "

Other big Nazis have succumbed to Hitler's fury; others have been swept into the shadows; still others strive vainly to wrest permission from him to nest in the topmost perches and pick the juiciest fruits of the Nazi tree—but, through every phase and crisis of the Hitler regime, Goering has emerged unscathed and triumphant.

A strange pair!—the one remote and brooding and simply clad, the other approachable and grinning and sartorially resplendent—pressing onward toward whatever goal destiny has decreed for them—Hitler and Goering, Goering and Hitler, hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder! And, as they elbow their way forward, the measure of Hermann Goering's importance in the Germany of today may be gauged by that constant, insistent questioning which runs through every day and every hour of one's sojourn there:

"Have you heard the one about the burglar who broke into Goering's house? No? Well, he stole fifty uniforms but Goering never missed them!"

"Have you heard the one about how Goering disappeared while he was visiting a big electrical plant? You haven't? Well, they searched all over the place for him and finally found him hanging from an enormous magnet in the roof. You see, his coat was so plastered with medals that when he strayed too near the magnet—"

"Have you heard this one? One day Hitler and Goering—"

"And this one? Goering and Schacht were out walking when—"

"And this one? It seems that Goering—"

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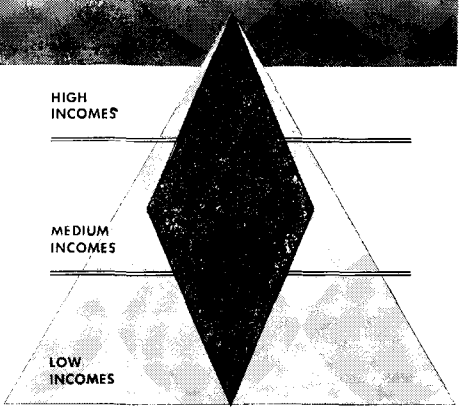

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The Man Who Dreamed Too Much

Continued from page 23

He spoke slowly, in perfect but unfamiliar English, which, out of deference to Fulton Kramer, we were all using. Slowly, caressingly, carefully, his beautiful voice flowed across the table, seeming to fill every corner of the room. He spoke about dreams, and did I imagine it or did something enter the room which hadn't been there before? I felt a touch of tension in the room. I felt somehow that everything that had gone before was merely part of a well-laid plan that was reaching its culmination.

I looked around the table. They were all looking at Dr. Schuler. If there was a feeling of tension in the room, certainly Dr. Schuler and von Genthner were free from it. Von Genthner was smiling gently and casually polishing his monocle on a napkin.

Dr. Schuler's voice went on, a slight soft accent adding something to it.

"To explain psychoanalysis and the interpretation of dreams," he said, "let us use an analogy. Take this glass of wine in front of me. I read the label. I see that it is a claret, Chateau Loudenne. Still that doesn't tell me an awful lot. Anyone can put a Chateau Loudenne label on a wine bottle. Now I taste the wine." He sipped it slowly, then turned to me apologetically. "I have a rather bad heart and my physicians tell me that I should not drink at all; that is why I really cannot do justice to your wine. However, I taste it.

"Now I know a great deal about the wine. The wine itself is merely the reflection of the grapes which mothered it—just as a dream is the reflection of the hidden thoughts lying in the subconscious mind."

"And this is what you call psychoanalysis?" Kramer interposed. "Never before have I thought of psychoanalyzing a bottle of wine."

"Freud calls it psychoanalysis," Gerhardt Schuler laughed. "Alder calls it individual psychology. Jung calls it analytical psychology. Any term will do—it all means the same thing. Our science is that science which allows us an access to the subconscious mind."

NOW and then von Genthner or Kramer threw in a question. Hoben sat there leaning forward, immobile. The Ambassador was hunched forward too, his eyes never leaving Schuler's face. The dessert came and went and we sipped champagne. Perrier Jouet, 1921. As Dr. Schuler spoke, I was suddenly conscious that except for his voice we were surrounded by utter silence. There wasn't a sound from the kitchen.

"But just what do dreams prove?" von Genthner insisted—a bit rudely, I thought.

"What does the front of a house prove?" Schuler answered suavely. "It doesn't actually tell you what is inside the house—but it gives a good indication. The dream is merely the façade of our mental house. Behind the dream is our subconscious mind. We must get behind that dream to see what it hides."

"But how?" Kramer asked. "How can a man even as gifted as you peer behind that dream, and how can you throw out those fears and those dark thoughts which apparently are the cause of most dreams?"

"It is not always easy," Schuler admitted. "There are certain dreams which always indicate, for instance, a fear of the dark. Some early childhood experience about the dark has entered the subconscious mind of a man. He himself is hardly conscious of this fear. His dreams reveal it to us. Then I set to work to cure his subconscious mind of this fear."

"But how?" von Genthner asked.

Schuler shrugged his shoulders and brought the fingers of his thin hands together. "There are many ways. I find hypnotism the best method. By hypnosis, a very loose term, incidentally, I mean this: I put his conscious mind to sleep and then talk to his subconscious mind. I convince his subconscious mind that it has no need to fear the dark and gradually the subconscious gets that thought across to the conscious mind. Then the patient is cured."

"You wield a strange power, Doctor," Hoben said, speaking for the first time. "When you have a man hypnotized you can convince his subconscious mind of almost anything."

SCHULER hesitated. "Yes . . . yes," he said slowly. "I suppose that is right. But, of course, I am only a doctor—a doctor of the mind and my province is curing. A psychoanalyst really widens the scope of the conscious."

"I had a dream the other night that was strangely exhilarating," von Genthner broke in, laughing. "I, who never dream, dreamed this night that I was climbing, climbing up into the ether. There was nothing but air supporting me and yet I kept on going upward, and the higher I climbed the greater was my feeling of exhilaration and happiness. What, for instance, does that dream mean, Schuler, if anything?"

"That's one of the most common dreams in my experience," Schuler laughed. "If the same dream occurs again and again, look out, von Genthner. Your subconscious mind for some reason or other has a wild desire to leap out into space. As long as your conscious mind can control that hidden desire no harm will come, but if the dream comes back it means that your subconscious mind is getting the upper hand. Then, von Genthner, stay away from high places. Stay away, von Genthner, from high places."

There was a sharp tinkle of broken glass. Hoben was peering at the broken stem of his wine glass. There wasn't a trace of color in his face. His eyes were as cold as the crystals on the chandelier above us. Now the room was charged with something electric.

Gerhardt Schuler looked from one to another. Now he, too, realized that something was wrong. His thin, soft hands fluttered nervously. "But gentlemen . . . gentlemen . . . why . . . why . . . are you looking at me so strangely?"

"You didn't tell my brother to stay away from high places." Kramer's voice was hardly audible, but in it there was a note that showed the inherent strength of the man.

Hoben straightened up. He was every inch the Prussian officer now. "We have learned enough, my friend." The words dropped on the table metallically. "We have a duty to perform. Come, Kramer, tell Gerhardt Schuler a story that he well knows already. Tell him of how your brother, our friend, met his death."

"But, gentlemen." Schuler laughed uncertainly but his eyes remained steady. "I do not. . . ."

"Quiet, please," Hoben's voice snapped. "Go on, Kramer."

"My brother, Mordaunt Kramer, died seven years ago tonight," Kramer began. He took two faded letters from his pocket. "I was in New York when he died and on that day I received a letter from him. I had received another just a week previous. Here are the letters. I won't bother reading them all."

The room was absolutely quiet. Kramer began very softly but as he went on the tempo of his words quickened and his voice raised.

"The sergeant scolded him this morning, in front o' the whole company" JAY IRVING

"Seven years ago my brother was in Berlin," he went on. "He had been working hard, very hard, and an inevitable reaction set in. He couldn't sleep, and when he did sleep his sleep was broken by dreams. He had occasional dizzy spells but his physician told him that organically he was absolutely sound. Yet he was close to a nervous breakdown. He was advised to consult you, Dr. Schuler, and he did.

"HE TOLD you of one recurring dream that bothered him. It was a dream in which he was climbing a mountain and in his dream he reached the top, then soared out into the air climbing higher and higher; sometimes it was from a rooftop that he soared, sometimes from a balcony; but invariably there was this climbing upward into the air above.

"You told him, and quite rightly I'll admit, that this was merely the protest that his subconscious mind was making against the driving that he had been giving it of late. He had, let us say, what we laymen call a common case of nerves—the kind that a long rest will cure. But you did not recommend a long rest. You recommended psychoanalysis. Yes, it is here in the letter, Doctor; Mordaunt and I were very close, and he told me almost every detail of your treatment.

"You used hypnotism on my brother. Within a week he felt better. He was able to sleep but only after you had soothed him, after you had, to use your own words, put his conscious mind to sleep. He became enthusiastic about your treatment. He tried to force money on you. Mordaunt was one of the world's wealthiest men and he was generous too. But you refused his money. You told him that it was satisfaction enough for you to make a convert of him, a convert to psychoanalysis."

Schuler broke in and his lovely voice was pitched higher than it had been.

"Yes, I had forgotten it. I gave your brother one or two treatments. I felt very badly when he—"

"Quiet!" Hoben's voice was full of menace.

"Then one day," Kramer went on, "my brother suggested to you that he would like to give something to help mental research. He suggested that he leave you a hundred thousand dollars in his will and you very casually agreed. My brother wrote to me enclosing a codicil to his will, asking me to execute it. I submit, Dr. Schuler, that by this time you had the subconscious mind of my brother thoroughly under your control. As you have explained to us, it is possible for the subconscious mind absolutely to dominate the conscious. I submit, Doctor Schuler, that you implanted into his subconscious mind the idea of leaving you a hundred thousand dollars. Once you learned that he had done that, you changed your treatments.

"You encouraged his subconscious mind in its mad desire to leap into space. Under hypnosis you fostered this desire, until it became almost uncontrollable. Shall I read just a paragraph or two from my brother's last letter?"

KRAMER picked up the letter. "'This past week after being on the verge of a complete cure,'" he read, "'I have had a relapse. I wake up at night and find myself looking down into the street from my window. The street below seems to fascinate me. Dr. Schuler tells me that this is but the last fight my subconscious mind is making for control. Within a week he tells me I shall be completely cured. I trust him completely, brother—he has a soothing voice and when I listen to it I drop right off to sleep. Sometimes it seems to me that his voice continues in my sleep. I hear it faintly but that I imagine is just a fancy. He began the last phase of my treatment today. He has told me to look out of my window just before I retire, to stare down into the street below. The prospect, I admit, frightens me a bit but he says that the only way to overcome this fear of high places, this desire to jump and those occasional dizzy spells is to fight against them. Tonight I will do as he says.'"

Kramer stopped. I looked at Schuler. His face gleamed white under the brightness of the chandelier. He passed a thin hand across his brow and then stared at the moisture on it.

"That night he did as you told him to do." Kramer went on. "That night he leaned over the window sill. Then? Then that thought you had implanted in his consciousness grew and grew like a fire in a wooden house. I can visualize him leaning over that window staring at the street below, trying desperately, bravely, to overcome this horrible thought which was paralyzing his consciousness. Then you know what happened. He fell and a moment later the

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world had lost a great man, a man who had not a single fault."

"He had just one fault, Kramer," von Genthner said softly. "He was a man who dreamed too much."

"Will you continue, von Genthner?" Kramer's voice trembled just a bit.

"Gerhardt Schuler," von Genthner said—and his voice might have been that of a schoolmaster so devoid of emotion was it; yes, or the voice of a judge pronouncing sentence—"we accuse you of the murder of Mordaunt Kramer."

"You are mad . . . mad!" Schuler's hands went out, palms upstretched. "This is ridiculous."

"Murder is never ridiculous," Hoben said in his clipped, accented voice. "Sometimes it is sad as in Mordaunt Kramer's case. Sometimes it is necessary as in your case."

SCHULER'S mouth worked his dark tidy beard. His eyes widened and for the first time showed fear.

"At one time or another during his lifetime," von Genthner continued, "Mordaunt Kramer did something very tremendous for each of us. Each one of us loved Mordaunt Kramer. We are four intelligent men, Dr. Schuler. We felt that there was something out of the ordinary in Mordaunt Kramer's death. Call it a . . . a hunch is the American expression, I believe. There was no tangible, concrete fact to show us that Mordaunt Kramer's death was not a natural one. But we felt that Mordaunt's life did not explain his death—and we felt that his death was an entire contradiction of his life.

"For seven years now, we four have tried to find something which would explain his death. All we had were two letters from him, and the codicil to his will. Yet strangely we could not connect you with his death for none of us knew much of psychoanalysis. Then Fulton Kramer went to Vienna. He talked to the leading men in your field, Dr. Schuler. He showed them the letter which told of the treatment you had ordered. You never should have allowed Mordaunt to write that letter, Dr. Schuler. It was your one slip."

Von Genthner stopped and Kramer took up the story. "When I showed the men in Vienna that letter they shook their heads in bewilderment," he went on. " 'Schuler must have slipped badly,' they told me. 'Why, he gave your brother the worst possible advice. The treatment in such cases is the very reverse of what Schuler ordered.'

"That," Kramer continued, "gave us the story. We four discussed the matter. We came to the conclusion that you deliberately murdered my brother for that hundred thousand dollars. Why did you need that money and need it so quickly? You were wealthy but your wealth was tied up in a Swedish match firm. One never thinks of a doctor as being a heavy investor but you were, Doctor. The firm was crumbling. If its credit could be maintained for a few months the crisis would be passed. That is why you murdered Mordaunt Kramer."

"You can't prove any of this." Schuler leaped to his feet and his face was pasty.

"You convicted yourself a few moments ago if we needed any further proof." Hoben was talking now. "Mordaunt's dream of leaping from high places was in essence the same as von Genthner's imaginary dream of climbing into the ether. And the warning you gave von Genthner would have saved Mordaunt Kramer."

"You can prove nothing," Gerhardt Schuler repeated calmly.

"That is correct." Monsieur Henri Beaumont spoke for the first time. "It would be quite impossible to convict you legally. Yet you are a murderer, Dr. Schuler. You are a menace to society and we have decided that you must die as any murderer dies. And it is most appropriate that you die tonight. It was seven years ago tonight that Mordaunt Kramer died."

"We waste time," Hoben broke in. "Von Genthner, give the doctor his orders."

"You can't . . . you can't murder me in cold blood. My God! You are intelligent, cultured men." His eyes searched frantically from one to another. "You can't. . . ."

"We have all seen men die," von Genthner said and his voice was edged with contempt. "We were all in the war, Dr. Schuler."

I sat there and there was moisture on the palms of my hands. I sat there and felt as though a piece of ice were lying against my spine. I sat there and told myself, "This is not real. It can't be. I am not watching four of the world's greatest men execute another man." I told myself that and looked around the silent table.

Von Genthner reached into his waistcoat pocket. He drew forth a tiny white pill. He reached across the table and dropped it into the champagne glass which stood in front of Gerhardt Schuler. Then he filled the glass with champagne. The tiny white pill danced merrily in the bubbles and then slowly began to disintegrate. Schuler watched the glass as though it hypnotized him. "What is that, von Genthner? What is that?"

"Just a little pill, Doctor." Von Genthner's voice was as calm as a soft breeze. "Merely ten grains of veronal. That's only a sleeping potion, Doctor, as you know. Ten grains of veronal wouldn't hurt a child."

Hoben drew forth a similar pill from his waistcoat pocket. He reached over, too, and dropped it into Schuler's glass. "There's another one, Doctor," he said.

"I have one for you, too, Doctor Schuler." Monsieur Beaumont dropped a third pill into the glass.

"And here is mine," Fulton Kramer's soft voice spoke.

All of us watched the pills dissolve. Von Genthner filled his glass with champagne and passed the bottle to Hoben. He, then Kramer and Beaumont, filled their glasses.

"Forty grains . . . forty grains of veronal . . . Good God! Forty grains of veronal will kill a man." I thought Schuler was going to break down completely.

"Yes," von Genthner said calmly, "forty grains will kill a man."

SCHULER'S eyes never left that wine glass. Now the pills had been completely dissolved. The bubbles had quieted and the wine looked like any other wine.

Von Genthner arose. The others followed. I found myself on my feet, too.

"Now, Doctor Schuler, will you join us in a toast?" von Genthner's words cut across the table like knife thrusts into the stunned consciousness of Schuler. Schuler arose almost mechanically.

"If I refuse?" his beautiful voice was but a husky whisper now.

"You will not refuse," von Genthner assured him. "There is no help for you, Doctor. We are alone, Doctor. The servants have left. There is no help for you."

"You will join us in a toast, Doctor, won't you?" Hoben's voice was as biting as the unexpected blast of an icy wind.

"You see, Doctor Schuler," Monsieur Henri Beaumont said in a matter-of-fact tone, "there is nothing else for you to do."

Fulton Kramer raised his glass. "To my brother," he said simply. The others raised their glasses, too, but they kept their eyes on Schuler. Mechanically, almost as if some force over which he had no control were actuating him, Schuler raised his glass until it touched his lips. Then he drank. He drank it in one horrible gulp. Then he reached for the back of his chair and he clung to it with one hand. The others finished and replaced their glasses on the table.

"Forty grains of veronal . . ." Schuler's face was not pretty to see. "Forty grains," he whispered. "In ten minutes I will be . . ."

"In four minutes, Doctor Schuler," von Genthner broke in. "In four minutes you will be dead. Veronal works very quickly, Doctor. Even now I dare say you can feel a slight constriction in your throat. Your throat is dry, Doctor. You can feel the muscles tightening. . . . Now, Doctor, the veronal has reached your heart. You can feel the muscles of the heart contracting, Doctor. They are gripping the heart with iron bands. You can feel them, Doctor. You can . . ."

Schuler's glass crashed to the table. He raised a shaking hand to his collar and a fleck of foam appeared against the darkness of his beard. "You are murderers, do you hear me? I killed Mordaunt Kramer. Yes, I killed him as you said I did. I killed him and I would kill you . . ." His voice was a hysterical scream now. "I killed him . . . killed him . . . killed him . . ."

Suddenly a spasm crossed his face. Then he raised his head and his eyes grew big. They grew bigger and he, too, seemed to grow in stature. A hand went jerkily to his heart and then—then his head dropped quickly, and he slumped forward grotesquely, catching on the chair for a moment, only to slide to the floor.

VON GENTHNER crossed the room in three strides. Von Genthner bent over him. "Dead," he said solemnly. "Dead. His heart was very bad, you know. Too bad, gentlemen. He was a great scientist." Von Genthner turned to me. "Call an ambulance, will you? We must have him brought to his home."

"But . . . but the police," I stammered.

"The police? What have they to do with this?" Von Genthner's face was innocent of guile.

"They will find . . ."

"They will find that he died of heart failure," von Genthner said quietly.

"An autopsy will show the veronal." I was shaking a bit now.

"Veronal? Come now," von Genthner actually smiled. "Those four pills we gave Dr. Schuler were only sugar. Just ordinary sugar pills. We did not kill Dr. Schuler. His subconscious mind killed him."

Von Genthner laid a hand on my arm.

"It was a case of self-execution. We used this method at the suggestion of Dr. Schuler himself, that is at the suggestion of something we found in one of his books. I remember the quotation well; it goes: 'The subconscious mind can be a powerful enemy. A thought can be placed in the conscious mind and if that thought is powerful enough it will enter and dominate the subconscious. If the thought is powerful enough it can even control the heart and the other organs of the body. In some cases a thought can enter the subconscious and be so terrifying as to cause death."

Von Genthner paused. "Let us go into the other room . . . You see, my friend, we implanted a terrifying thought into the mind of Gerhardt Schuler. It took complete possession of him and although his conscious mind tried to reject it, it could not. And his heart, not strong at best, succumbed to the suggestion of the subconscious. Now will you phone for an ambulance?"

I reached for the telephone. As I asked for the Berlin Hospital I heard Fulton Kramer's voice say quietly, "I shall sleep peacefully tonight for the first time in seven years."

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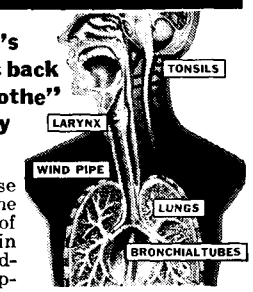

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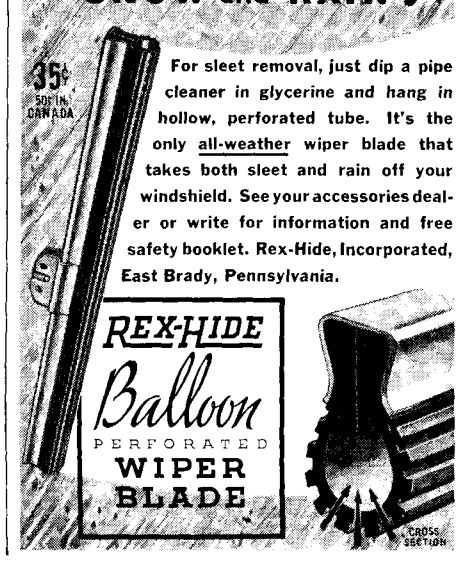

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The Heart Has Wings

Continued from page 28

thing about it till I got home . . . well, anyway, I was saying, Mrs. Harris missed the sleeper . . . couldn't get to Newark in time, so Gerry Downing fixed things up, chartered a plane . . ."

"Hildreth flew!" said Peter, more and more bewildered.

"Sure," said George, "she wanted to get here, didn't she? The kid wasn't born till that night . . ." He chuckled. "Dolly and her mother think he's the handsomest child east of the Rockies, but confidentially I don't think he looks like much . . . yet . . ."

As they were getting out of the car George said awkwardly, "Gosh, I forgot . . . I can't tell you how sorry we are about Bedford's crack-up—"

"What!" shouted Peter.

"You didn't know?" asked George, staring at him.

"Know what? For God's sake, George, don't stand there staring at me. I haven't been in touch with anyone, haven't seen a paper . . . The test? How bad was it?"

They stood there, jostled by the passers-by, and George told what he knew. He said, ending, "It's a damned shame."

"It's more than that," Peter told him.

After a moment of standing still and staring into space suddenly peopled by a plunging plane and the falling, twisting figure of a man he had liked and trusted and who had trusted him, he said briefly, "All right, let's get going."

Hildreth was at the flat, waiting up. George said, unlocking the door, "If you and Mrs. Harris can make out in the guest room . . . it isn't large."

Hildreth said, putting her hand out, "Peter . . . we tried to reach you . . ."

He said, haggard, "I wouldn't have gone away . . . I thought . . . well, May was a long time off."

SHE said, "I made some coffee, and George has some whisky. You look pretty tired."

"I am," he admitted. George went out into the little kitchen. Peter said, after a minute, "George just told me about Bedford."

"Yes, I know. I'm sorry."

"Sorry!" He stared at her angrily. He said, "I thought the ship was all right. I was a fool . . . I took her up myself. . . ."

"Yes, I know."

"Who told you?"

"Gerry," she answered, "of course."

"Why of course?"

She said, "Peter, don't look so; it wasn't your fault."

He said, after a minute: "But I'll never be sure of that, you see."

George came in with the decanter, glasses and the coffee . . . walking warily, balancing the tray. He said, "Here's to the kid," and poured his father-in-law a large amount, splashed in the minimum of soda. Peter reached for the glass and Hildreth said warningly, "Coffee's better; you didn't have much dinner, did you?"

"No—"

George left them for a moment and Peter, rousing himself, said, "Hildreth . . . I'll go to the Renton for the night if you—"

She said serenely, "There's no reason, really, Peter . . . it's late . . . George wouldn't want you to go."

No, of course not. With a guest room waiting—and his wife—George would think it very odd of him.

He said, uncomfortably, "Well—if you don't mind."

George returned and they talked about Dolly for a while. Then Hildreth looked at her husband.

"You'd better turn in," she said, "you look wretched."

It was a long time since he had shared a room with Hildreth. He watched her moving about in it, sat on the edge of his bed, pulled off a shoe, like a man dazed with drink or suffering from some emotional strain. He wrenched at his collar, and half ripped it off. Hildreth watched him with quiet, pitying eyes. Presently she went into the adjoining bathroom and came out again, ready for bed. He was still sitting there, hands folded, his coat off, one shoe still on.

He complained irritably, "It's in a damned knot!"

HILDRETH knelt and deftly loosened the knot. Her fingers were slender and quick. He stared down at the nape of her neck, at the fair hair. He said, "I'm a clumsy fool."

She rose and looked at him. She said, "You aren't used to running into trouble, are you, Peter?"

On the night table there was a little handkerchief. He picked it up, faint perfume rose from it, disturbing, sweet. He said, "This yours?" to Hildreth, and she took it from him.

"Gail must have left it," she said, "she was here, you know." Her eyes were

"Who's the new guy with the trumpet?" NED HILTON

quiet on his own. He asked, huskily, "Did she say anything . . . to Dolly?"

He thought, if she did say anything . . . ? No, he couldn't forgive her that . . . was it really a fall which had brought about the premature entrance of his grandson into this muddled world, or were they trying to spare him?

Hildreth said, "She didn't say anything, Peter. I told you the truth. Dolly had a bad fall."

He climbed into bed and presently snapped out the light. Hildreth lay within arms' reach, and silent. He spoke to her in the darkness.

"Tell me more about Bedford."

She said, "No. Try to sleep. I don't know anything except what the papers said. You can talk to Gerry in the morning."

She lay awake. His presence was strange to her in this room. He was strange to her. Her heart had been bitterly resentful. Dolly ill, in danger, and Peter not there; herself, sitting in the plane staring out into the night, and Peter not there. He was never there when you wanted him. She thought, Gail will find that out.

She thought he slept, but now she heard a stifled sound from him, like a groan. She asked instantly, "What is it, Peter?"

"Nothing. I can't sleep. I keep thinking of that ship."

Hildreth got out of bed and went into the bathroom. He heard the click of the switch, the sound of running water. Presently she came back with a glass in her hand, and a flat white tablet.

"Take this," she said.

He looked up at her suspiciously in the dim light which came from under the half-open bathroom door. "What is it?" he demanded.

She said, irritated, "I won't poison you, Peter. Don't be so childish. It can't hurt you. Only you must get some sleep."

"Where'd you find it?" he asked. "Good Lord, don't tell me Dolly's taken to drugs!"

Hildreth laughed. It was all so utterly absurd. She said, "Of course not. And don't say drugs that way. I take these things now and then."

He swallowed the tablet, washing it down with the water, making a wry face as he did so. He said, flatly, "Well, you shouldn't. Habit forming. Why do you?"

She said quietly, "I assure you I'm in no danger. I don't sleep very well, that's all."

"You don't!" He was astonished. He knew so little about Hildreth, after all.

She took the glass from him and turned to go but he caught her hand. He said, confusedly, "Wait, don't go, Hildreth. Sit down here a minute, beside me."

SHE put the glass on the night table and sat down on the edge of his bed. He still held her wrist. He asked, "What's happened, why does everything go wrong like this? Hildreth, if I could be sure it wasn't my fault that Bedford—"

She said, steadily, "I don't know anything about planes, Peter, but I am sure it wasn't your fault. Why should it have been . . . ? Other men have died," she remarked, "testing your planes and other people's planes."

He said, "But you see, I flew her; she seemed all right to me . . . But couldn't have been. If Bedford had flown her, he would have known, would have brought her down and had her gone over before the final . . . Hildreth, I'll never believe it wasn't my fault."

She said, "There is no use torturing yourself, Peter. No one thinks it was your fault."

"How do you know?" he asked her.

"Gerry said so—"

"Gerry . . . ?"

"I talked to him on the phone the day it happened," she said . . . "as soon as I heard . . . He was to try to reach you. He did reach Mr. Brewster's house. But as we already knew there was no way of getting a message."

He said, "Your hand is so cool."

He held it in his own, put it to his forehead. She let it remain there, and when his grasp loosened she pulled it away gently and stroked his hair back from his temples. They throbbed under her fingers. She said, "Try to go to sleep, Peter," very gently.

She felt at this moment no resentment against him. She thought, as he lay still, not speaking, relaxing under the quiet movement of her hand on his temples, The trouble is I grew up and Peter didn't . . . He can't face facts. He can face dangers, obstacles, a fight . . . he likes all that . . . but when it comes to something he can't alter, can't shape his way, he goes to pieces.

Presently he slept, and Hildreth waited beside him for a little while. She was cold in her thin nightgown. She shivered, waiting, with the windows open to the April breeze off the lake. When finally she went back to her own bed her teeth chattered. She curled up in the blankets. She thought, practically, I hope I haven't taken cold . . . if I have, I can't go near Dolly and the baby.

She had, she found in the morning, taken cold. It was not astonishing, considering that she had been tired, nervously keyed up. She said at breakfast, between sneezes:

"I mustn't see Dolly, of course . . ." She looked with streaming eyes at Peter . . . "You go over," she told him, "and explain . . . anyway," she said, sighing, "it's time I went back to New York. She's all right now, she'll be coming home in another week."

PETER said remorsefully, "Look here, I'm a brute . . . I kept you running around last night, getting me things." He explained to George, who was regarding them goggle-eyed.

She said, smiling faintly: "That's all right, Peter. It doesn't matter. And Dolly will understand."

Dolly, however, was furious. After the first greetings had taken place and the various explanations she demanded to know just what her father had meant, letting Hildreth catch cold. He said meekly, "It was my fault, I guess. She got up to give me a sleeping thingumbob . . . the windows were open."

"You neither of you have any sense," said Dolly. "Gosh, I'm glad to see you."

"You look marvelous," he told her truthfully.

"Nice of you to have eyes for me," she said, "I thought Miss Mercer had taken all of your attention."

"She is pretty, isn't she?" agreed Peter amiably.

Miss Mercer had left them alone together, so they could discuss her with impunity.

"Of course," said Dolly, "think I want to look at homely women? Junior wouldn't like it either. The night nurse is even better-looking. Makes it pretty nice for George," she said, grinning.

He said awkwardly, "I'll never forgive myself for not being here."

"Oh, pooh!" said Dolly, and made a face at him. "How could you know that Junior would be so anxious to see Chicago? Perhaps he thought the Exposition was still on. He's a brat," said Dolly tenderly, "wait till you see him; he looks a little like George and a lot like me but there's a glint in his eyes which is all you, Speed. . . ."

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"Was it—pretty bad?" he asked her.

"Oh, bad enough," she answered airily, "but there's always one consolation. You can be sure of being the center of attention. I don't mean that you can," she explained, her hair glowing in the slanting sunlight, and her pert small face radiant, "I mean . . . I can . . . women can . . . Oh, you know what I mean! I was pretty scared at first: no George, drat him, no mother, no you! Gail was a brick though . . . Haven't the least idea what I would have done without her. She was as calm as—as the mother of ten," Dolly said. "Wish she hadn't gone back East . . . Our little visit together was rudely interrupted."

PETER said, "Look, youngster, I've got to get back . . . There's been an upset at the plant . . ." He wondered if they had told her. Evidently they had, or she had seen the papers. She said soberly, "About the test pilot . . . poor fellow . . . the papers said he hadn't been married long."

"Yes, I know." He had talked to Gerry before coming to the hospital.

She said, "I don't know much about these things . . . do you insure them, or something?"

"Yes," he said shortly, "for ten thousand dollars."

Ten thousand dollars and Bedford's pay, a swell guy gone to glory and a young wife somewhere wishing she, too, were dead.

Peter left for New York that day, on a train. He had intended to fly but Hildreth wasn't flying. She was going by train. So they went together. And after dinner, he came from the lounge car to his single bedroom and saw that her door was open, and went in.

The porter had not yet made up her berth; she was reading. She warned, looking up, "Don't come too near me!"

Peter said, alarmed, "You shouldn't have undertaken the trip. You could have gone to bed at the apartment for a few days."

"I'll go to bed when I get home." She looked at him, remarked, "You could do with a few days' rest yourself."

She sneezed into her handkerchief, blew her reddened nose, choked a little. She said, "A head cold makes one so ineffective," and smiled at him faintly. Then, as he stood there she said, gravely, "Peter . . . I know what you want to ask me. Now that Dolly's all right . . . I thought, after she gets back to her apartment, I d go out and talk to her. I'd rather talk than write. And then, I'll arrange to go to Reno, or wherever my lawyers think best. That's what you want, isn't it?"

He said, feeling as if he had been slapped in the face, "Of course. But there isn't any great rush, is there? I mean . . ."

She said, "It isn't a case of rush, is it? But I gave my word that when Dolly was—"

He said, absurdly, "Well, this is hardly the time or place to discuss it, is it?"

He went back to his stateroom. Hildreth had asked, "That's what you want, isn't it?"

Up in the woods, he had been sure that it was. Now, he was no longer sure.

(To be continued next week)

Ship Ahooey

Continued from page 29

reserve fund in which shall be deposited all profits over 10 per cent in excess of the profits deposited in the capital reserve fund. Moreover, the shipbuilder must return to the government all profit in excess of 10 per cent per annum.

On the face of the bill, therefore, a fine, honest attempt to give America a modern merchant marine, privately owned and privately operated. From the shipping companies, however, come screams of mingled rage, pain and despair. The bill, they point out, limits the construction differential to 33⅓ per cent, except by unanimous vote of the Commission, yet the difference between foreign and domestic costs today is about 50 per cent.

The requirement of a 25 per cent down payment would be onerous enough, but the law bases it on the domestic cost, so that it is really 50 per cent. Where, ask private operators, is the money coming from? They haven't got it, and what bank would be foolish enough to lend on a second mortgage?

If and when vessels are so built with government money, the commission is then directed to charter them to private operators for three years or less, each contract to contain a stipulation that if the charterer's profits exceed 10 per cent of his capital investment, half of the excess is to be paid back to the government. The Commission, however, is given the right to *reject any and all bids*, and in this case "may operate a line until conditions appear to be more favorable for a re-offering of the line for private charter."

In plain, government ownership and government operation, which is what Black and Clark have had in mind from the beginning. A venture of magnitude when it is considered that today the United States enjoys the distinction of operating the most obsolete merchant fleet of any principal maritime nation. To replace these old, slow and outworn tubs with modern vessels able to carry a fair share of our foreign trade, and to serve as naval auxiliaries, will call for an expenditure of $500,000,000.

Putting military use entirely to one side, the investment is sound if properly handled. Here again Mr. Haag is the authority. According to his tireless and accurate figuring, it would cost the government $30,000,000 annually to absorb the construction and operating differentials necessary to place American shippers on a parity with foreign competitors.

A Great Big "If"

Allowing twenty years as the life of a ship, replacements would average $25,000,000 a year, all spent for American materials and labor. The wages of American seamen would amount to $18,000,000 a year, and the purchase of food, stores, insurance, etc., would total $12,000,000. An outlay of $30,000,000 a year and a return of $55,000,000. Nor does Mr. Haag stop there. In 1935 our water-borne exports and imports amounted to $3,786,000,000. With a modern merchant fleet, able to compete successfully for even half of the business, our national income would be increased by millions every year.

If properly handled. That is the question bothering many senators and representatives now that they have had a chance to read the bill and discover its intent. To buy ships from private builders and sell them to private operators on the installment plan, protected by a first mortgage, and to equalize operating costs are generally regarded as necessary for the maintenance of American standards and the development of an American merchant marine. Government ownership and government operation, however, are vastly different from government *control* and *direction*.

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Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director*

[FOR THOMAS

REJOICE IN FREEDOM!

THERE is money to spend this Christmas. Not since 1929 have purses been fatter. We have to look back even further to find a year end with prospects so bright and hopes running so high. For the vast majority of Americans prosperity in good measure has returned.

Tables will be laden with food. Gifts will be given and exchanged. Care is being forgotten. Most of us are able to be merry this Christmas and to look forward to a New Year which promises the material foundation of happiness.

In this holiday week we put problems aside and enjoy what we have. We may also take satisfaction in what we are. We have marched through difficult years without mortal wounds and without humiliating scars. Good will has survived. No bitter cleavages divide us. As a people we differ, of course. One hundred and thirty million people could not be all alike. But the same fundamental aspirations lead us. Deep in our hearts we are true to those same loyalties and guiding principles which have so long set Americans apart. Our country has come through years of trial and of uncertainty. We have been blessed.

Great things have been accomplished during the past year and years. As the period through which we have passed retreats into history, we shall see in clear perspective the evidences of the sturdy characteristics of this nation. In spite of bewildering difficulties we have retained unimpaired the great social services which play so large a part in making us Americans.

Throughout long years of depression it was the will of the American nation that no one should be permitted to go hungry or unclothed or without shelter. Millions, deprived of ordinary means of support, courageously fought terrifying anxieties but in one way and another what we had or could borrow was shared. Depression brought no famine to this land as drought or flood historically inflicted famine on the hapless people of other lands and other times. In fact, so far as our records show, health actually improved during the hard years. Certainly death rates were lowered.

Hospitals were kept up. The number of those able to pay for the comfort of private rooms and special care diminished but the work done in the protection of health and in the prevention of death was not lessened. Physicians and nurses and all who co-operate with them in the great service of healing served well their fellow citizens.

Not less remarkable, we were able to retain and to maintain the great educational system that is so essential a part of this republic. The schools are the great avenues through which successive millions and tens of millions advance to fitness for the responsibilities of a free people. The colleges supply the ferment which keeps our scientific industrial civilization alive and growing.

We had the wit and the daring to hold fast to these services when our affairs were most confused and our outlook most alarming. A nation able to support a school system which offers the essentials of education to every child through this broad land has the most impregnable defenses. No defense surely is so strong as the will of a free people trained to meet intelligently the requirements of their civilization.

We can honestly enjoy this happy season because so much of true importance has been done so well. We have, as a people, been faithful to our best dreams and traditions.

Beyond all doubt 1937 will bring its problems, its difficulties, its tests. We have not answered all our domestic questions. Neither have we arranged solutions for all of the issues which other nations may lay before us. If we retain the same good sense we have exhibited during recent years, nothing insoluble is ahead of us.

The big job of the New Year will be providing jobs for those willing workers still unemployed. This is a task which unquestionably calls for the best thinking of which we are capable. It is not the peculiar responsibility of any single group or agency, not even of the government itself. It is not a

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problem which could conceivably be solved in anger or prejudice. Hate can destroy but it cannot create. Finding jobs for the jobless is a creative undertaking which will summon all the wisdom, all the competence and all the good will we can muster. It is emphatically our responsibility as we go into the New Year.

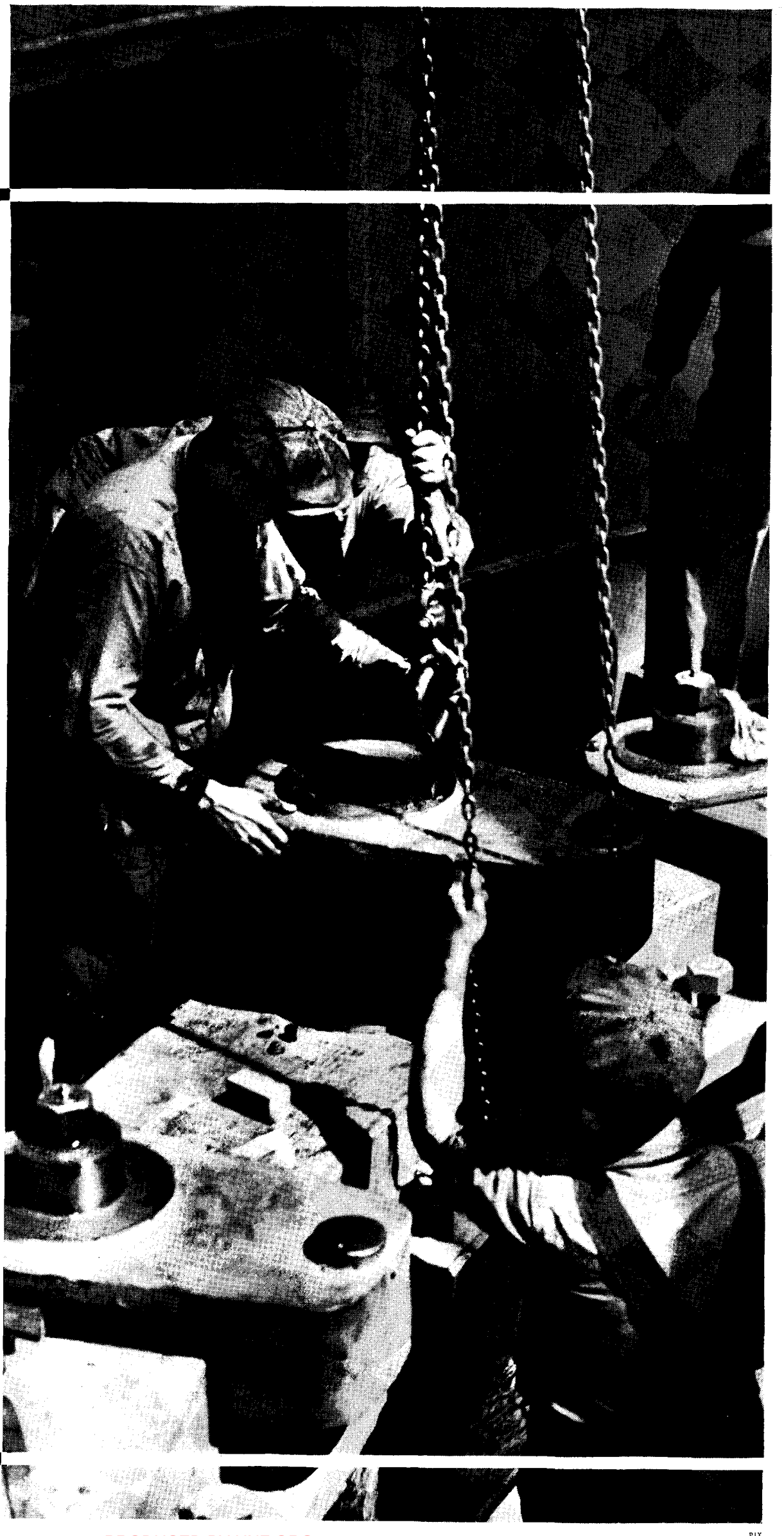
By every indication we shall have a favorable opportunity to attack this responsibility. Business prospects are good. Barring war in Europe or Asia, there is no threat to business expansion. We and other people can usefully consume far more than we have or are now producing. Consequently, we have sound reasons for thinking that we shall be busy and productive during 1937.

A European war is the darkest cloud on the world's horizon. The civil war in Spain is assuredly no business of ours. Except for those who, by blood ties or otherwise, have personal interests in Spain, Americans generally merely deplore the tragedy of a fratricidal war. Few Americans have any desire to intervene or to participate in any way.

Nor are we as a people interested in the rival maneuvers of the Fascist and Communist governments which have interfered. If Fascists and Communists want war, no sympathy will be extended to either by the vast majority of Americans. We want to live in peace and we hope that other people likewise will abide in peace.

But we cannot control the will of those who rule in other lands. We can merely hope that wisdom and good faith will prevail and that a catastrophic war will be avoided. Other great nations cherish the same hope. If they were free to express their will, perhaps the great masses of all lands would choose peace.

This possibility of an insane and suicidal war is the one heavy cloud which hangs over the horizon of 1937. We pray that war may be escaped. We want no war. We want to be able to devote our best talents to making America a better place for all kinds and conditions. For all at home and abroad we sincerely and confidently wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



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Powder Snow

Continued from page 17

ever seen in the Northwest. He finished far ahead of his competitors, mostly Dartmouth, Washington and California boys.

At the bottom of the slide a group of admiring Californians accosted Schroll.

"Say, Hannes, where are you going after the games are over?" they asked.

"Back to Austria," said Schroll.

"Oh, no, you aren't. You are coming to California to teach us how to ski."

"But how can I teach you without snow?"

Whereupon the Californians loosed a snort of disgust. The idea that the land of sunshine has no snow had led the Olympics Committee to smile indulgently when delegates of the California ski clubs tried to land the Olympic tryouts for Yosemite National Park and awarded them to Mt. Rainier. Worse yet, four years ago, when the Games were in Los Angeles, the Olympics Committee awarded the winter sports to Lake Placid on the theory that there was no snow in California. That year Lake Placid had an unusually light winter and the Games were run on snow so thin that the stubble stuck through, while out in the Sierra Nevada the snows were a hundred inches deep from November to May.

Just get a California skier sufficiently worked up on the subject and he will explain in red-hot, four-bit words how the Sierra Nevada is the world's biggest single mountain range, some five hundred miles long and averaging over two miles in height, and how it is covered from November to April with the deepest, most far-flung blanket of powder snow to be found in the country. This is merely repeating what the California skiers say, mind you, without quarreling with the Rocky Mountain enthusiasts who get their innings later. Suffice it that this California snow blanket, once so much a nightmare to travelers that even the railroads wouldn't permit its mention in their travel folders (the idea being that the way to lure travelers to the state was to talk only of eternal sunshine), has given rise to a bumper crop of ski clubs.

Skiing in Summer

The bellwether among them is the Auburn Ski Club, whose courses are located along the path of "Snowshoe" Thompson's transcontinental ski mail route. This club is headed by Wendell Robey, a lumberman, whose timber holdings have some choice ski slopes which he generously keeps open for the club.

Another aggressive ski outfit is that of the Sierra Club, which maintains ski lodges for its northern members at Norden, on the Victory Highway, just west of Emigrant Gap, and for its southern members on "Old Baldy," the latter a high mountain peak only fifty miles from Los Angeles. The Sierra Club has a sort of copyright on the Sierra Nevada Mountains, just as the Mazama Mountain Club has put the finger on Mt. Hood in Oregon, and The Mountaineers of Seattle and Tacoma have staked out Mt. Rainier as their bailiwick.

The Californians who kidnaped the world's champion, Hannes Schroll, before he could return to his beloved San Anton in Austria, were members of the Yosemite Winter Club. The idea was that if they could get Hannes on his skis up at Badger Pass Lodge or in Yosemite high country he would soon forget all about Austria. This proved to be the case. Champion Schroll not only settled down to directing activities of the Yosemite Winter Club but he promptly applied for American citizenship papers.

"Nowhere in Europe have I seen such snow!" he exulted to the beaming Yosemites. "Nowhere are there such slopes, such weather conditions all winter long and even into the summer!"

That seems to be the angle of the Western high-country skiing that catches the Austrians. Among the Europeans, the Austrians are the great downhill speed burners, just as the Norwegians are tops in the jumps, and the English foremost in the handicap events. By training, the Austrians are well fitted for coaching at the Western high-country ski centers, where emphasis is placed on the long slides and cross-country events. At high elevations, where the days are warm and sunny but where the cold winters hold the snow pack in good shape until as late as May, they can look forward to a long season. In fact, on Mt. Rainier there is skiing on the Fourth of July, and in the Sierra Nevada the best winter sport is in the early spring when the weather has become almost balmy.

The dream of the California Ski Association, to which all these clubs belong, is a chain of high-country ski shelters which will enable wintertime mountaineers to ski from one end of the Sierra Nevada to the other. This is a trip that may be made speedily in midwinter, but it is a long, tough pack trip or hike in midsummer when the snows are gone.

"Welcome to The Cedars!" GARDNER REA

In Colorado's Alpine Valley

The feasibility of this high-country, cross-country winter travel has been demonstrated already by some of the more intrepid skiers. Hannes Schroll and Dr. Don Tresidder of the Yosemite Winter Club have explored a mountain domain as large as some of the Eastern states. Dennis Jones and Miss Milana Jank of the Auburn Ski Club covered one hundred and thirty miles from Bridgeport to Yosemite Valley, crossing several two-mile-high passes in thirty-six hours of skiing. The most ambitious high-mountain ski junket on record in the West was that of Orland Bartholemew, who, carrying a tent, sleeping bag, food and emergency kit, made a fourteen-week ski trip from Long Pine at the eastern base of Mt. Whitney to Yosemite Valley. He covered three hundred miles, crossed thirteen mountain passes and spent forty-one nights above the ten-thousand-foot level. That was high-country skiing!

Of course, if you drop off at Denver, they will give you a grand fight talk on why Colorado's choice collection of Alpine valleys is the real skiers' paradise. But the most elaborate of all the Rocky Mountain ski centers is the new one at Sun Valley, Idaho, the particular hobby of W. Averell Harriman, youthful chairman of the board of the Union Pacific Railroad, himself an ardent winter-sports enthusiast.

Going "Up-Ski"

A couple of years back, young Mr. Harriman was brooding over the crowds that rolled out of the Grand Central Station in New York City each week end on the "snow specials," and wishing that his railroad had something like that. Convinced that the country was heading into a lasting swing toward winter sports, he visited the ski centers of Austria and Switzerland, looking for ideas. While thus engaged he struck up a friendship with Count Felix Schaffgotch, the noted Austrian skier and sportsman, and persuaded the count to come to America and locate a site for a ski center comparable to those at St. Moritz, Davos, San Anton and Kitzbuhel in the Alps. The count packed up his skis and headed west.

One day in midwinter, Mr. Harriman received a telegram from the count urging him to come at once to Ketchum, Idaho. Up to that time Ketchum had been known only as a quaint little gold-mining town, but when Mr. Harriman and his party of critical snow-sports fans had finished exploring Sun Valley in which Ketchum lay, it had burst into being as the newest and most ambitious of American ski centers. That was last year. This November when the first ski enthusiasts arrived at Sun Valley, they found everything the heart could desire for winter sports.

Sun Valley, 6,000 feet high, nestles in the lofty Sawtooth Mountain ranges, which rise 8,500 to 12,000 feet above sea level and run east and west so that they cut off the chill north winds. The long unbroken slopes are almost devoid of trees. In the valley there sprang up almost miraculously a modern winter lodge accommodating two hundred guests at popular prices, in addition to which the villagers of Ketchum took a lesson from Tyrolean towns and opened their homes to visitors. A hot spring was turned into a warm-water, open-air swimming pool. Cubicles of ice resembling open-top igloos invited midwinter sun-tan seekers.

But what caught the visitor's eye was a new model "up-ski," designed specially by a young railroad engineer. The "up-ski" is a common feature of the Swiss and Austrian winter resorts and there is one in Yosemite. It is great stuff gliding down the mountain if you don't have to struggle up the slope again, and any kind of a lift, be it a sled or a cable or a tramway, is much appreciated.

But this "up-ski" was a skier's dream. All he had to do was take his position under a slowly moving cable, seize a rope dangling from it, swing himself into a seat which was likewise suspended from the cable, and ride up the mountain, allowing his skis to drag lightly over the snow as the seat rose to the top. Arriving at the crest, he swung himself off, all set for a glide down any one of the several courses.

The more rugged individuals among the high-country skiers, such as those of the Sierra Club, turn up their noses at all of these refinements, of course, but the dudes from the East who acquired their ski tastes in Europe or at Lake Placid appreciate them. The Pacific Coast skiers make something of a fetish of hardship, such as sleeping on the snow and climbing the hills on their own two skis. The pace setters among these hardy souls are fellows like Lewis Clark, a young San Francisco engineer in charge of the Sierra Club's snow sports, or Joel H. Hildebrand of the University of California faculty, who has acted as voluntary coach for the Club and who set up the tests by which a skier is rated. A high-country skier goes through his course of sprouts in this order:

Making the Grade

To win a fourth-class badge a skier must ascend and descend a five-hundred-foot drop without assistance and must have done satisfactory quick turns, four successive stem turns, a snowplow to a standstill and a short straight run.

To garner a third-class badge he must demonstrate that he is a good cross-country skier and he must prove his climbing ability and stamina and his ability to do telemarks, christianias and continuous stem turns on a fifteen-degree slope. He likewise must run down a thousand-foot course in seven minutes with varying snow conditions.

Winning the second-class badge is a tough proposition. The skier must drop a thousand feet over a standard course in four minutes or less and prove his skill both at straight downhill slides and on the *slalom*. The first-class badge is limited to a few who have competed and placed in first-class international contests.

Throughout the Rockies, the Sierra Nevada and the Cascades, skiing is still in the flush of infancy. Every amateur skier is a crusader for the sport and all you have to do to get started in the game is mention the wish to a skier. Before you know it you are all signed up for a week end to be the "tenderfoot" who will provide the amusement for the crowd. After that, you're one of them and out gunning for another tenderfoot yourself. This in itself is a pretty good game and you can readily see that all they need to pyramid skiing into top rank as a major sport is a good tenderfoot crop. Come on out, Tenderfoot! Ski, Hi!

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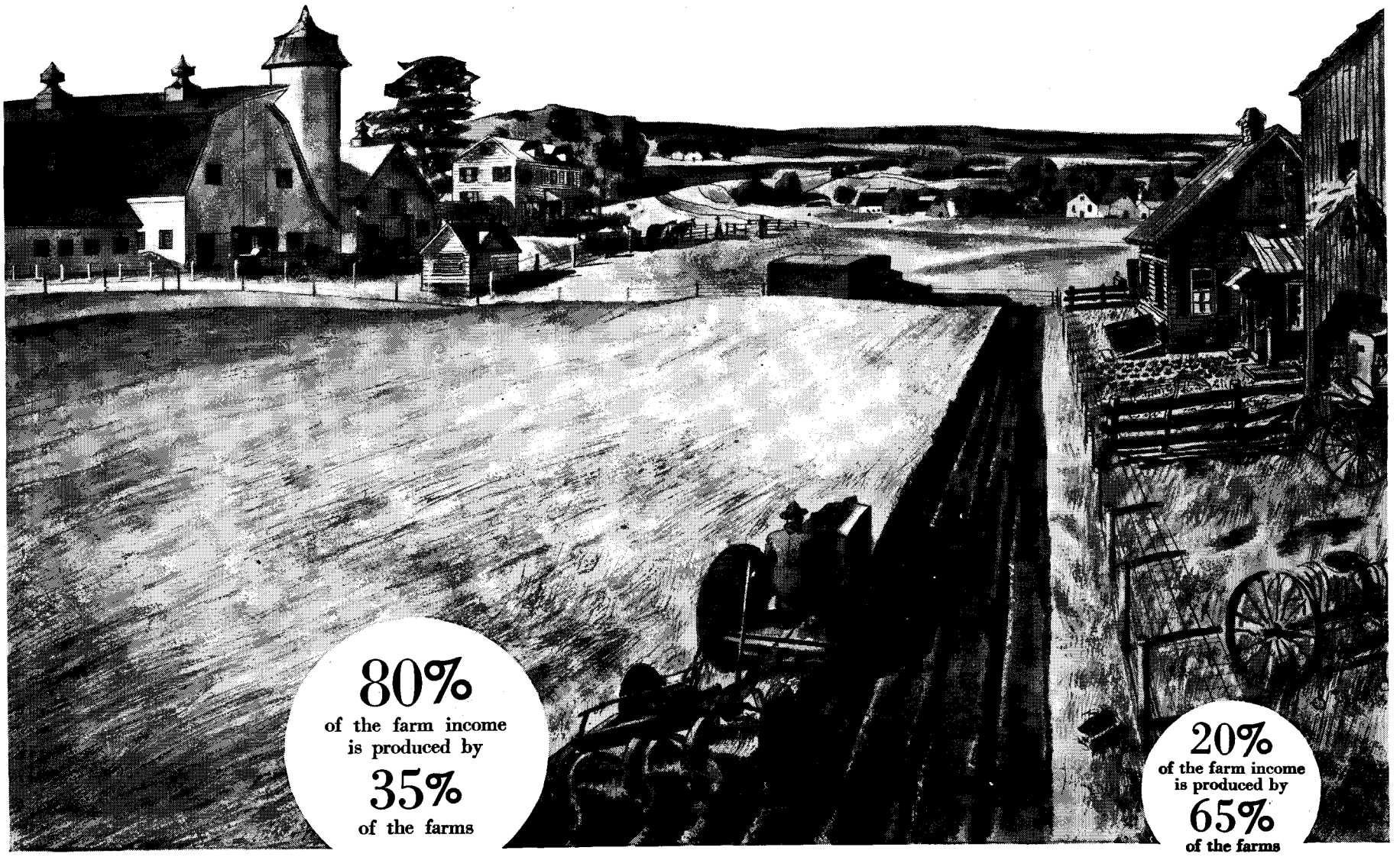
Machinery carves a deep dividing line



between FARM MARKET A and the rural "slums"

FARM Market A employs mechanical hands. Big rubber-tired tractors, farm machinery, and modern methods literally carve a dividing line between plenty and scarcity.

Statistics bear out the point: 90.0% of all farm owned cars, 90.3% of all farm owned trucks, 95.5% of all tractors, 93.3% of all farm owned machinery is owned by farmers in Farm Market A counties.

Each year new farm families go modern . . . and join the ranks of rich Farm Market A. Others retain their places in this top community through regular and systematic machinery replacement.

With this year's Farm Market A cash income reaching $6,250,000,000, as compared to 1935's $5,750,000,000 and 1934's $5,000,000,000, Farm Market A farmers throughout the country are in a buying frame of mind, scare headlines and exaggerated stories of drought conditions to the contrary.

It's an easily reached market, too; because a single magazine blankets Farm Market A farms. Through intelligent subscription-building, The Country Home skips the rural "slums", packs all of its selling wallop into that rich 35% group who have 80% of all farm money to spend.

The Country Home, with 1,500,000 subscribers, offers the largest rural circulation and the richest . . . and does it at the lowest rate per page per thousand, the lowest rate per column per thousand, and the lowest milline rate in the farm field.

Before you complete plans for the coming year, you would do well to carefully check the potentialities of The Country Home and Farm Market A.

TO SMALL TOWN DEALERS *who are after bigger sales: Farm Market A is the most powerful sales tie-up you can give your local advertising and merchandising. If you want further information about how to use it in your selling, write to The Crowell Publishing Company for a report of Farm Market A farms and The Country Home circulation in the county or counties in your trading areas. Address, The Crowell Publishing Company, Dept. C.H., Springfield, Ohio.*

WASHINGTON COURT HOUSE, OHIO— W. W. Wilson & Son, hardware and farm equipment dealers of this community, report that sales are ahead of any period during the past six years. Seventy-five per cent of their total volume of business is with the farm trade. Wilson & Son states, "It is too expensive to reach all farmers. We cultivate 'A' farmers in the seven counties we serve . . . the farmers who are financially able to buy".

THE

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The Magazine of Farm Market A
MORE THAN 1,500,000 CIRCULATION
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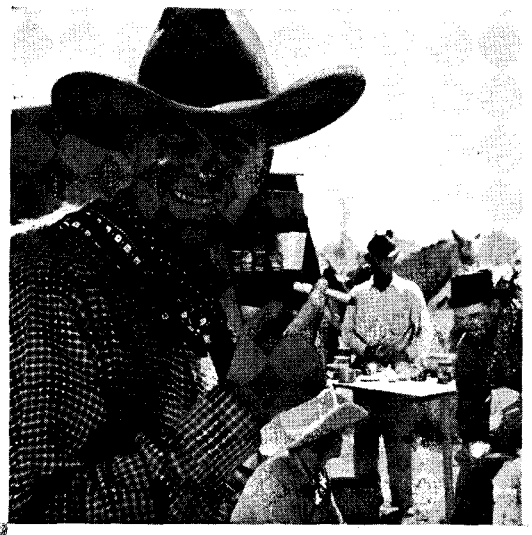

"For Digestion's Sake Smoke Camels!"

"MIGHTY GOOD ADVICE," SAYS THIS HARD-RIDING TEXAS COW PUNCHER

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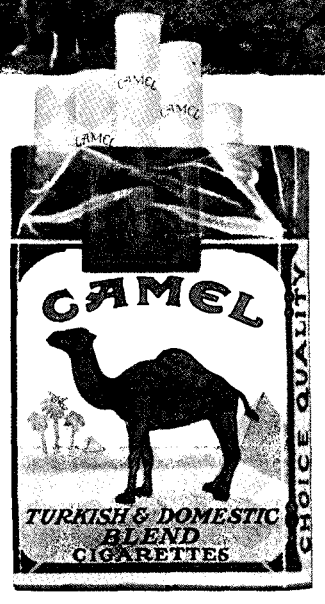
"AFTER RIDING HERD from sun-up to sun-down, the chuck-wagon looks mighty good to me," says Fred McDaniel *{above, also right}*. "But I'm sure I wouldn't enjoy my 'chuck' half as much without the pleasure I get from smoking Camels with my meals and afterwards. After a good meal and Camels I feel plenty O.K. Camels set me right! They're throat-easy, and they never get on my nerves."



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Smoking Camels, you enjoy a sense of greater ease while you're eating, and afterwards too!

WHAT Fred McDaniel says about Camels is backed up 100% by baseball's "Iron Man," Lou Gehrig—by Frank Buck, of "Bring 'Em Back Alive" fame—by Eleanor Tennant, the outstanding woman tennis coach of the U. S.—and by millions of other Camel smokers in all walks of life. Enjoy Camels at every meal. They speed up the flow of digestive fluids. Increase alkalinity. Help you *enjoy* food. Camels set you right! They're *the* cigarette for steady smoking. Light up a Camel any time and get an invigorating "lift."

BUSY SECRETARY. "I smoke Camels—nothing else!" says attractive Joselyn Libby. "Camels put more fun into eating and smoking too. So many girls feel the same way that I do—so they smoke Camels."

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

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